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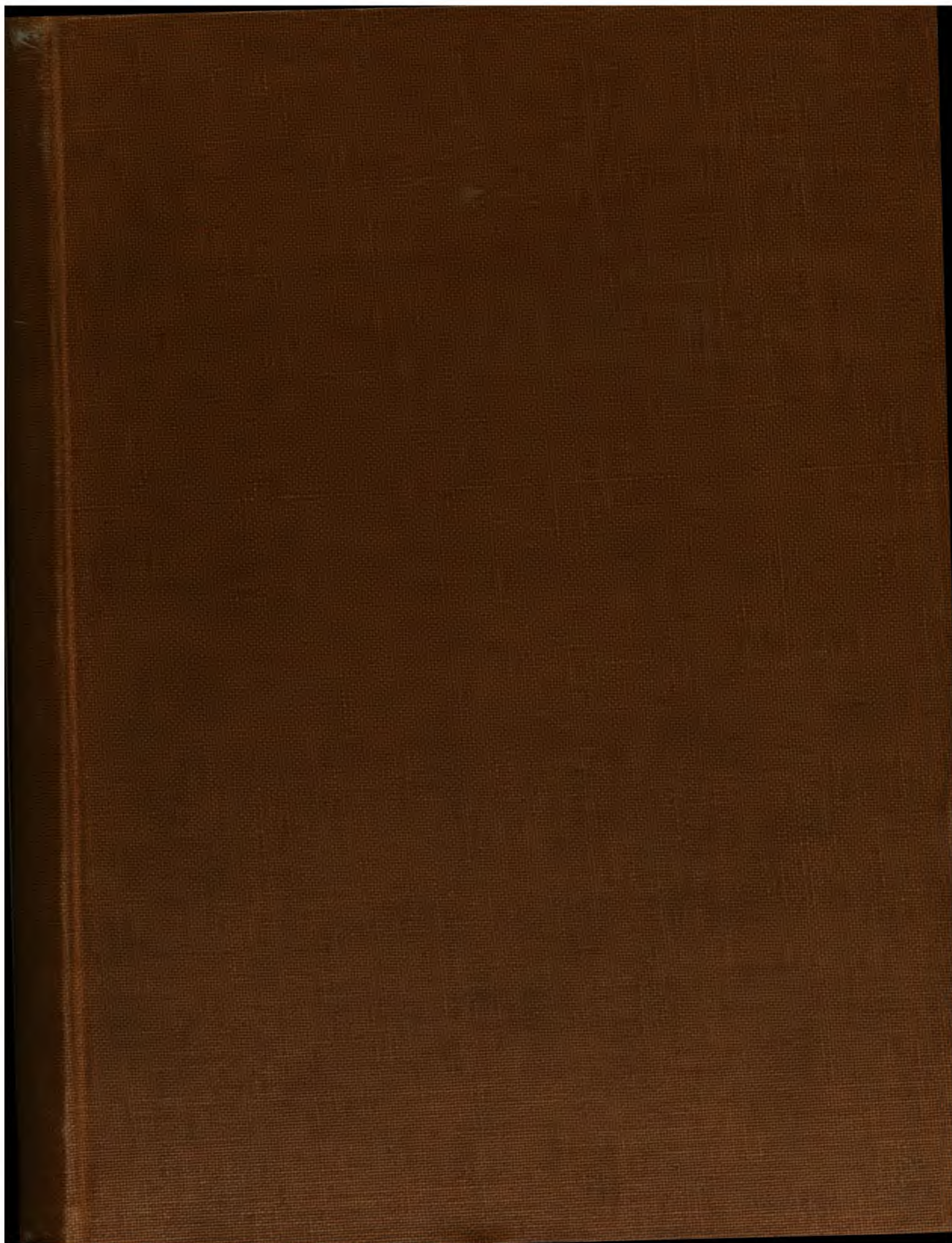
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See vol. 1.

**A Picturesque
History of Yorkshire**

Volume Three

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A Picturesque HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE

Being an *Account* of the *History, Topography,*
and *Antiquities* of the *Cities, Towns* and
Villages of the *County* of YORK, founded
on *Personal Observations* made
during many *Journeys* through
the *Three Ridings*

BY

J. S. Fletcher



In Three Volumes

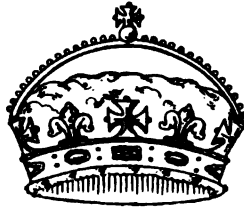
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To
H. R. H.
George Frederick Ernest Albert
Duke of Cornwall and York
K.G., K.T., K.P.

THIS ACCOUNT
OF THE HISTORY, TOPOGRAPHY, AND ANTIQUITIES
OF
THE COUNTY OF YORK
IS

By His Royal Highness's gracious permission

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR

March 1901.

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Wetherby Priory

PREFACE

IT is with no desire of disarming those critics who may choose to advance upon me fully equipped that I venture to suggest that the work which I have now brought to a conclusion does not purport to be an entirely full or absolutely accurate history of the county of York. I am quite as well aware as the most critical reader can possibly be that there are many errors and many omissions in the following pages, and I am equally well persuaded that the entire performance is a mere trifle when compared with the great slice of England of which it attempts to treat. To present the reader with a history of Yorkshire and Yorkshire folk in three volumes, containing some twelve or thirteen hundreds of pages in all, is akin to asking the schoolboy to make himself fully acquainted with the literature of the English-speaking race by means of a sixpenny primer. In honest truth, there are scores of parishes in Yorkshire of which one might—if one could and would—indite sufficient matter to fill huge folios, and hundreds of churches, apparently insignificant, of which tales might be told that would stock a library with handsome octavos. There is scarcely an ancient house, a ruinous castle, a desecrated abbey, of which a substantial-looking book might not be written, and even the most obscure hamlet between Tees and Don would yield material for a

goodly pamphlet. It would seem, indeed, to be an utter impossibility to deal with the whole history of Yorkshire and its folk within the compass of a single work—even if it ran to a hundred large volumes. There are more matters than history to be considered, too, in endeavouring to give one's readers some notion of what particular place a county and its people occupy in the nation's story and economy. On the title-page of the present work the topography and antiquities of the county are mentioned in connection with its history—it must be abundantly evident to any one who knows anything of Yorkshire that a complete topographical description of it could not be written by one man even if he lived and worked steadily at the task for three centuries, and that the mere enumeration of its antiquities would, if presented in catalogue form, make a volume unpleasantly heavy to handle. The plain truth is, that Yorkshire is too huge a county to be written about in even the semblance of an exhaustive fashion—to attempt to deal with every fact of its history, to describe every natural feature within its borders, to write about every ancient thing in its cities, towns, and villages, were as foolish a matter as to essay the emptying of a reservoir with an egg-spoon.

I have made no such attempt in the following work. It seemed to me when I began this task that there was room for an account of Yorkshire in which pictorial illustration should be a principal feature, and that Yorkshire folk inside and outside the county might like to possess some memorial of it as it presented itself to one's view at the end of the nineteenth century. I felt that innumerable as books about Yorkshire are, there were still many places and scenes in Yorkshire which were not written about in them, and were still unknown to the artist, and it seemed to me that one might do one's county something of a service if a comprehensive account of it were written and illustrated in such a fashion as to show outsiders that we possess some scenery in Yorkshire of which no other English county need turn up a contemptuous nose. It is necessary perhaps to explain here the foregoing use of the word "comprehensive," because I have no intention of claiming merits for my work to which it is not entitled. When I say "comprehensive" I do not mean to imply that the work comprehends everything or even a great deal; what I do mean is that it was my wish to write an account of Yorkshire which should at any rate inform the reader, and afford him the opportunity of learning at least the great facts about the county without troubling him about the little ones. It may be urged that all that I have written about Yorkshire might be gathered from a hundred different books—perhaps more, perhaps less. But the average reader—whose comfort and pleasure, I plainly confess, I have had in my mind from first to last—is scarcely a student, and does not wish to consult even twenty books in order to enjoy his evening's intercourse with printed matter. And, to put the matter plainly, the thought I have kept in view steadily since I first planned out this work has been of the man who will like to possess these three volumes as afford-

ing him the means of learning at least something about the broad-acred shire, and who will forgive all its faults because of its one virtue of not troubling him with dry-as-dust details more than was absolutely necessary, and still more because of the fact that he may always turn from the desert of the text to pleasant oases in the shape of pictures.

I may be permitted, perhaps, to make one or two remarks upon Yorkshire and its people as they present themselves to the man who tries to write about them. It is now twenty-one years since the elementary notion of writing this book occurred to me, and during that time I have been continually observing places and people in more or less desultory fashion. Now that the task is over, the chief impression remaining in my mind with respect to Yorkshire is that it is absolutely impossible for any of us, no matter how fond we may be of it as our native county, to comprehend its vast size. Folk who live outside its borders cannot form any conception of its enormous area, of the difference between its three Ridings, of the alternations in scenery, of the gulf which separates its men of the towns and cities from its men of the lonely dales and silent woodlands. There is, I think, no other county in England in which one can find such vast differences as in this. There is certainly none in which one can do so much travelling. If any one who doubts this will take up a map of Yorkshire and consider what lies between Bawtry and Pierce Bridge, between Mickle Fell and Spurn Head, between Todmorden and Teesmouth, between Flamborough Head and Bowland Forest, his doubts will be shaken if not absolutely dispelled. But, after all, it is only the man who has travelled over the greater part of the county who can comprehend its size and recognise its varied attractions. There are plenty of people who have a notion that Yorkshire is a wilderness of coal-mines, manufactories, and so on, and who doubt its possession of anything in the shape of picturesqueness. In point of fact, it deserves to rank amongst the most picturesque counties of England and Wales, and it is hard to say if any other county actually exceeds it in beauty. If it lacks anything it is colour; in all other respects it can claim equal rights with Devon or Westmoreland, with Surrey or Warwickshire.

If the scenery of Yorkshire is full of variation, its people are equally various in almost everything that goes to make man. Every city and town within its borders appears to have characteristics peculiar to its population: your man of Leeds thinks not with your man of Bradford—your man of the sleepy market-towns has nothing in common with the go-ahead man of Middlesbrough. Whether the true Yorkshire spirit is found so much in the towns as in the villages is a question upon which even experts may differ—the man who travels much in the country, and is dependent upon the rustic for information and guidance, will probably have his own opinion upon the merits of the country folk whom he meets in different corners of the county. The rustic whom one meets in Holderness differs from his brother of Swaledale; the men of the moors have little in common with

the labourers of Osgoldcross or Barkston Ash. But one feature they all possess in common, and it is one which one would like to see removed. Like the majority of rural inhabitants they know little—usually nothing—of the history of the particular spot of earth in which they live. The man who lives within touch of the ruins of Jervaux or Rievaulx has a dim notion that their grey walls once sheltered “t’ monks and t’ priests,” but they have no value in his eyes, and one suspects that he cherishes feelings of utter contempt for folk who travel so far afield in order to wander in and about their grey emptiness. Similarly the man who trims hedges on Marston Moor or breaks stones on the highroad by the field of Towton is comfortably hazy about the great fights which made moorland and meadow red, and will confess little more than that “theer wor some sort on a to-do theer i’ t’ owd days.” “T’ owd days,” however, have little interest for the rustic inhabitant of to-day, and thus it constantly happens that the traveller finds himself stranded in little places whose names at any rate have been noised to all the corners of the world, but wherein it is difficult to find a man or woman who can tell the enquirer from whence their fame sprang.

It seems a natural thing, under circumstances like these, to turn to the parish church and to its incumbent, or, failing him, to its clerk or sexton, for information and knowledge, perchance for erudition. Unfortunately the village church is not the fount of learning which it might easily be. It is not a difficult matter for the practised eye to construct the story of the church itself from its architecture, or to gain some notion of the history of the village from monuments, tombs, and the like. If its incumbent happens to be interested in history or archæology or topography, and is willing to impart his information, the result to the seeker after information is good, but one may not expect too much of even a country parson. As for the sexton, he is usually an un milked cow, so far as contemporary parish gossip is concerned, but not versed in antiquarian lore. And so it often turns out the case that information about a place is not readily procurable at the place itself, and the traveller goes onward feeling sure that many things ought to have been told him which he must now delve for in the unpleasant atmosphere of that modern abomination, the public library. Here, surely, is a state of things which ought not to exist. It has been forced in upon me more than once during my journeyings about Yorkshire that the country parson would do his people great service and perform a work of real charity to travellers if he would compile a brief account of the history of his parish and church from the registers and papers which are usually at his disposal, have it printed on substantial cards, and cause the latter to be hung in prominent positions within the church itself, in the church porch, in the village schoolroom, and at the village inn. Such an account, were it the merest sketch or outline, would be of the greatest value to travellers passing through the county in search of information or on a tour of inspection, and would help the parishioners to gain some idea of the history of the bit of earth within whose narrow bounds their lives are spent.

That Yorkshire is particularly well-off as regards literature of its own is a fact well known to all those unfortunate beings who have had occasion to visit the reading-room of the British Museum for the purposes of consultation, verification, identification, and so on, in respect of some fact connected with the county. There are, I am told, several thousands of books on the shelves of the British Museum which relate to Yorkshire: I do not doubt it, but I am pleased to say that I have never opened one of them, for the mere sight of a catalogue wherein their titles were set down was enough to drive me away from the reading-room in fear and trembling. But it is not surprising that there should be so many, for there is so much to write about in Yorkshire, and Yorkshiremen as a whole have not been backward in taking up the pen, while not a few outsiders have so far overcome their prejudices as to publish important works concerning us. If it is possible for any man to make a complete collection of works relating to Yorkshire one may reasonably doubt: to give a list of even a tenth of their number in this place were an impossibility. There are doubtless hundreds which are not to be found in the British Museum—scarce little volumes printed at obscure country presses, and long since become flotsam and jetsam on the back-waters of book-life, or gone safe into harbour in the cupboards of jealous collectors. Of works relating to the topography of its three Ridings Yorkshire has always put out a vast number, and there is scarcely a town which has not its local historian. During the past half century quite a considerable stream of interest in Yorkshire history, topography, archæology, and folk-lore has set in, and the societies devoted to the study of these and kindred subjects are very numerous. Of these the Yorkshire Archæological Society, by reason of the valuable work which it has accomplished, may justly claim pre-eminence, but there are many lesser-known associations which have done much to encourage Yorkshiremen in the study of the history and archæology of their county. Not a little success in the same way has been achieved by several of the leading Yorkshire newspapers, in the columns of which considerable space has been afforded for the discussion of matters relating to Yorkshire history, topography, folk-lore, dialect, and the like. Every week the Yorkshireman who loves research in these matters finds abundant opportunity of gratifying his tastes in the pages of journals like the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* and the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement*, and there are few local journals which do not devote at least some space to subjects dear to the antiquary and to the man who is fond of the things and doings of the past.

Although there is such a vast collection of books relating to Yorkshire in our great libraries, I cannot pretend to any extensive acquaintance with them, nor can I humour a correspondent who has requested that a full list of authorities should be given in this preface. To make such a list would necessitate the use of more pages than are at liberty, and might indeed oblige the publisher to issue a fourth volume. Some works which I have consulted, and which have been of great use to me, I must mention,

and that with due respect for, and my best thanks to, their authors, dead or alive. Most of them, I fear, are dead, but their company has not been any less pleasant, nor their information less valuable on that account. There is Mr. Bigland, for example, whose account of Yorkshire was published nearly a hundred years ago, and whom I have always turned to with pleasure as being a model of precise and polite Georgian style. Mr. Cooke's Itinerary I found equally amusing, if not quite so profitable. Other men, long dead, have been of help, too—Hinderwell, who wrote the history of Scarborough; Young and Charlton, each of them chroniclers of the annals of Whitby; Boothroyd, one of the many historians of Pontefract; Oliver Poulson, who wrote goodly volumes about Beverley and its churches; Gent and Allen, historians of York; Miller, author of a singularly interesting account of Doncaster; and, neither last nor least, the late Professor Phillips, whose works on Yorkshire, though published at least half a century ago, and thought by some wiseacres to be somewhat out of date, I take leave to believe in as being most valuable and interesting. The late Canon Hulbert's "Annals of Almondbury" contains an excellent account of that notable village and its surroundings, and the late Canon Atkinson's works on the district with which his name must needs be for ever connected, need no recommendation from me or anybody else. Mr. Baines's "Yorkshire Past and Present" contains a vast amount of information about the county, and especially about its minerals and manufactures, and it is further valuable as containing a specially written account of the woollen industry. To the late Mr. Richard Holmes, of Pontefract, a learned and painstaking antiquarian and archæologist, I owe much—few writers have shown such desire to be sure as to facts as he was, and few local historians have done so much to make their work accurate. I ought not to forget, either, that all of us who try to write history in however popular a form are under obligations to men who are now but names to most of us—to men like Burton, Dodsworth, Camden, Leland, Speed, Defoe, Hunter, Thoresby, Whitaker, to the monkish chroniclers, and even to Drunken Barnaby, now safely asleep in the churchyard at Catterick.

Of such contemporary works on Yorkshire as I have made use of, I desire to make particular allusion to the value of Mr. H. Speight's work on "Nidderdale," in which full justice is done to the history, topography, and scenic beauty of the valley of the Nidd and the surrounding district. Mr. Speight is well known in Yorkshire as a most painstaking and accurate writer of works dealing with the North and East Riding Dales, and it is rarely that one meets with a local history in which such thoroughness and grasp of the subject is displayed as in his scholarly and exhaustive volume on "Nidderdale," from which, by permission, I have derived a considerable amount of information. My own account of the surroundings of the Nidd is, from exigencies of space, but fragmentary, and I feel it due to Mr. Speight's intimate acquaintance with that district to acknowledge my great indebtedness to him, and to recommend all readers who are closely

interested in this, one of the most beautiful of Yorkshire rivers, to turn to his work for information which, I believe, cannot be obtained from any other source. I have also to thank Mr. Edward Bogg for much information derived from the pleasant and interesting accounts of the Yorkshire rivers which he has issued from time to time as the result of his wanderings along their banks, and especially for his works on the Ure and the Wharfe. Another work of great value and interest which I found of use was Mr. F. Cogley's "On Foot Through Wharfedale," a book which has stood a good many years' trial in Yorkshire, and is still a favourite with Yorkshire readers. For a valuable pocket-companion in going about Yorkshire there is perhaps nothing better than Mr. Wheater's Guide to the county. Mr. Macquoid's "About Yorkshire" is too well known to need praise; not so well known but equally deserving of tribute is the late Walter White's "A Month in Yorkshire," a work published half a century ago, full of pleasant observation, wit, and power to describe things seen and heard. I owe a debt, too, to Mr. Baring Gould for his "Yorkshire Oddities," wherein he long since collected the lives of some of the most amusing and amazing of Yorkshire characters; and I am under obligations to Mr. William Cudworth's "Round About Bradford," and to Mr. Leyland's book on the Yorkshire coast. Nor must I forget the late William Grainge's work on the Castles and Abbeys of Yorkshire, which is still an accurate and trustworthy authority.

I have endeavoured as far as possible to mention my sources of information in the text, but there are certain works in addition to those already specified from which I have obtained information, and there are several persons who have been good enough to help me in various ways, and I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to both. The late Canon Raine's work on "York" I found extremely fascinating, especially in those chapters which deal with mediæval life in the city. To Dr. Walker, F.S.A., of Wakefield, I owe much for his kindness in sending me two of his own works—one on "Old Wakefield," the other on "Sandal Castle"—and for much other information. I have to beg Mr. Scarth Dixon's forgiveness—which I am sure he will readily accord—for lifting from his pages to mine certain matters dealing with fox-hunting, about which he always writes so well and charmingly. I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Harwood Brierley—himself engaged in writing a monumental Itinerary of Yorkshire, of which some one hundred and thirty chapters have already appeared—for a good deal of information and to my old friend, Mr. William Scruton, for much that relates to the Brontë family. I have to thank the Very Rev. Canon Glover and Mrs. Lord for access to books not easily obtainable; and I am under similar obligations to Mr. Butler Wood, of the Bradford Free Library, Mr. Samuel Smith, of the Sheffield Free Library, and to the Head Master of Sedbergh School, and to the Librarian of Giggleswick School. I am indebted to the Deputy Town Clerk of Middlesbrough for some information respecting that remarkable child of the nineteenth century; to my friend, Mr. C. E. Rhodes, for his account of the cliff-climbing opera-

tions at Speeton ; to Miss E. Tagg for some interesting particulars of Knaresborough ; and to many other people who have in one way or another afforded me help. I ought also to express my acknowledgments of the value of a considerable body of criticism which reached me while this work was being published in monthly parts, and to assure those of my correspondents who soundly abused me—sometimes without mincing their words—because I had neglected to chronicle this and draw attention to that, that I am quite aware of all my shortcomings, and can only beg forgiveness for them.

Now that this account of Yorkshire has come to such a conclusion as I have been able to give it, I am somewhat unhappy because of a feeling that the entire performance might have been so much more worthy of the county which it attempts to deal with. I am deeply conscious of all the faults and shortcomings of this work, and for some reasons I should like to begin the whole thing again. I dare say it contains more errors than I dream of, and I am quite certain that I shall find a hundred candid friends who will be only too pleased to point them out to me. But, after all, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the mere attempt to write an account of Yorkshire has brought with it one great compensation in the fact that it has compelled me to travel up and down and round and about Yorkshire to an extent which few of my readers will dream of. During the past three years it has been my good fortune to be accompanied on many of these journeyings by my friend, Mr. G. P. Rhodes, whose pencil has helped to furnish this book with illustrations. How many thousands of miles we have travelled together, how many more thousands I have covered alone, I dread to confess. All this journeying has not been without adventures and happenings, and it has occurred to me more than once that an account of them might possibly give the reading public almost as good an idea of what there is to be seen in Yorkshire as the very best of guide-books can, and might further enlighten the ignorant as to what may befall the man who is compelled to bestride his bicycle in all manners of weather if he would really see with his own eyes the places about which he desires to write. Some of these adventures and happenings have not been without danger ; a good many have had enough and to spare of discomfort mixed up in them ; a good many more have been full of pleasure and amusement. Such as they were they are now over ; such as it is this book is now finished. I wish for the sake of my native county that it had been a better book, but I can honestly say that it is as good a book as it lay in my power and opportunities to make.

J. S. FLETCHER.

DONCASTER, *March* 1901.



Landby

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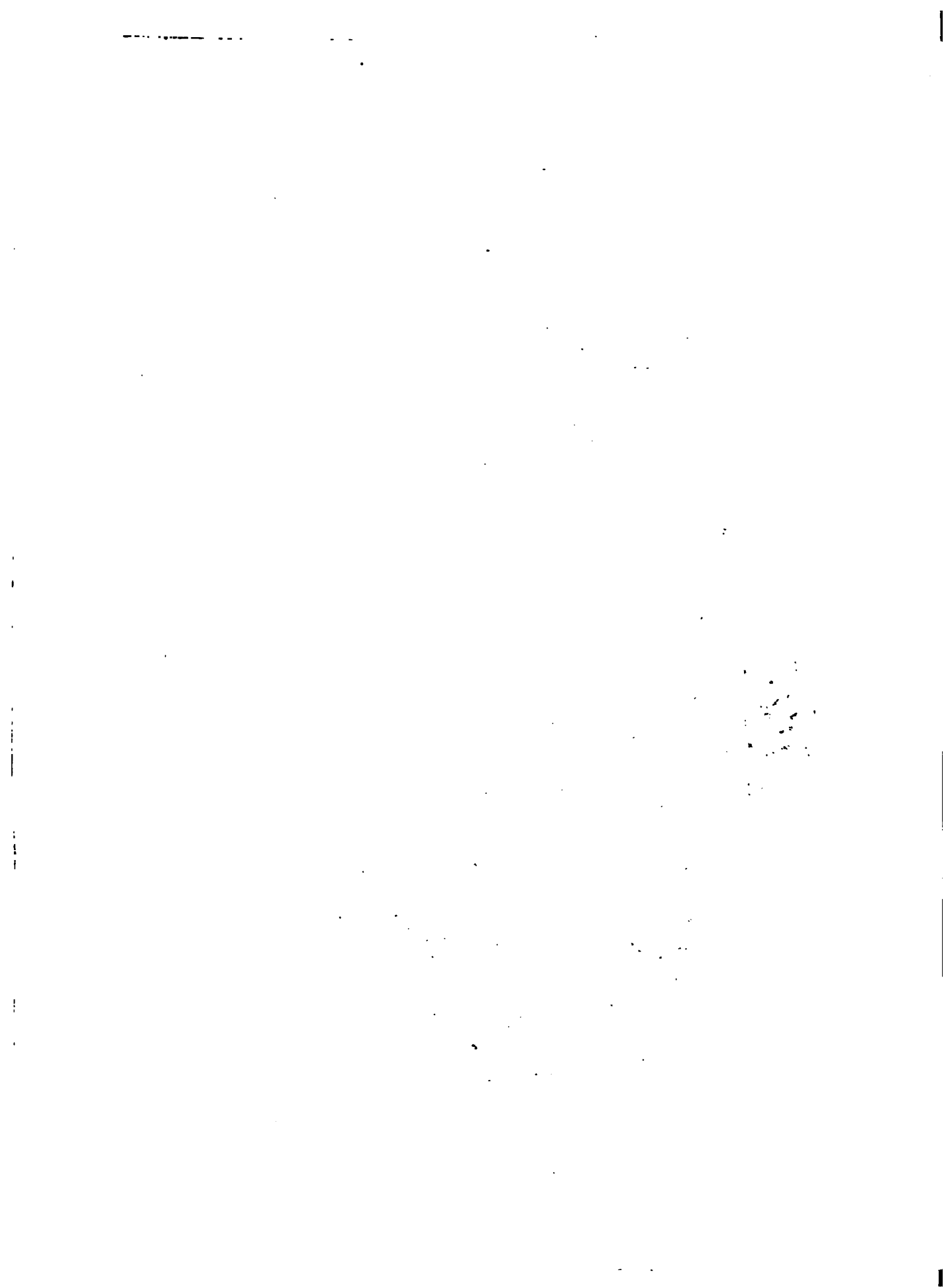
Byland Abbey. H. 1847.

CHAPTER XLVIII

The Lower Derwent

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE DERWENT—ITS MANY TRIBUTARIES—
COUNTRY DRAINED BY THE DERWENT AND SOME OF ITS AFFLUENTS—
FUNCTION OF DERWENT AND OF SEAFORTH BRASS-CASTLE—RUGBY—
AUGHTON—ELLERDON—THE GREAT BRIDGE—ST. NICK-BRIDGE—
—STAMFORD BRIDGE AND ITS FLOODS—BUTTERHAM AND ALBY—
A FAMOUS RACE-COURSE—HOW GOTTING—THE DOG—ST. PETER'S CHURCH—
—KIRKHAM—TRICORY AND THE DOG—ST. GEORGE—TRINITY—ST. ANDREW'S—
CUSTOM AT KIRKHAM—BOSTON AND ST. NICK'S CHURCH—BOSTON AND
A DITCH SURROUNDING.


IT is commonly supposed by persons who have but a
superficial acquaintance with the scenery of Yorkshire that what-
ever beauties the inland river country possesses are
found almost entirely on the west side of the great
plain which runs from the Don to the Tees. Even
amongst people who have travelled in Yorkshire there
is an impression, constantly obtaining as it is, on one's
notice, that, with the exception of a small tract of land round about
Helmley, the east side of the county has little of natural loveliness and
even less of historical association. No impression could be more erroneous,
for although that part of Yorkshire which lies between the northern and the
middle rivers and the sea cannot boast a Swale dale, a Wharfedale, or a
Wensleydale, it is by no means without its hills and valleys, and its scenes
of natural beauty, while its interest as a land of historical and national
association is quite equal, if not much superior, to the western river-beds
of the county. Less known to fame, or even to common knowledge, than
any other of the principal Yorkshire rivers, the Derwent, which with the
aid of its tributaries drains an immense tract of land in the North of
Yorkshire, is, taking everything into consideration, the most important
waterway of them all. The full course of the Derwent, from the moor-
lands lying between Wharfedale and Scarborough to its junction with the
Ouse in the flat lands which stretch between Selby and Howden, is but



CHAPTER XLVIII

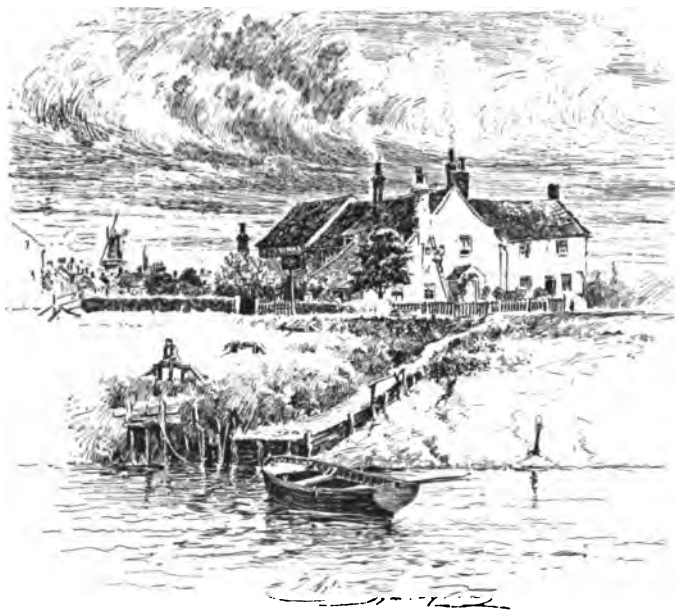
The Lower Derwent

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE DERWENT—ITS MANY TRIBUTARIES—
COUNTRY DRAINED BY THE DERWENT AND SMALLER STREAMS—
JUNCTION OF DERWENT AND OUSE—WRESSEL CASTLE—BUBWITH—
AUGHTON—ELLERTON—THICKET PRIORY—SUTTON-UPON-DERWENT
—STAMFORD BRIDGE AND ITS BATTLE—BUTTERCRAMBE AND ALDBY—
A FAMOUS RACEHORSE—HOWSHAM: LEGEND OF ST. HILDA'S CURSE
—KIRKHAM PRIORY AND ITS HISTORY—STRANGE TRINITY SUNDAY
CUSTOM AT KIRKHAM—FOSTON AND SYDNEY SMITH—CASTLE HOWARD
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

T is commonly supposed by persons who have little acquaintance with the scenery of Yorkshire that whatever beauties the broad-acred county possesses are found almost entirely on the west side of the great plain which runs from the Don to the Tees. Even amongst people who have travelled in Yorkshire there is an impression, constantly obtruding itself upon one's notice, that, with the exception of a small tract of land round about Helmsley, the east side of the county has little of natural loveliness and even less of historical association. No impression could be more erroneous, for although that part of Yorkshire which lies between the flat land of the middle reaches and the sea cannot boast a Swaledale, a Wensleydale, or a Wharfedale, it is by no means without its hills and valleys, and its scenes of natural beauty, while its interest as a land of historical and archæological association is quite equal, if not much superior, to the western marches of the county. Less known to fame, or even to common knowledge, than any other of the principal Yorkshire rivers, the Derwent, which with the aid of its tributaries drains an immense tract of land in the North and East Ridings, is, taking everything into consideration, the most interesting waterway of them all. The full course of the Derwent, from the moorlands lying between Whitby and Scarborough to its junction with the Ouse in the flat lands which stretch between Selby and Howden, is but

seventy-two miles, but the number of minor rivers, streams, rivulets, and becks which run into it at various points enables it to drain almost the whole extent of the north-eastern moors and hills, and afford the traveller who cares to follow its tributaries and their windings, an exceptional opportunity of viewing the most varied scenery. Rising itself on the moorlands 600 feet above the sea, which lies but a few miles away, the Derwent soon passes into a romantic and charming country, as rich in historic association as in picturesqueness of aspect. It leaves the beauties of Forge Valley for the quieter scenery of the Vale of Pickering, and quickly begins to receive tribute from stream after stream coming from the dales and valleys of the North York Moors. From Newtondale comes the Costa; from Rosedale and Hartoftdale, the Seven; from Bransdale and Farnsdale, the Dove; from Bilsdale, the Rye, a river in size and importance, and of special note to the traveller because of its relation to the delightful region about Rievaulx and Helmsley. These streams and many minor rivulets all flow from the northward; on the south side the Derwent receives less important tribute from numerous becks flowing towards it from the edge of the Wolds. One tributary it has from the east which deserves special mention—the Hartford—a stream which rises on the very edge of the cliffs above Filey Bay and joins the Derwent near Ganton. Every northern tributary of the Derwent opens up country of great beauty, some of it of as wild and lovely a nature as can be found on the western borders of the county, and all of it full of interest and

association. For a considerable portion of its own career it winds through a delightful pastoral valley, and it is not until it approaches its junction with the Ouse that the scenery on either bank can be said to become tame and featureless. As for its wealth of archæological and antiquarian association, and for the access it and its tributaries give to places of interest, it is impossible to speak fully in any summarised account of its course and surroundings. No river in Yorkshire drains a land so richly stored with objects of antiquity—



BARMBY-ON-THE-MARSH

LELAND'S REMARKS ON THE DERWENT 3

Roman and pre-Roman remains, tumuli, barrows, earthworks, and similar matters abound in its neighbourhood. Its ancient market-towns, Malton and Helmsley, Kirby Moorside and Pickering, are full of interest; its ruined abbeys and priories, Rievaulx, Kirkham, and Byland, are as notable as those of the western valleys; it is in close proximity to one of the great-show places of the county, Castle Howard, and in Malton it possesses one of the most famous of the more important Roman stations. Even in its last stretches, when its banks gradually subside to the level of the flat land which lies in unbroken monotony around the lower reaches of the Ouse, the Derwent is not devoid of interest, for it can show the battle-field of Stamford Bridge and the ruins of Wressel Castle, once the scene of mediæval splendours. It is not too much, indeed, to say of the Derwent what Phillips said of it half a century ago—that in archæological interest it surpasses all other Yorkshire rivers, or, to add to that, that few Yorkshire rivers surpass it in respect to the beauty of their surroundings.

I

Whoever takes his first glance at the Derwent in the neighbourhood of Barmby-on-the-Marsh, a quiet, typical East Riding farming village, must needs feel some considerable surprise when he remembers what Leland remarks of this river in his observations on the surroundings of Wressel Castle. "The river of Darwent," says he, "runneth almost hard by the castle; and about a mile lower goeth into Ouse. This river at great rains rageth and overfloweth, much of the ground thereabout being low meadows." On ordinary occasions there is little in the aspect of the Derwent at this point which suggests that it is ever capable of either raging or overflowing—both it and the Ouse usually wear a placid and even dull appearance. And yet what Leland says is not only absolutely true of the river as it was in his days but as it is to-day. In rainy weather the numerous tributaries of the Derwent pour vast volumes of water into its somewhat confined bed, and the rush of the suddenly increased volume sweeps past Malton into the level land around its junction with the Ouse, causing discomfiture to farmers by a general flooding of their fields. There are times when the whole land hereabouts is so covered with water as to suggest the presence of a great lake, but there are also times when the river empties its waters into the Ouse in an unobtrusive and gentle fashion which gives no promise of liveliness or vagary at any point along its banks. Indeed, the first beginnings of the Derwent, journeyed along from outlet to source, are somewhat uninviting—the land all around is flat and colourless, the banks of the river present few features of attractiveness, and there is little, if anything, to detain the traveller at Barmby. Yet the historical interest of the Derwent begins almost at once, for it needs but a short expedition along the east bank of the river to reach Wressel, whose castle, seated on

a slight eminence, is still notable, in spite of all that adverse fortune and stress of weather have wrought against it.

Founded towards the end of the fourteenth century by Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, who was beheaded at Shrewsbury in 1403, Wressel Castle was for some centuries a stronghold of the Northumberland family, and remained in their possession until the end of the Civil War. When Leland visited these parts he found it in almost perfect condition, moated on three sides, reputed locally to be built of stone brought from France, and having a tower at each of its four corners and one over the gateway. He considered it to be "one of the most propre" castles north of the Trent, and says that even then it looked new and in good condition. There was one feature of it which appealed to Leland somewhat particularly, and

one gathers from what he says about it that he was a man who loved to spend his time in libraries. "One thing," he remarks, "I liked exceedingly in one of the towers: that was a study called Paradise; where was a closet in the middle of eight squares latticed about, and at the top of every square was a desk lodged to set books on cofers within them, and these seemed as joined hard to the top of the closet; and yet by pulling, one or all would come down in rabbets, and serve for desks to lay books upon." He noted, too, that the garden and orchards of Wressel were very fair, and



WRESSEL CASTLE

that in the latter "were mounts *Opere topiario* written about with degrees, like turnings of cockle shells, to come to the tops without pain." Everything, indeed, seems to have been on an ornate scale at Wressel Castle in its days of magnificence. Three of the principal apartments were adorned with poetical inscriptions, said to have been composed by the fifth Earl of Northumberland, and the entire place was conducted on the lines of a royal household. But with the beginnings of the Civil War Wressel fell upon evil times. It was garrisoned for the popular cause by the Earl of Northumberland, and seems to have suffered severely during the first stages of the war, for by 1646 it was computed that its owner's losses in respect of it amounted to a thousand pounds sterling. In May 1648 it was again garrisoned by Major Fenwick and a company of sixty men on behalf of the Parliament, but there are no records of any further beleaguerment of it. The seizure of Pontefract Castle by the Royalists, however, in June 1648, alarmed the Council of State as to similar surprises on the part of the enemy, and in April 1650 a peremptory order was issued for the demolition of Wressel. It is said that this order was carried out with such precipitancy that the place was dismantled before the Earl of Northumberland, who had striven hard to save it, was made aware of the Council's mandate. The demolition was effected by throwing down the north, east, and west sides of the castle, and by breaking "windowes . . . of eight foot breadth and height and eight foot distance round about" the south side. Thus the ancient stronghold of the Percys on Derwentside came to an end, yet so excellent is the stone of which it was constructed that the ruins still existent are in good condition, and parts of the architecture quite fresh in appearance.

The villages and hamlets on either side of the lower reaches of the Derwent bear a close resemblance, so far as situation and appearance goes, to those along the Ouse between Goole and York. They are all agricultural villages—collections of farmsteads and cottages, red-tiled, and set in orchards and gardens, and usually marked out from far off above the level land by the tower or spire of the church. Unimportant as most of them look, however, nearly all possess some historical or archaeological interest. Gunby, a small and insignificant-looking place, was for centuries the home of a family descended from Gilbert Tyson, the standard-bearer of William the Conqueror, who presented the manor to him when he parcelled out the land above Trent. At Bubwith, situate close to the river, there are many objects of interest. Its church, originally a possession of the monks of Byland, consists of nave, aisles, chancel, and a battlemented and pinnacled tower, and contains several interesting relics of ancient times, amongst them some helmets and fighting gear which once belonged to the Vavasours. Here was born Nicholas de Bubwith, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells. On the opposite bank of the river—here spanned by a bridge of three arches—is a small village called North Duffield, where there once



stood a castle, some traces of the site of which still remain, and which at the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace was occupied by Lord Hussey, who was afterwards beheaded at Lincoln. Further association between the Derwent and the Pilgrimage of Grace is found at Aughton, on the east bank. Here, after it had first been possessed by the families of Aughton and De la Hay, was the seat of a branch of the Aske family from which sprang Robert Aske, leader of the forces which assembled in rebellion against Henry VIII. when that monarch began his crusade against the religious houses. There was a castle here too, and a manor house, the home of the Askes, and the traces of the sites of both are very plain. In the church of Aughton—which contains some remains of its original Norman architecture—there are several monuments of the Aske family, and notably the effigies of Robert Aske and his wife, and also of the De la Hays. It is said that it was from the manor house of Aughton that the actual offensive movements of the Pilgrimage of Grace began. All this district, however, was affected in the rebellion, to which Aske gave his whole thought, and, in the end, his life. A little distance from Aughton, and on the same side of the river, lies another small village, Ellerton, where there was a religious establishment—founded in accordance with the notions of Gilbert de Sempringham; sisters, observing the rules of the Cistercians, living on one side of the conventual buildings; brothers, following that of the Augustinian Canons, dwelling on the other. Here fierce opposition to Henry's proposals with regard to the Dissolution of the Monasteries was promulgated, and in the priory church, no doubt, many adherents to Aske's forces received the church's blessing and encouragement. Then, a little

further along the river, on the west bank, there was another priory, that of Thicket, founded for the accommodation of nuns of the Benedictine order, by Roger Fitz-Roger, during the twelfth century. Neither the Gilbertine house at Ellerton nor the Benedictine cloister at Thicket appear to have been establishments of any size or note, for when the latter was dissolved in 1535, its seven nuns had only a revenue of some twenty pounds per annum, while the former had but twelve inmates. Nevertheless, the Derwentside tradition points to these two places as being largely concerned in stirring up the country folk to follow Robert Aske's example, and if the tradition be true, it is somewhat of a remarkable fact that after the Dissolution was an accomplished fact, the lands and sites of both houses were granted to the Aske family in the person of John Aske, brother of Robert—an apparent proof that the king's anger against the latter had not extended to his kinsfolk, and that they had not shared in the rebellion.

II

About East Cottingwith, where a canal from Pocklington connects itself with the Derwent, the surroundings of the latter begin to assume a much more picturesque appearance, especially on the west bank of the river, where Thicket Priory, a modern country seat erected on the site of the Benedictine house, stands surrounded by woods and coppices. The country hereabouts presents a richly-cultivated appearance, and is much more attractive to the eye than in the stretches nearer the Ouse, and while it gains in beauty it does not lose in historic interest. At Wheldrake, the traveller is once more in touch with feudal and mediæval days, and, if the discovery of Roman coins be a safe thing to go upon, with the time of the Roman occupation. Here there once stood a castle of some strength, which is known to have been in possession of the Percys at the end of the twelfth century, and was presumably built soon after the Norman Conquest. At Elvington, further along and nearer the west bank of the river, some of the prettiest village scenery of the Lower Derwent is found. This, too, is an ancient settlement; there was a church in existence here in Saxon times, and the Domesday Survey makes mention of a fishery which yielded vast numbers of eels. Opposite Elvington, on the other bank of the river, and connected with it by a stone bridge of some size, lies Sutton-upon-Derwent, a village so delightfully situated as to bear comparison with the riverside places of Wensleydale. Here, too, there are memorials of the great family of Percy, who owned a considerable area of land in this neighbourhood. Sir Robert de Percy fortified the manor house here about the end of the thirteenth century, and another Percy gave the church to the Abbey of St. Hilda at Whitby. There are some interesting remains of Norman architecture in the church, which is chiefly built in the Perpendicular style, and stands charmingly surrounded, in close proximity to the river. Another

place of historic interest, connected with a famous family of feudal times, is found at Kexby Hall, on the west side of the Derwent. This was once the seat of the Ughtreds, one of whom, Thomas, a soldier who distinguished himself in the Scottish wars, fortified the house in 1342, having imparked his demesne at Kexby a few years previously. At the village of Kexby, a little further northward, a good stone bridge carries the road from York to Hull across the river. Leland found a bridge of three arches here, and speaks of the surrounding country as being very fertile. Here, according to some writers, is the exact site of the Roman station of *Derventio*; according to others it is at Malton; others, again, place it at Stamford Bridge. Whether it was at Kexby or not matters little to the lover of the picturesque—of great antiquity or of no antiquity Kexby as a riverside village is full of charm.

At Stamford Bridge the traveller finds himself upon the site of one of the most famous battles in our history. As at Towton, there is little or nothing in the surroundings of the scene to suggest that a fiercely contested encounter once took place here: Stamford Bridge is as peaceful a riverside village as may be found along the whole course of the Derwent. Its modern bridge crosses the river at the southern extremity of the village street; the site of the ancient bridge around which some of the wildest passages of the fight took place is near the opposite extremity. On the west side of the village is a plain-like expanse called Battle-Flatts, which was probably the site of the invaders' camp on the eve of battle. Somewhere here, if legend be true, were interred the bodies of Harald Hardrada, the ally of Tostig, and of many of his chief adherents, and here without doubt thousands of those who fought in the ranks of both armies found their graves. These graves, however, are not marked, nor are the memories of their occupants kept green amongst the modern rural inhabitants of the village, some of whom, indeed, are not possessed of very clear ideas as to what great event it was that once took place on the spot where their peaceful avocations are pursued.

In order to gain a clear idea of the importance of the fight at Stamford Bridge as a decisive and an epoch-making battle, it is necessary to consider the events which took place immediately after the death of Edward the Confessor. On the Feast of the Epiphany (January 6th), 1069, the body of the dead monarch was interred with great pomp in the newly consecrated abbey church of Westminster, and that done, Harold Godwinsson was crowned King of England by the Primate of Northumbria, with the full assent of the assembled nobles and people. To two men this event was the signal for immediate action—William of Normandy began his final preparations for taking by force the crown to which he conceived himself entitled by right; Tostig, Harold's brother, banished by the latter's influence from his earldom of Northumbria, and now resolved to claim his own by an appeal to arms, made ready for a descent upon the English coast.



According to the ancient chronicles, Tostig began harassing the southern coast from the Isle of Wight to Sandwich in April, his advent in the character of enemy being signalled by the appearance of a great comet which flamed in the sky for seven nights. Doing little at Sandwich, he set out northward, entered the Humber, and devastated its southern shore until Edwin and Morcar, the Earls, drove him off. It is said that he went thence to Scotland and found refuge with the king of that country for the rest of the summer, but it is much more probable that he sailed direct from the Humber to Norway and there besought the help of Harald Hardrada, who, because of his experience as a warrior and general, and his strength and bravery as a man, was the most powerful ally he could obtain. However that may be, it is certain that in the early days of September 1069, the combined fleet of Harald Hardrada and Tostig sailed into Scarborough bay, and that their forces took and sacked the little town lying under the shelter of the castle rock. They then sailed southward, pausing at times to land and ravage, and at last turned into the Humber and followed it and the Ouse until they came to Riccall, where the ships were left under guard while the army, headed by Harald and Tostig, marched on York. At Fulford, on the outskirts of the city, they encountered the English under the northern Earls, and defeated them with heavy loss. This was on the 20th September; on the 24th York was in the hands of the invaders, and

Harald Hardrada was formally proclaimed and acknowledged King of England. This over, he removed his army to Stamford Bridge, where hostages were to be sent to him, and where, it is thought, he formed a camp on both sides of the Derwent.

Meanwhile Harold Godwinsson had received news of the invasion, and had set out from the southern coast on a hurried march northward. As he passed along his army grew in numbers, until on September 24, when he entered Tadcaster, he was at the head of a great force. He went on to York, only to find that Harald Hardrada and Tostig had retired on Stamford Bridge. With the marvellous celerity of movement which was the chief characteristic of his last days, Harold swept his forces out of the city in pursuit of the northern invaders. It is said that they were so little prepared for his coming that he fell upon them ere they were aware he was at hand. But even then came an attempt to make peace. Tostig and Hardrada rode forth to parley with Harold. According to the *Heimskringla*, Tostig inquired of his brother what he should have if peace were made. Harold replied that he should have his earldom of Northumbria, or, more, a third of the kingdom. Then Tostig asked what would be given to the King of Norway, and received the stern answer, "Seven feet of English ground for a grave—or as much more as he may be taller than other men." Then the parley broke up, for Tostig would not desert his ally, and the battle began. The English forces fell on those of the Northmen, who were posted on the north side of the Derwent, with such fury that ere long the stream was choked with corpses and its waters crimsoned with blood. Nevertheless, the invaders held the bridge so resolutely that Hardrada and Tostig were able to form the greater mass of their forces into battle array ere Harold and his army succeeded in crossing the river. When that was once crossed the last struggle began. According to the chronicles, it must have been a fierce and sanguinary encounter. They speak of Harald Hardrada, in his beautiful helmet and his floating blue cloak, performing prodigious feats of strength and bravery until an arrow pierced him in the throat and he fell. They speak of Tostig rallying the Northmen and renewing the fight with great vigour until he too lay dead amongst his chief adherents. They tell of the men coming up from the ships and reviving the contest with courage and desperation, until at nightfall little of the Northmen's army was left, and Harold was victor. This was on September 25—ere the month was well out a messenger hurried into his presence at York and told him that William of Normandy had landed at Pevensey with a great army, and that he must once more fight for the crown.

There is still extant in the village of Stamford Bridge a custom which is said to have been kept up ever since the battle, though it is much more likely that it had its first beginning at a much more recent date. When the English army fell upon that portion of the Northmen's forces which

had encamped on the north bank of the Derwent and the fight gradually revolved itself into a struggle for possession of the bridge, a Northman of gigantic stature posted himself on the latter and for some time kept the entire English army at bay, man after man falling before his terrible sword. At length, according to the legend, an English soldier procured some sort of primitive boat or raft—some writers say it was a mere wash or swill tub—and propelling himself beneath the bridge stabbed the doughty warrior through the open timbers. In memory of this deed the folk of Stamford Bridge annually make a pie, shaped like the rude craft in question, and surely as curious a monument of a great historical event as ever historian heard of.

Across the river from Stamford Bridge the traveller comes upon scenes and associations apparently far removed from memories of bloodshed. It is not improbable that many a wounded combatant of the fight by the Derwent dragged himself into the woods which lie about Buttercrambe and Aldby to die, but everything in the aspect of both places is peaceful enough now. Around the woods of Buttercrambe and in the park of Aldby lie some of the most picturesque scenes of the lower stretches of the Derwent. At Aldby and at Crambe historical associations are abundant. It is said that where Aldby Hall now stands stood the Saxon palace in which Eomer attempted the murder of Eadwine the king on Easter Sunday, 627, the intended victim being saved by one of his thanes, who died from the effects of the blow which he intercepted. In the opinion of Gale and of Camden, Aldby is on the site of the Roman *Derventio*, and it is entirely on the Roman road from York to Malton. That the settlements round about it are of great antiquity is proved by the fact that Roman remains have been found to some extent in its vicinity, that the churches of the neighbouring villages of Skirpenbeck and Bugthorpe date from periods prior to the Norman Conquest, and that weekly markets were established at Buttercrambe in the twelfth century. There is a legend that Harald Hardrada and Earl Tostig slept at the Saxon palace of Aldby on the eve of the affair at Stamford Bridge. Aldby, however, has another interest for Yorkshiremen in the fact that it was the home of a famous horse, the sire of a still more famous son. About the beginning of the eighteenth century a member of the Darley family—whose seat is Aldby Park—purchased at Aleppo a magnificent Arab horse and sent it home to Yorkshire, where it speedily became famous as the Darley Arabian. From this horse, out of a mare named Betty Leedes, sprang, in 1715, the famous Flying Childers, said to be the fastest racehorse ever bred. This pride of the turf was a chestnut horse with a white nose and four white legs, and was bred by Leonard Childers of Doncaster. He was never beaten in his racing career, and some marvellous stories are told of his performances. He is said to have covered twenty-five feet at each bound, to have leaped ten yards on the flat, and to have run the Round Course at Newmarket, 3 miles 6 fur-

longs 93 yards, carrying 9 stones 2 lbs., in 6 minutes 40 seconds. Flying Childers became the property of the Duke of Devonshire in the early days of his career, and died at his owner's stud in 1741.

As the Derwent draws nearer to Kirkham Priory its surroundings become more picturesque and romantic, and the valley through which its course now runs is all the more attractive because of its winding character. The riverside villages, situate for the most part on the long sloping banks which form a sharp and welcome contrast to the straight, canal-like banks nearer the Ouse, are hidden in trees, and the vegetation of meadows, coppices, and hedgerows is rich and luxuriant. Before Kirkham Priory is reached there is an object closely associated with it in the fine old house in Howsham Park, an Elizabethan mansion which is said to have been built out of the ruins of the priory, and which occupies a very fine position on the east bank of the river. There is a curious legend related of this house. It is said that the estates of Howsham were held, prior to the Dissolution, by the monks of Kirkham, and were afterwards granted by the Crown to the family of Bamburgh, one of whom appropriated considerable quantities of stone and timber from the priory and used them in erecting the present mansion in Howsham Park. The result of this sacrilege, according to the legend, was that a curse was laid upon the house and its owners. According to some writers, it came direct from St. Hilda, though it is somewhat unexplainable that she had anything to do with the matter, the priory being dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Wherever the curse came from, however, it was to the effect that the male heirs of the estate should perish, and it is a notable coincidence that the Bamburghs died out in the male line, that their successors, the Wentworths, who had intermarried with them through the female line, should also pass into extinction, and that the next owners, the Chomleys, should also fulfil the conditions of the alleged curse.

There is nothing in the aspect of Howsham or in the surroundings of Kirkham Priory which suggests evil or supernatural influences. The valley of the Derwent at this point is delightful in its picturesqueness and in the charm of its pastoral character. The river winds along by the grey ruins and through green meadows, and though the prospects are of a miniature nature owing to the sudden turns of the valley, they are very beautiful, and in some senses unique. The priory itself occupies a fine position on a plateau a little above the east bank of the river, and must in its prosperous days have been a singularly striking place. The legend of its foundation is in some respects similar to that of Bolton. Early in the twelfth century the land hereabouts was held by Walter l'Espece, whose only son, also named Walter, was, like the son of Adeliza de Romillé, extremely devoted to the chase. One day, as he was riding swiftly through the neighbouring woods of Frithby, young Walter l'Espece was violently thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. Walter the elder and his wife Adeline, inconsolable in their sore loss, applied to their kinsman, William l'Espece, the rector of

KIRKHAM PRIORY AND ITS HISTORY 13

the adjacent parish of Garton, for consolation and advice, and at his suggestion they decided to build and endow three religious houses, which were eventually established at Kirkham and Rievaulx in Yorkshire, and at Warden in Bedfordshire. It is said that he already possessed a fine mansion at Kirkham, and that this was converted into a priory of Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, William l'Espece being the first prior. The mere enumeration of the lands, churches, free-warrens, turbaries, and other possessions of this house, as quoted in Burton's *Monasticon*, is of considerable extent, and it has been computed that the value of the whole equalled a yearly revenue of a thousand marks. When the house was surrendered by John Kilnwick, the last prior, its gross value was declared at £300, 16s. 6d., and the net at £269, 5s. 9d., and there were then seventeen inmates. Here, at that time, according to Cole's MSS., were thirty fodder of lead, seven bells, and four hundred and forty-two ounces of plate.

There is little left of Kirkham Priory save the gateway, an interesting piece of architecture of the time of Edward I. Its slightly pointed archway is surmounted by a crocketed pediment which terminates in a finial. In the two windows of the upper portion there are two lights each, with trefoil heads and tracery in the arch. The windows have crocketed pediments, and in the spandrils are four shields of arms, all much worn and defaced. In the niches are figures, now unrecognisable, but pronounced by various writers to have included those of St. George, Pontius Pilate, St. Peter, and of David and Goliath. Of the church nothing is left save the east wall of the chancel, the mouldings and carvings of which are of great beauty. In this chancel and in other parts of the church several powerful barons and notably Ralph, Lord Greystock, and numerous of the Lords de Ros, were interred. There are some slight remains of the cloister still traceable, and until 1784 the tower was standing, but it was then blown down during a



KIRKHAM PRIORY

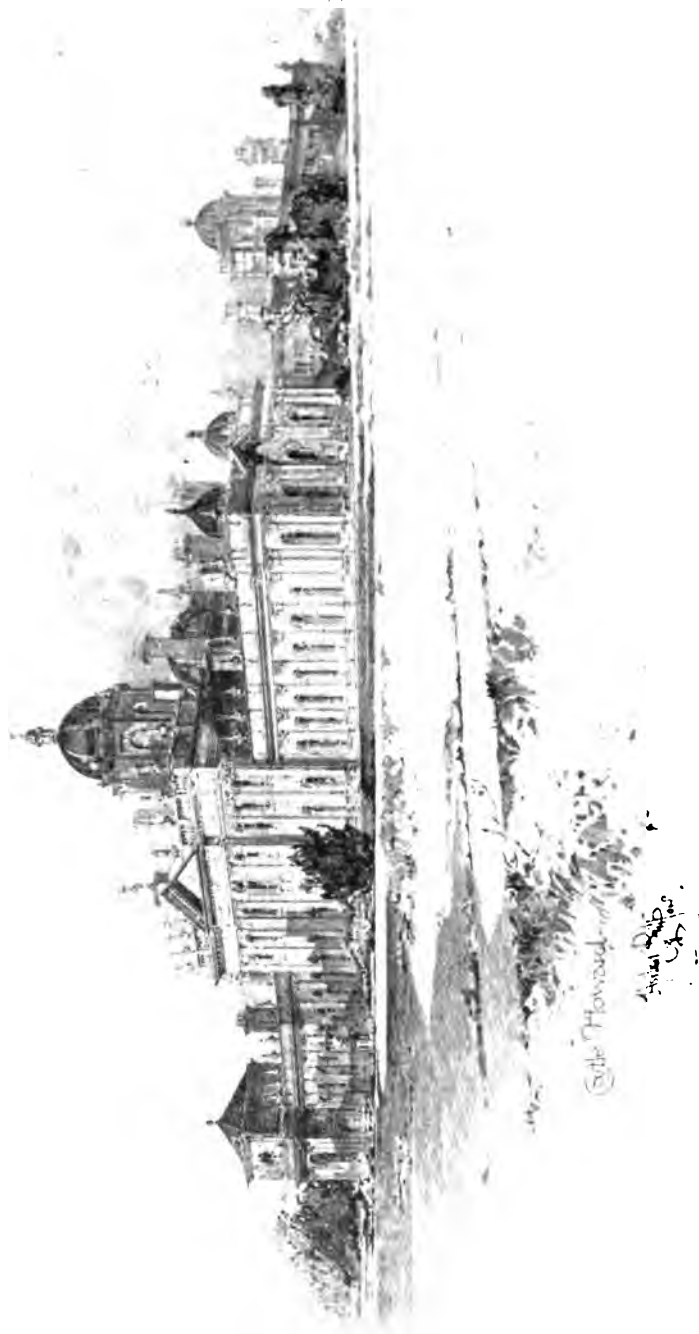
storm, and there is now nothing to show where it stood. Small as the remnant of this priory is, it is one of the most charming ruins in the county, and presents a most picturesque appearance when viewed from the bridge which crosses the Derwent just beneath it. On this bridge until quite recently there used to be held a very curious festival, known locally as Kirkham Bird Fair, which is said to have originated at least seven centuries ago. At two o'clock after midnight on Trinity Sunday the young men and boys of the neighbourhood met on the bridge for the purpose of exchanging or bartering pet birds. The bargaining and chaffering went on until the sun rose, when business was suspended, and the custom developed the character of an ordinary village feast, with drinking, roystering, and merry-making, which proceedings lasted throughout the remainder of the day.

III

The stretch of country lying on the west bank of the Derwent, between Kirkham and Malton, is not only interesting in its picturesque features, but rich in association. Over the brow of the high land which slopes down to the Derwent through richly-wooded glades, there are several places of eminent interest. Two of them, widely different in character, may be said to be world-famous—Foston, the obscure village in which Sydney Smith spent twenty years as a country parson, and Castle Howard, the seat of the Earls of Carlisle, a mansion which is commonly reputed to be the most palatial country house in Yorkshire. There are places of less note on this side of the Derwent, too—amongst them the village of Bulmer, which is remarkable for the size and beauty of its fine old Norman church. From the high ground hereabouts there are wide views of the Howardian Hills and of the country stretching towards the Vale of York, and the whole neighbourhood is full of interest in many ways.

Foston-le-Clay, the village in which Sydney Smith played the part of country clergyman with rare genius and brilliancy for twenty years, is a small and somewhat insignificant-looking place, and must have been anything but a desirable parish when it first came into his hands. At the time of his preferment to the living there had been no resident incumbent for a century and a half, and everything connected with the church was in a dilapidated and inadequate condition. The church itself was bare, cold, and miserable, and there was no parsonage-house for the accommodation of the new rector. Sydney Smith came down to this lonely and uninviting parish after a career of singular brilliancy in London. He took a house at Heslington, a village near York, and lived in it for four years, driving over to Foston whenever there was duty to be taken. During this period he set about building a rectory in his new parish, himself performing the duties of architect and superintendent builder. He described the result as "the ugliest house in Yorkshire and the most comfortable;" Lord

Macaulay, who saw it some years after it was finished, declared it to be "the neatest, most commodious, and most appropriate rectory I ever saw." Not having sufficient household furniture of his own to fill the rectory when completed, Sydney Smith purchased a quantity of wood, secured the services of a carpenter who was out of work, and proceeded to furnish the empty rooms after his own fashion. In this house of his own creation the rector of Foston received many of his old literary friends—Macaulay, Brougham, Grey, Macintosh, Jeffrey, and other old associates of the *Edinburgh Review* days. He is said to have been very poor during the greater part of his incumbency, and to have been little liked by the neighbouring clergy, whose staunch Toryism could not unbend to the Whig sentiments of the author of "The Letters of Peter Plymley." He found congenial political society, however, at Castle Howard, then, as now, a great centre of Liberal ideas. That he should have been somewhat out of touch with the clergy is not to be wondered at when one considers a certain speech delivered by him at the Three Tuns Inn at Thirsk, before a meeting of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland in 1825. The meeting had been convened in order to send a petition to Parliament against any relaxation of the laws then in force against Roman Catholics. Sydney Smith presented a counter-petition, and wound up his speech in this remarkable fashion—remarkable, at any rate, when one considers the character of the audience to which his words were addressed:—"The best thing we could have done," he said, "would have been never to have met at all. The next best thing we can do, now we are met, is to do nothing. The third choice is to take my petition. The fourth, last, and worst, is to adopt your own. The wisest thing I have heard here to-day is the proposition of Mr. Chaloner, that we should burn both petitions, and ride home. Here we are, a set of obscure country clergymen, at the Three Tuns Inn at Thirsk, like flies on the chariot wheel, perched upon a question of which we can neither see the diameter, nor control the motion, nor influence the moving force. What good can such meetings do? They emanate from local conceit, advertise local ignorance, make men who are venerable by their profession, ridiculous by their pretensions, and swell that mass of paper lumber which, got up with infinite rural bustle, and read without being heard in Parliament, are speedily consigned to merited contempt." It may easily be conceived that this sort of language would not advance the speaker's cause with his fellow-clergymen, nor make them love him the more. For any feeling of suspicion or disaffection which met him in these quarters, however, Sydney Smith probably cared nothing at all. It is on record that he did his duty as a country parson with a rare devotion to the people in his care, helping and advising in many directions and in various capacities, and it is something of a bitter commentary on the twenty years of labour which he gave to Foston that its church contains no memorial of its most famous rector.



CASTLE HOWARD AND ITS SURROUNDINGS 17

Castle Howard, where Sydney Smith found congenial political society, is essentially a show-place. It is one of those vast palaces of the earth wherein the fine taste and enormous wealth of the great and mighty have combined to gather together such stores of the choicest treasures of art as can be found nowhere else with exactly the same setting and environment. It is absolutely bewildering to the brain to explore a place like this, and any description of it in its fulness must needs read like an auctioneer's catalogue, if anything of interest is to be mentioned. Here is a magnificent house—a palace in its dimensions and architecture, set in the midst of splendid pleasure-grounds and gardens, surrounded in their turn by a wide-spreading park—stocked from floor to ceiling with pictures priceless in value, antiques, tapestry, mosaics, statuary, curios, relics—a veritable treasury of fine things, a species of national museum. Indeed, Castle Howard may justly be said to be a national museum in the widest sense, for, subject to certain rules and conditions, it is always open to the public, whose members may wander through its vast halls and galleries admiring and wondering to their heart's content.

Where Castle Howard now stands there originally stood the ancient castle of Hinderskelf, built in feudal days, and at various periods the stronghold of the Greystocks and the Dacres, from whom it passed to the Howards. Hinderskelf Castle was destroyed by fire about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the present mansion, or palace, was erected in 1702 by Charles Howard, third Earl of Carlisle, from designs by Sir John Vanbrugh. The aspect of the exterior is magnificent and imposing. The south front, 323 feet in length, consists of a centre, with pediment and entablature supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters, and two wings; the north is somewhat similar in design, and is surmounted by a cupola which rises to a height of over 100 feet. It occupies a very fine and commanding position, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds which surround it are extensive and laid out with much taste. The gardens alone are twelve acres in extent and are enclosed by a wall 12 feet high; the pleasure-grounds are contrived to present as many vistas of lake and woodland scenery as possible. Of the various objects and matters of interest in the grounds it is almost impossible to give any adequate description. An avenue of lime-trees; a group of venerable oaks; temples of Venus and of Diana; a mausoleum; a pyramid; an obelisk; lakes; groves; cascades; statuary of classical subjects—these are only a few of the things which delight and amaze. Nor is the surrounding park less interesting than the pleasure-grounds. It is abundantly stocked with deer and with a famous breed of short-horned cattle, and covers over one thousand acres of ground, sixty-eight of which are given up to a lake on the northern boundary. Near the south end of the great avenue is the monument erected in 1869 in memory of the seventh Earl of Carlisle—a Grecian column 110 feet in height, standing on a considerable eminence and commanding a wide view

over the surrounding country, to which it affords a prominent landmark. It is entwined with a wreath of laurel and surmounted by an urn surrounded with flames—the latter symbol bearing reference to the brilliant qualities and fervent character of the nobleman whom it commemorates.

It is a practical impossibility to attempt any detailed account of the art treasures contained within the halls, galleries, and apartments of Castle Howard. It is also an impossibility to gain any accurate notion of their extent, value, and importance by making one, or even several visits to them. The interior apartments of the house are in most cases of considerable extent, and in each there is such a collection of objects of art as to be little less than bewildering. A mere enumeration of the paintings alone would occupy a considerable amount of space—a description of them would make a book. A large number of the pictures now housed here were acquired by the eighth Earl of Carlisle when the Orleans Collection was dispersed, and many of the examples thus purchased are of almost priceless value. Amongst the painters represented are Bellini, Canaletti, Caracci (Annibale), Claude, Correggio, Cuyp, Domenichino, Gainsborough, Jansens, Lely, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Rosa, Rubens, Rysdael, Tintoretto, Titian, Vandyck, Velasquez, and Westall, most of them by several examples. There is also a most interesting collection of copies of the works of famous masters, and another of pictures by unknown artists. The statuary, tapestry, and antiques are little less valuable than the pictures. Urns of porphyry, tables of verd antique, Egyptian granite, and jaune antique, slabs of jasper and alabaster, cabinets of precious stones and gems, mosaic work, busts and bronzes, are seen on every side. The cupola of the great hall was painted by Antonio Pellegrini with the Fall of Phaëton; the walls were decorated by the same hand with classical designs. Taste in selection, in colour, and in arrangement is evident everywhere in the spacious rooms and galleries of Castle Howard, but how evident can only be properly judged by actual visitors to this modern house-beautiful.

CHAPTER XLIX

Malton: Old and New

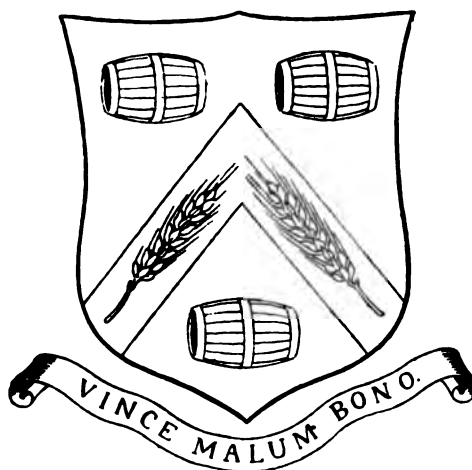
SITUATION AND SURROUNDINGS OF MALTON—ANTIQUITY OF THE TOWN—
EVIDENCES OF BRITISH AND ROMAN OCCUPATIONS—MALTON IN THE
MIDDLE AGES AND IN MODERN TIMES—SHOW-PLACES OF MALTON—
SITE OF ROMAN MALTON—MALTON CASTLE—THE PRIORY OF ST.
GILBERT OF SEMPRINGHAM—CHURCHES AND HOSPITALS OF MALTON.

I

THOUGH there are more interesting places in Yorkshire than Malton, there are few which can boast a superiority to it as regards situation or antiquity. It is very probable that it was a settlement of size and importance, and that its immediate surroundings were thickly peopled by the Brigantes hundreds of years before the Romans came across seas to overrun the land, and not at all unlikely that it existed as a centre of population while the site of York was yet a wilderness or a swamp. Its situation, though far removed in point of charm and natural advantage from those of towns like Knaresborough or Richmond, is much superior to those of most Yorkshire boroughs. It lies for the most part on the shelving ground of the west bank of the Derwent, and from its outskirts on the northern and western sides the traveller will find wide and delightful prospects of the hills and valleys of the far-stretching region known as the North Yorkshire Moors. As a centre for the exploration of a wide circle of interesting country Malton is not so well known as it might be. It may be that to most people, probably most of all to those who know it best, it is no more than an ordinary market-town, somewhat glorified by the existence in its midst of certain mills, breweries, and manufactories. In point of fact, it contains a great deal that is extremely ancient and very interesting, and its contiguity to numerous places of note makes it of more value as a centre than most folk know of.

While Malton has no legend relating to its early beginnings such as

that which appertains to York, a vast amount of evidence has been gathered together in proof of its great antiquity. Long before the Romans came into England there were certain districts in Yorkshire which were thickly populated by the Brigantes. Round about certain modern towns and villages there are still in existence the traces of the folk who made habitation there more than two thousand years ago. About Catterick Bridge, about Conis-Ilkley, about Bar-and in lesser de-places, the exist-works, tumuli, monuments, principal centres were in the days first subjugated. ever, are there traces of the as in the district forms the centre. ments, camps, stones of various cavations, are ex-ous all over the moors of the



THE ARMS OF MALTON

the North Riding, and especially in the valleys whose streams pay tribute to the Derwent. At the south edge of those hills, too, runs a long line of villages, almost every one of which has its tumuli, camps, or earthworks, as proof of its great antiquity. According to Phillips, the first authority on these matters, the country round about Malton was in early times the most thickly populated part of the county, and remained so until a comparatively late period. "The range of villages," he says, "which cling to the foot of the Wolds, from the Humber, round by Malton to Hunmanby and Filey, is remarkable; a similar crowd of large villages runs from Scarborough by Helmsley and Thirsk to the north of the Tees, and from many circumstances there is reason to conclude these lines to have been occupied by settlements in the earliest times. Along them flowed the finest springs, above them were open pastures for sheep, the bustard, the dotterel, and other birds, and below in boundless forests roamed red deer and the wild boar; herons and wild fowl frequented the swamps; wolves, foxes, martens, and other animals of some value for skins, afforded occupation to the arrow, spear, pit, or net; while, to complete the happiness of savage life, the roving pirates or merchants of the Baltic and the Elbe might land at the *Uchel* (*Ocelum Promontorium*, *Flamborough*), the *Dun* (Dunsley, near Whitby), or the *Aberach*

borough, about wick - in - Elmet, gree about other ence of earth-dykes, and stone shows where the of population ere Britain was Nowhere, how-such abundant Brigantian times of which Malton The entrench-dykes, tumuli, shapes, and ex-ceedingly numer-wild hills and eastern side of

(*Eboracum*, York), the coloured glass and amber, which made them amulets and ornaments."

That Malton was a Roman station, and one of considerable importance, is a fact amply demonstrated by the remains of the camp which lies on the banks of the Derwent just without the new part of the town. What the name of that station was is a question which the learned in these matters have never been able to answer. Not only the presence of the camp by the river, nor the frequent discoveries during past centuries of Roman remains in the shape of coins, urns, baths, inscriptions, and similar matters, prove its importance—the fact that several roads and streets, made or improved by the Romans, pass through it, shows that it must have been one of their principal centres. One led westward to *Isurium*; another southward to *Eboracum*; others north-east and east to *Dunum Sinus* and *Prætorium*; another due south at the foot of the Wolds to the shores of the Humber near North Ferriby. The convergence of all these roads or streets—whether originally made by the Romans or improved by them from the primitive trackways of the Brigantian tribes—at this particular point, shows that Roman Malton must have been one of the most notable of their northern centres. But its name seems to have been irretrievably lost for centuries. Drake identifies it with *Camulodunum*, but *Camulodunum* has since his time been proved to be Colchester. Young, and several other authorities, identify it with *Derventio*. Here, again, a difficulty arises. In the first *Iter* of Antoninus (from the boundary to the *Prætorium*) the distance between *Eboracum* and *Derventio* is given as "*vii millia passuum*": the actual distance between York and Malton is about *xvii millia passuum*. Some writers suggest that the "*vii*" of the *Itinera* is given in mistake for *xvii*; if this be a correct surmise the identity of Malton with *Derventio* appears to be proved. That *Derventio* was on the Derwent seems to be beyond doubt. It must not be forgotten, however, that other places situate on the Derwent claim to be associated with *Derventio*. If the *Itinera* of Antoninus were to be taken as being literally correct, Stamford Bridge on one hand and Aldby on the other would have good claims, for both are about "*vii millia passuum*" from York. But though Aldby is undoubtedly situate on the Roman road from York to Driffield, there is nothing to show that it was a station of importance. A third claimant appears in Kexby, nearer the Ouse, and on the Roman road from York to Beverley. None of these places, however, seems to have any evidence to show which can conclusively identify it with *Derventio*, and the indisputable fact that Malton was the important place along the banks of the Derwent and in the surrounding district appears to throw all the weight of evidence in its favour.

The evidences of a Roman occupation of Malton, apart from the traces of the fortified camp on the banks of the Derwent, are much similar in kind and history to those of other Roman stations in the country. Urns, containing ashes, coins of silver and copper, struck during the reigns of

numerous emperors, fragments of pottery, tiling, and mosaics, have been discovered here at various times. In 1753 there was found, in digging near the lodge of the castle, a stone bearing the following inscription, which is supposed to indicate the burial-place of some of the Equites Singulares, who formed a part of the emperor's bodyguard :—

D. M.
AVR MA
CRINVS E
EQ SING AVG.

In 1814 another stone, somewhat elaborately sculptured, and inscribed as follows, was unearthed in the churchyard of Norton, across the river:—

FELICITER SIT
GENIO LOCI
SERVVLE VTERE
FELIXTA BERN
AM AVREFI
DINAM.

This is supposed to have been the sign of a goldsmith named Servalus, who appears to have combined advertisement with an appeal to the spirit of place, though there is some slight confusion about the carving of the fourth word, the third letter of which looks much more like G than C.

However important it may have been during the years of the Roman occupation, Malton does not figure very largely in history between the departure of the Romans and the coming of the Normans. Beyond the fact that a Saxon sword was discovered in a barrow near the town in 1856, there is little to connect it with Saxon times. It is said that the Kings of Northumbria had a castle here, and that it was the scene of the attempted assassination of Eadwine, but the same story is told of Aldby, and the only certain fact about it is that the royal castle was somewhere on the banks of the Derwent. When the Norman Conquest was an accomplished fact, and William proceeded to parcel out the lands of the conquered English, Malton, which then belonged to Earl Siward, was given to the royal standard-bearer, Gilbert Tyson. From him it passed to the family of De Vesci, who at an early date after the Conquest set about fortifying the town and building themselves a castle in its midst. In 1135 the Scots gained possession of the castle and fortified it against an army brought against them by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who failed to dislodge them from their position but burned the town ere he departed elsewhere. A new town, which was named New Malton, was soon afterwards built by Eustace Fitz-John, who had inherited castle and manor from the De Vescis through the female line. Eustace Fitz-John appears to have figured largely in the history of Malton at that time. He founded a priory of the curious order of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, and withstood a siege from



Stephen's army—though what cause of quarrel there was between him and the King the chroniclers do not say. It may be that he mixed himself up in the bickerings which went on between Stephen and Matilda of Anjou, and finally took sides with the latter when her recriminations upon the faithless barons gave place to a resort to war. Nor do the chroniclers say much about the fate of the castle originally built by the De Vescis. According to some writers, it was destroyed by Henry II., which seems somewhat strange if it be true that Eustace Fitz-John had been one of Matilda's adherents; according to others, another Eustace, grandson of the first-named, entertained John Lackland in it about the time (1213) that that worthy monarch had worn out everybody's patience. What the castle was like before it finally came to its end there is nothing to show. When Leland saw it, it was already a ruin. He considered that, from what he saw of it, it had been a place of some size, but adds that it had at that time "no habitation yn it, but a mere house for a farmer." He also remarks of Malton that it possessed two chapels-of-ease to the parish church standing where the former priory stood in Old Malton, and that there were good markets in the town. Some importance as a trading place, indeed, the town must have had from a very early period, for it was enfranchised during the reign of Edward I., and continued to be directly represented in the House of Commons until 1885, when its ancient privilege was taken from it and it was made a part of the Thirsk and Malton division. Leland mentions that in his time the lordship was held

by three men in participation—Lord Clifford, one Yevers, and one Conyers. The “Yevers” was the Eures, or Evers, who had succeeded, by various marriages through the female line, to the estates of the De Vescis, and ancestor of the Lord Eure who during the reign of James I. built a castellated mansion on the site of the old castle. This house existed about half a century, and then came to a most curious end. The granddaughters of the builder, co-heiresses to his estates, could not agree as to the division of their property and wrangled no little over this particular bit of it. Their bickering was brought to a sudden end in 1674 by the Sheriff of Yorkshire, who rudely pulled down the house, shared the materials between the disputants, and left the lodge standing as a monument of their foolishness. There appears to have been a good deal of pulling down and falling to pieces at one time or another in Malton. In 1782 a considerable portion of the priory was blown down by a high wind—presumably that which destroyed the tower at Kirkham Priory in the same year—and in 1785, while the quarter-sessions were being held in the sessions house, the centre beam of the latter gave way and over three hundred persons fell into the area beneath, “but fortunately,” says the chronicler, “no lives were lost.”

II

The present aspect of Malton, as a town, is more modern than ancient, and though it possesses so much of antiquity in its midst, the old things are not readily apparent. Like many more market-towns of its sort, it has been much changed by the altered conditions of mercantile affairs. It seems strange to know that Malton was once an inland port, and did a considerable trade by water, sending goods all the way to Hull by means of the Derwent, the Ouse, and the Humber. An Act of Parliament for the better navigation of the Derwent was obtained in the first year of Anne’s reign, and after that sloops, keels, and other small vessels plied their trade between the two towns to some effect, no less than 56,000 quarters of corn being shipped here in 1796. The river trade of Malton, however, has almost entirely passed out of existence, and the trade of the town itself has undergone some change. During the eighteenth century it was chiefly noted as a great market for cattle and horses, and as a distributing centre for agricultural produce; nowadays, though it is still the principal market town of its district, it has a considerable trade in the manufacture of flour, agricultural implements, bricks, tiles, and manures. Here, too, the brewers have established themselves, and make very good ale, but the old ship-building trade which used to furnish sloops and light vessels for the voyage to Hull and back has entirely dropped out of existence.

Malton, taking its various parts as one town, is somewhat widely spread about. Its greater bulk, New Malton, lies on the north bank of the Derwent, and is separated by the river from the railway station and from

Norton, a suburb which seems to have been an integral part of the town for several centuries. One bridge unites town and railway station ; another, the town and Norton. Through the town itself runs a long principal street which passes two parish churches, and proceeds, under the names of Yorkersgate and Old Gates, past the sites of the Roman camp and Fitz-John's castle to Old Malton, which is but a village in size, and now only remarkable for the remains of its priory. Of the notable antiquities and show-places of the town the remains of the Roman camp are certainly the most interesting. Roman Malton was doubtless built as two camps on both sides of the river, but the principal camp was on the north bank, at a point facing the present position of Norton, where a smaller camp, commanding the road to *Ocellum Promontorium*, was placed. Where the bridge which carries the road from Scarborough and Filey across the Derwent into Malton now stands, there was during the Roman occupation a ford communicating between the lesser and greater camp, and the traces of the latter are distinctly visible in the field which lies to the right hand as the bridge is crossed from Norton. It appears to have been an enclosure of quadrangular form, measuring 1000 by about 650 feet, and having at its south-east corner a further enclosure, some 380 feet square, which seems to have been reserved for allies. Near this enclosure and close to a spring running into the Derwent were the baths ; outside the camp on the east side there stood at one time three British tumuli. The Pretorian gate stood at the angle of the greater camp and the allies' enclosure, commanding the road leading down to the ford, and its form has led to the conjecture that the camp was chiefly occupied by the Ninth Legion. Although traces of it are now unrecognisable, there is reason to believe that a small town or village existed on the south-west of the camp, and was fortified on three sides by earthworks and on the fourth by the Derwent. The traces and remains of the entire settlement, however, are not easily apparent save to the trained eye, but relics of the Roman occupation have been discovered on the sites of both camps during the present century with sufficient frequency to warrant the belief that there is still more treasure of the same sort to come.

Of the castle of Malton, though it was built in comparatively recent times when compared with the date of the fortifications erected by the Romans, there is little more, if any more, trace than of the latter. The castellated mansion built by Lord Eure in the reign of James I., presumably stood on the site of the castle built by the De Vescis and destroyed—if legend be true—by Henry II. The lines of its site may be seen near those of the Roman camp, but nothing remains of it, since the Sheriff of Yorkshire pulled it down to settle the co-heiresses' foolish dispute, save the lodge, which is full of interest to lovers of archæology and antiquities. No account of the first castle appears to be in existence—the second was probably a strongly-built mansion-house. What the particular quarrel of

the sisters was respecting it does not appear in the local chronicles, but it seems unfortunate—if the gateways still remaining are to be taken as specimens of the architecture of the place and of its general appearance—that so interesting a house should have been sacrificed to woman's whim.

There is nothing left of the ancient priory church of Old Malton save a part of the nave, now converted into a parish church, but its surroundings are eminently interesting, and afford more opportunities for the traveller's employment of his time than anything in the vicinity. Here he comes upon matters of antiquity which are scarcely less venerable than those of the Roman camp nearer the town. It is said—but there seems to be no definite ground for saying it—that where the remains of Old Malton Priory now stand there once stood the first church ever built north of the Humber. Whether this be true or not it is certain that there was a church and a priest here in Saxon times, and it is was probably on the site of the old pre-Conquest church that Eustace Fitz-John set about building the priory

in 1150, prompted to do so, it is said, by the Archbishop of York in expiation of certain wickednesses and dark crimes. The foundation was for the benefit of that very curious order, the Gilbertines, but it is presumed that in this case only the monks of the order were accommodated; the nuns do not appear to have been in residence. Dedicated to Our Lady, the priory of Malton was richly endowed by its founder and by other piously-disposed folk of that time, and its members seem to have had a comfortable if quiet time until the stern exigencies of the Dissolution put an end to cloistral life. From what can be seen and learned of the priory and judged of the architectural features



*Yorkersgate
Malton*

remaining in the church, it must have been an establishment of great dignity and beauty, its church consisting of nave, north and south aisles, chancel, transepts and side chapels, and three towers, two at the west end of the church and a central one of considerable size at the intersection. The architecture was chiefly Norman and Transitional. South of the nave the monastic buildings formed a quadrangle extending from the south wall of the transept to the eastern angle of the south-west tower, close by which stood a building of irregular shape which was probably the kitchen. On the west side of the quadrangle were the prior's lodgings and the refectory ; on the east the dormitory and the monks' apartments. In the south-west corner of the quadrangle there is a crypt, over which, presumably, the chapter-house once stood.

It is said that in this church St. Gilbert of Sempringham was interred. He died in 1189, about forty years after the foundation of the priory, and his age is given by the monkish chroniclers at 106 years. Whether he died here or not it seems fairly certain that he used his dying breath to beg Roger de Sempringham, then Prior of Malton, to see to it that his monasteries were properly shepherded. It is probably this Roger who is referred to, after the symbolic fashion of the mediæval age, in the following very curious inscription, which appears on the capital of a column in the north wall of the church, and which, as regards part of it, is purposely inverted :—



There appears to have been more of this inscription, but the rest of it is hidden by the wall of the present church. The latter, which was considerably restored and renovated in 1889, consists of the south-west tower and the nave of the Old Priory church, and contains many features of great interest. In the west front there is a splendid Norman doorway forming an elaborately ornamented arch, rising from seven columns on each side. Over this is a pointed window of five lights. Within the church there are several stone coffins, taken at various times from the priory grounds. In a pillar on the north wall is a niche, surmounted by an enriched canopy. Of the modern features of the church the most noticeable are the handsome oak roof presented by the lord of the manor, Earl Fitzwilliam, and the oak screen which commemorates a former Speaker of the House of Commons, John Evelyn Denison, afterwards Viscount Ossington, who presided over the Lower House from 1857 to 1872.

There is an epitaph in the churchyard surrounding Old Malton Priory which in one form or another is found in other churchyards. It is given

here under the belief that this is the undoubtedly original version of a very curious literary composition :—

Here lies the body of William Hope, who died March ye 2nd, 1761, aged 63 years. He was born in New MALTON, brought up A SMITH, married FRANCES HEAD of this TOWN, by whome he had fourteen children, viz. 6 sons and 8 daughters.

*His soul, I hope, in Heaven at Rest,
Is singing Praises with the Blest.*

The 5 Psalm to be sung at his Funeral.

*My Sledge and Hammer lie reclined,
My Bellows, too, have lost their Wind,
My Fire's extinct, my Forge Decay'd,
And in the Dust my Vice is Laid.
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My nails are Drove, my Work is Done ;
My Fire-dry'd Corpse lies here at Rest,
My Soul, smoak-like, is Soaring to be Blest.*

In the wall of the Old Grammar School (founded by Holgate, Archbishop of York, in 1546) close by the churchyard, there was, not many years ago—and may be now, though in that case the inscription must have almost disappeared, since it was then nearly illegible—a stone whereon was graven a request which recalled a certain matter of a very delicate nature. It begged the prayers of the faithful and pious for the good estate of Thomas Norman, first master of the Grammar School. Now it is commonly said that this Thomas's wife was the mistress of Archbishop Holgate, with whom she resided, and there appears to be little doubt that, whether this scandalous story is true or not, the schoolmaster had to suffer much on account of it. Holgate, however, was duly married to a wife of his own in 1549, when he publicly espoused Barbara Wentworth in the church of Adwick-le-Street. His connection with Old Malton Priory is somewhat explained by the fact that he was at one time Prior of Watton, another of the Gilbertine houses founded by Eustace Fitz-John for his sins, but he is much better known to fame as the founder of certain grammar schools, and as one of the first of the great ecclesiastics who openly married, than as a monk.

Of the two churches in New Malton which were formerly chapels-of-ease to the priory church, that dedicated to St. Michael is by far the most interesting. Its architecture is chiefly of the later Norman style, and though recent restoration has largely altered its appearance, it still contains a good deal that is antique and curious. The windows and arches in the nave and aisles are for the most part circular ; the principal doorway is pointed. All along the clerestory windows and along the chancel outside the church are a series of zig-zag mouldings which are worthy of notice,

and there is an ancient font at the west end of the nave which has some interesting features. In the other church, St. Leonard's, the chief external feature is the tower, which is battlemented and buttressed at the corner and surmounted by a wooden spire, covered by slate. It has a very worn and time-stained appearance, but it is difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to its age, though the existence of three Norman arches with massive pillars in the chancel, and a Norman font in the south-west corner of the nave would seem to show that it dates from an early period. There is some fine Norman work in the cellar of an inn in Wheelgate—the Cross Keys—which appears to have been part of the crypt of a hospital connected with Old Malton Priory. Here there is a groined Norman roof, the ribs of which spring from rounded columns with sculptured capitals, curiously carved bosses appearing at the intersections. This was one of three hospitals served by the Gilbertines, and it is probable that all were founded by Eustace Fitz-John, of whose crimes it would be interesting to have a catalogue, seeing that it required so much piety to wipe them out. Of the other two hospitals no traces remain, but it is supposed that one stood a little way out of the town, on the site of the present Spital Hill, and the other where the present church of Norton stands on the south bank of the river.




*Fig. 51
Malton*

CHAPTER L

Surroundings of the Rye

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE RYE—VILLAGES BETWEEN MALTON AND HELMSLEY—SLINGSBY AND ITS CASTLE—HOVINGHAM—NUNNINGTON CHURCH—GILLING CASTLE—OSWALDKIRK—AMPLEFORTH—HELMSLEY: THE TOWN AND CASTLE—DUNCOMBE PARK—RIEVAULX ABBEY—SCAWTON—RYEDALE AND BILSDALE—THE MOORS NEAR THE SOURCES OF THE RYE—THE HAMBLETON HILLS—FELISKIRK—GORMIRE—BYLAND ABBEY.

I

 FEW miles north-east of Malton the Derwent is joined by its principal tributary, the Rye, a river which in its course of twenty-five miles passes through some of the most delightful and interesting scenery in Yorkshire. Rising on the edge of the Cleveland Hills, somewhat west of the eminence known as Burton Head, its principal branch flows under the name of the Seph into a valley called Bilsdale, which is shut in on both sides by wild moorlands, and at the southern extremity is increased in volume by a stream bearing the name of the Rye which comes from the direction of Smilesworth Moor. From this point the course of the river is romantic in the extreme. Ryedale proper lies between the Hambleton Hills on the west and Rievaulx Moor on the east, and forms a miniature valley of great loveliness, with Rievaulx Abbey as its chief landmark and object of interest. Hereabouts are scenes and vistas which nothing in the county can surpass, and though Ryedale is of short extent, the charm of the winding Rye is scarcely lessened as it makes a bold sweep round the woods of Duncombe Park and passes the picturesque market-town of Helmsley in close proximity to its old castle. From Helmsley until its junction with the Derwent above Malton the Rye possesses varying features of interest. Its volume is augmented by the waters of various smaller streams—the Riccal, the Dove (which has already been joined by the Bran), the Seven, and the Costa. On its south side there are numerous places of historical interest and importance; on its

north the hills and moors stretch away for miles upon miles of comparative solitude. To the traveller who does not follow hard and fast lines in his system of exploration the surroundings of the Rye afford a remarkable abundance of interesting matters, and no better plan of examining their character can be had than by following the course of the river on its south bank from near Malton to Helmsley, thence keeping closely to its windings through Ryedale and Bilsdale, and finally turning away from it to the westward in order to follow the Hambleton Hills from Arden Moor to Byland Abbey, which lies at their southern extremity. Such an expedition, carried out with a free hand as regards alteration of route at any point, cannot fail to make the least observant conscious of the great and varying beauty of this corner of Yorkshire.

The villages which lie between Malton and Helmsley, on the south side of the Rye—and in most cases situate at some little distance from its banks—are singularly rich in interest and historical association. Built, most of them, upon the line of the earliest settlements which ran round the edge of the North York Moors, extending from the valley of the Derwent to the hills of Cleveland, they are all ancient, and often possess plain and visible marks of their antiquity. All along the highway from Malton to Helmsley and on its adjacent by-roads the traveller will find places of more than ordinary interest, and will pass from castle to church and church to manor-house with increasing zest. The interest of these villages begins as soon as Malton is left behind. Round about Broughton, the first hamlet encountered, numerous barrows or tumuli have been discovered at various times, and the finding of Roman urns here some years ago suggests that there may have been a Roman camp in the immediate vicinity. At Amotherby, a little distance away, there are abundant links with the days which succeeded the coming of the Normans in the old church, which also contains some fragments of Saxon work. The church of Appleton-le-Street, an ancient building which has undergone modern restoration, still retains its Norman tower, and the village is interesting as standing on one of the Roman vicinal ways. Barton-le-Street, close by, also stood on this vicinal way, and like its immediate neighbours, possesses many memorials of past ages. Its fine church, which was rebuilt about thirty years ago on the lines of the ancient Norman edifice, contains the grotesques which were taken from the old building, and the original Norman piscina, which has an elaborately carved shaft. Here in the churchyard is a massive block of stone which is supposed to have formed the base of a Saxon cross. Near Butterwick, in this parish, there have been occasional discoveries of Roman pottery, and near Coneysthorpe, an outlying hamlet, there are still to be seen numerous earth-works and trenches which appear to be of Brigantian origin.

At Slingsby, a village of some importance, which stands on the old Roman road that ran from Malton to Aldborough, there are many matters of great interest. It must have been a place of some importance at the

time of the Domesday Survey, for it was then worth thirty shillings—and in Saxon times had been worth seventy—and had a priest, and presumably a church. It was given by William the Conqueror to his kinsman the Earl of Mortain, who had large possessions in Yorkshire. From him it passed to the Mowbrays, from them to the Hastings, who in their turn relinquished it to the Cavendishes, from whom it passed to the Dukes of Buckingham. In 1735 it came into the hands of the Earls of Carlisle, who still hold it. The first castle, no trace of which remains, was probably built when the Mowbrays held the lands of Slingsby; the second was erected by the Hastings', Earls of Huntingdon, one of whom, Ralph, obtained royal license to castellate his house of Slingsby in 1345, when Edward III. was king. The present castle was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century by Sir Charles Cavendish, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, on the site occupied by the old castellated mansion. Its plan forms a parallelogram of about forty yards by thirty yards, and its walls are about forty feet high. At each corner of the castle there is a small arched room with two windows which appear to have been intended for guard-rooms or convenient coigns of vantage. The buildings are in exceptionally good preservation, probably because they are fashioned of oolitic limestone. The village of Slingsby is chiefly interesting because of its church, which appears to be of Saxon origin, and has been carefully restored. There are some ancient sedilia and a decorated piscina in the chancel, and in the south chapel there is an effigy of a crusader, said to be a member of the Wyvill family, concerning whom there is a local legend to the effect that he slew a great dragon which had previously wrought much havoc amongst the neighbouring rustic population. The parish registers of this church date from 1687, but there is extant an almost complete list of its rectors from 1303.

Hovingham, the next village on the road to Helmsley, is even more ancient than Slingsby. It is one of the most delightfully situated places in this district, lying amongst thick woods and coppices, and bearing all the evidences of its chief occupation—agriculture. There is strong presumption that Hovingham was originally a Brigantian settlement and subsequently a Roman camp. During some excavations which were made adjacent to the present hall in 1745, some very interesting Roman remains were discovered. A bath, measuring about 12 feet by 11 feet, with a roof of polished, perforated tiles, tessellated pavements, fragments of Roman pottery, and coins of the reigns of Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Constantius, and Constantine the Great were found in excellent preservation. In 1616 there was unearthed at East Ness in this parish a sarcophagus full of bones, with an inscription which recorded the deaths of Titia, the wife, and Valerius Adjutor and Variolus, the sons, of Valerius Vindicianus, who was presumably the owner of a villa close by. At the time of the Norman Conquest Hovingham had a church and a priest and a considerable area

of cultivated land. The manor was given to Roger de Mowbray, who is said to have built a castle here, and who founded and endowed the neighbouring Abbey of Byland. The Mowbrays appear to have remained in possession of Hovingham for some centuries, and one of them obtained a market-charter in 1222, whereby the village folk were empowered to hold a market every Wednesday. This was renewed in 1740, but the market has long been discontinued in favour of that of Helmsley. The present holders of Hovingham, the Worsleys (*cr.* Baronet in 1838), have been in possession here for the past four hundred years. Hovingham Hall, their seat, a fine building in the Italian style, was designed by Thomas Worsley, sometime Surveyor-General to the Board of Works. It contains an excellent collection of works of art, pictures, and books, and is surrounded by a park and gardens which cover a large area of land. The chief interest in the church, which is of Saxon foundation, but rebuilt in 1860, is in the Norman tower, which was allowed to stand at the time of restoration, and contains a curious feature in the shape of an oblong stone, built into the exterior of the south wall. This stone is divided into eight panels, in each of which is a figure having a nimbus about its head. There seems little doubt that the work is Saxon, and the subject appears to have some reference to the Annunciation.

At a little distance from Hovingham, on the road to Helmsley, there are some excellent and interesting relics of pre-Norman times in the church of Stonegrave, a small village which has a somewhat ancient history. Its list of rectors extends from 1267, and contains several names of note, amongst them being those of Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, in the fifteenth century; Richard Barnes, who was successively Bishop of Nottingham, Carlisle, and Durham, in the sixteenth; and William Goodwin, who was Sub-Almoner to Queen Elizabeth and Chancellor of York. The ancient church



Stonegrave Church

here must have been one of the most interesting in the county. A great deal of it was a portion of the original Saxon edifice; the tower and north aisle were Early Norman; the rest was later Gothic. In 1863 a complete rebuilding took place, and while it was in process several crosses



and carved stones were brought to light, some of which are still preserved in the church. The most interesting is a Celtic cross, with a wheel-head, an elaborately carved shaft, and panelled sides. Stonegrave is a part of the manor of Nunnington, a village which occupies a magnificent position on the north side of the Caulkley, or Caulkley Hills, a spur of the Hambletons, and commands splendid prospects of the valley of the Rye and the Vale of Pickering. This village derives its name from a nunnery which existed here in Saxon days, and it possessed both church and priest at the time of the Domesday Survey. The present church, standing high above the valley, and surrounded by fir-trees, is quaint and curious, and much sought after by lovers of the antique, though there is little to see in it save the effigy of a crusader, who, like the knight of Slingsby, is said to have fought and slain a monstrous great dragon. Where the ancient nunnery used to stand there is a fine Elizabethan house, built by the Grahams, who were lords of the manor here from Tudor times until about 1840. It forms an exceedingly effective picture, with the Rye running at its foot, and its outward appearance justifies the local legend that it is haunted.

Turning southward from Stonegrave, a by-lane leads through the hamlet of Cawton to Gilling, a village of much interest, which lies at the entrance to a ravine through which a beck or rivulet runs on its way to join the Rye near Butterwick. It possesses a church, a castle, and a considerable amount of historical association, though there is little known of it previous to the Norman Conquest. Barch, the Saxon, held its lands under the Confessor, but the Conqueror speedily dispossessed him and handed his possessions over to Hugh Fitz-Baldric, one of his German mercenaries.

He seems to have enjoyed his new possessions but a short time, for Gilling was soon in the hands of the Mowbrays, who speedily sublet it to the family of De Etton. It subsequently passed, by intermarriage, to the Fairfaxes, who held it in direct succession from 1492—after a temporary holding of it by the Crown—until 1793, when it devolved upon relatives who assumed the family name. The castle, which was probably built by the Mowbrays on the site of a Saxon stockade, occupies a commanding position, and is one of the most notable objects of the district. The east end appears to date from the time of Edward II., and is the most ancient part of the structure, the architecture of the rest being mainly of the Tudor period. The keep, 70 feet in height, and 78 feet by 73 feet in bulk, shows evidence of great strength, and, with some adjacent portions of the castle, was left untouched when the rest of the building was remodelled by Sir John Vanbrugh two hundred years ago. The great feature of Gilling Castle is the magnificent Tudor dining-room, a spacious apartment, wainscoted in richly carved oak to the height of 12 feet. The floor of this room is of black oak, and it is lighted by three fine windows, the stained glass of which, inserted in all probability about 1585, displays the arms of the Fairfaxes, Constables, and Stapletons. Over the wainscoting are panels which show the armorial bearings of all the Yorkshire gentle-folk in the reign of Elizabeth, and above the great chimney-piece is a device exhibiting the arms of four ladies who designed the decoration of the room, and who were members of the families of Vavasour, De Ros, Curwen, and Belasyse, quartered with those of their husbands, and surmounted by the royal arms. Not less interesting than the castle is the church of Gilling, which appears to have had its foundation about the Transitional Norman period. It has been restored several times, notably in 1400, 1753, 1854, and 1876, and the last restoration



has given it back much of its original beauty. It now consists of chancel, nave, aisles, north and south porch, and an embattled western tower, and contains numerous monuments of the Fairfax family, and a curious fourteenth century tomb of a knight, some features of which are almost unique. There is here, also, a brass in memory of Robert Wellington, or Kellington, who held this and the rectory of Bolton Percy at the same time, and died in 1503.

At Oswaldkirk, a small village picturesquely situated on the east ridges of the Hambleton Hills and commanding delightful prospects of the surrounding country, which is hereabouts broken up into the most charming vistas of wood, river, field, and hill, there are several matters and associations of more than ordinary interest. Here in Saxon times there was a church dedicated to St. Oswald, King of Northumbria, and on its site the present edifice, which contains some traces of Norman work, probably stands. There are some ancient arches in the south doorway, an arch apparently of Saxon handiwork within the chancel, and a stone, sculptured with an abbatial crosier, in the floor. In this parish, at the farmhouse called West Newton Grange, was born in 1585 the famous antiquarian, Roger Dodsworth, who with Dugdale compiled that monument of patience and of erudition, the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, and whose manuscripts, still preserved at the Bodleian Library, form an eloquent proof of his indefatigable industry. On the high ground behind Oswaldkirk and the neighbouring village of Ampleforth there is trace upon trace of the old Brigantian settlements. At Studforth Ring there are plain evidences of a British camp, and all around it are tumuli and barrows, with earthworks and entrenchments. Ampleforth itself, perched at a height of 500 feet above sea-level on the slope of the Hambleton Hills, is a village of great antiquity, and was held for some time after the Norman Conquest by the De Ros family. Its church contains a good deal of very interesting Norman work and some curious effigies. The most notable object in Ampleforth and its immediate neighbourhood, however, is the Priory and College of St. Lawrence, a religious house founded by the Benedictines during the present century and now famous as an educational centre. It occupies a commanding situation somewhat to the east of the village, and since its humble beginnings in 1802 has assumed vast and striking proportions. It provides accommodation for a large number of members of the Order of St. Benedict, and for their students, and possesses a very fine modern church, which is richly decorated. The library contains several illuminated manuscripts, and a copy of the rare "Sermons of St. Leonard," dated 1446, of which only three copies are supposed to be in existence.

II

If the traveller, in the course of his wanderings through Yorkshire, should chance to reach Helmsley on some June morning when the woods which close it in are in the fresh glory of their green, he will probably be

much tempted to take up his abode in its midst, or at any rate to linger in its neighbourhood until its picturesqueness begins to pall upon him. Although not so broadly situated as either, Helmsley may claim to rank with Richmond and Knaresborough in the first group of picturesque Yorkshire towns. It possesses almost everything that goes to make a picture—a delightful situation on the banks of the Rye, here the most sylvan and romantic of streams ; an ancient castle ; a wide, curiously quiet market-place enclosed by old houses and roomy inns ; a fine church ; a brawling stream running through its midst to join the river ; and such a surrounding of wooded country as serves to set its grey roofs and gables in a frame of green. It has a still further charm in its almost unvarying state of peace and quietude—it is only on market-days and at fair-times that there is much evidence of life in its streets, or in the wide, cobble-paved square on which they converge. To the traveller it has yet another value and advantage in the fact that it forms a most admirable centre for exploring the surrounding country. A week spent at Helmsley in fine weather means seeing many things of great interest, old religious houses, ruined castles, great halls and manors, Roman camps, Brigantian entrenchments, beautiful river scenery, and wide stretches of mountain and moor. Few towns in Yorkshire, indeed, possess more attraction and interest in many varying forms than this small market-borough which in point of size is little more than a village.

From the fact that the neighbouring valley is called Druid's Dale, it has been argued that Helmsley was sacred to the Druids at some period prior to the coming of the Romans, but beyond the presence of numerous camps, tumuli, and earthworks in the neighbourhood, there are few historical evidences of the town's antiquity previous to those afforded by Domesday Book, wherein it is called *Elmslac* or *Elmslae*. It does not appear to have been a place of very great importance in Saxon times, and it was probably handed over as part and parcel of a wide tract of land which the Conqueror gave in this district to the Earl of Mortain. About the time of Henry I. it passed into the hands of the l'Espeys, the most famous of whom, Walter, founded the neighbouring abbey of Rievaulx, the Priory of Kirkham, and a third conventual establishment at Warden in Bedfordshire. He dying without issue, the manor of Helmsley—called *Hamelake* or *Hamlac* about that time—passed by the marriage of his sister, Adeline, to Peter de Ros, into the hands of the latter, whose grandson, Robert de Ros, built the first castle—probably on the site of a previous stronghold—about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Castle, town, and manor remained in possession of the De Ros family for seventeen generations, and then passed by marriage to Sir Robert Manners, whose grandson, Thomas, was elevated to the peerage under the style and title of Earl of Rutland in 1525. The Earls of Rutland possessed some of the finest properties in England—Helmsley in Yorkshire, Belvoir in Lincolnshire, and Haddon in Derbyshire.

The sixth earl dying without male issue, the whole of the estates devolved upon his daughter, Catherine, who married George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., and the victim of the fanatical zeal of Felton. His son, the still more famous George Villiers, who wasted his life in the pursuit of pleasure, and repaired his ruined fortunes by a marriage with Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, only to resume his downward course, spent much of his later life at Helmsley, and died at Kirby Moorside, close by. On his death in 1695 the Helmsley estates were sold to Sir Charles Duncombe, whom Alexander Pope, in characteristic fashion, sneers at as "a scrivener and a city knight," but who must have been a man of some parts, seeing that he was Lord Mayor of London, a member of Parliament, and at one time Secretary to the Treasury. In the

hands of the Duncombes, whose head bears the titles of Earl of Feversham and Viscount Helmsley, the estates have since remained, and have been greatly developed. Apart from the history of the families which have been connected with it there is little in the story of Helmsley as a town. It obtained a market-charter during the days of the De Ros lordships, and seems to have been the principal trading centre of the surrounding district. In feudal times it was frequently visited by the sovereign. During the Civil War the castle was garrisoned for the king by a body of Royalist troops under Colonel Jordan Crossland, and was besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, who only succeeded in reducing it after a determined resistance on the part of the defenders. It was dismantled by order of the Parliament in 1646.

Of the actual show-places of Helmsley the castle



naturally comes first in order and importance. What remains of it stands on a slight eminence without the town, and within the area of Duncombe Park, and forms the most engaging feature in the landscape. Though not one of the larger Yorkshire castles it must in its palmiest days have been a formidable stronghold and not easy of access. It was surrounded by two moats, both filled from the waters of the Rye, separated from each other by a space of about thirty yards, each some 50 feet wide and 20 deep, and crossed by four drawbridges, the piers of which are still in evidence. Entrance to the castle was had on the south side, through a square tower 20 feet in width, which was defended by a portcullis. There was another portcullis in the gateway which admitted to the inner court. The outer walls of the castle, judging from the remains of them still visible, must have been of immense thickness. The keep, now surrounded by trees, and very picturesque, was undoubtedly the strongest part of the building, and formed a square tower, about 100 feet in height and over 50 feet square. It had an embattled parapet and square battlemented turrets at the angles, and consisted of three main stories, with a dungeon at the base. The domestic parts of the castle are still to be seen in two separate blocks of buildings, one of which, bearing traces of Norman work, appears to be the remains of the castle built by Robert de Ros. The other is in the Elizabethan style and is attributed to the third Earl of Rutland. Here, in the rooms which still retain some of their ancient decoration, the brilliant George Villiers is said to have spent his last days.

Although scarcely a show-place in the actual meaning of the term, the market square of Helmsley contains many features of much interest to the curious and the observant. On ordinary days it is well-nigh as peaceful as a village green, and it is quite possible to lounge about it for some little time without setting eyes on a human being. The houses which surround it are built of stone, and would be much more picturesque if they were not usually covered with slate. One of them, a quaint timber-fronted place which appears to be of the period of Henry VII., is quite uncommon, and the inns are eminently suggestive of the roomy, gloomy, comfortable country town hostelry. In the north-west corner of the square stands the old market-cross, much weather-beaten and not particularly interesting, save for the thoughts which its presence suggests. At the opposite angle, forming the most conspicuous object in the market-place, is an elaborate monument to the memory of William, second Baron Feversham, which takes the form of a Gothic cross consisting of base, canopy, lanthorn, and spire, 45 feet in height, very similar in design and appearance to the monument to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh, and which was erected at the cost of the tenantry from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott. Underneath the canopy rests a fine marble statue of the deceased peer, which was executed by Noble, a Yorkshire sculptor, at the expense of the Duncombe family.

It was through the generosity of the Baron Feversham thus com-

memorated that the initial steps for the restoration of the ancient parish church of Helmsley were taken. When the original Norman church was built there is no conclusive evidence to prove. Burton, in his *Monasticon*, says that Walter l'Espec gave the church and lands of Helmsley to the community which he had established at Rievaulx, and that one Theodric was vicar of Helmsley in 1129, and the probability is that the old church had its beginnings about the eleventh century. Scarcely any trace of the original structure now remains, though some parts of it are to be seen in the tower, and in the arches of the porch and chancel. In 1866 the Baron Feversham, whose monument adorns the market-place, initiated its complete restoration, and two years later the work was completed by his successor, William, first Earl of Feversham, the total cost of the renovation—£16,000—being borne by these two noblemen. As the church stands at present, it consists of chancel, nave, north aisle, north and south transepts, south porch, and tower at the west end, and is mainly on the lines of the original edifice. It contains an abundance of ornament and decoration, and is not without several matters of interest to the archæologist and the lover of the antique. In the floor of the tower there is a marble slab which contains two brasses each rather over two feet in length, representing the last of the De Ros family, Thomas, Lord de Ros, and his wife. He was beheaded in 1464, after the battle of Hexham, and was first interred at Rievaulx, his body being removed to Helmsley about the middle of the sixteenth century. The brass which represents him shows the figure of a knight in plate armour, wearing dagger, sword, and spurs; that of his wife represents a lady of the fifteenth century, wearing a peaked head-dress, and a closely-fitting gown. There are several monuments to members of the Duncombe family in the church, and there is also an ancient piscina of much interest. The stained glass is very fine, and is chiefly notable for a series of fine windows illustrating the principal events in the life of Walter l'Espec.

Duncombe Park, the residence of the Earl of Feversham, is situate just outside Helmsley, in the midst of some of the most charming surroundings in the county. It is intersected by the Rye, and is richly wooded in every part and well stocked with deer and cattle. The house was built in 1718 by Wakefield of Easingwold, from designs by Vanbrugh, and was afterwards added to by Barry. Like many another great seat in Yorkshire, it was almost from its first beginnings a veritable shrine of art treasures, and it was extremely unfortunate that it was destroyed by fire in January 1879. Of the vast collection of pictures, statuary, and objects of *vertu*, most very luckily were saved, amongst them being the famous marble figure of a dog which is supposed to be the work of Myron, the Greek (400 B.C.), and the statue of a quoit-thrower which has attained great fame as being a remarkable study of the human figure. Amongst the paintings rescued were examples of the art of Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Titian, Reynolds,

and Hogarth. Charming, however, as are the art treasures of Duncombe Park, they are eclipsed in real value by the sublimity of the prospects which may be gained from several points of vantage in its wide expanse. There is perhaps no scene in Yorkshire so wonderfully striking as that which meets the traveller's eye as he stands on the terrace overlooking



Rievaulx Abbey, and finds himself amazed and made silent by the blending together of grey walls, winding river, long stretches of hill and moor, and vistas of quiet valley and defile which lie unrolled before him as though he saw them from a mountain's brow.

III

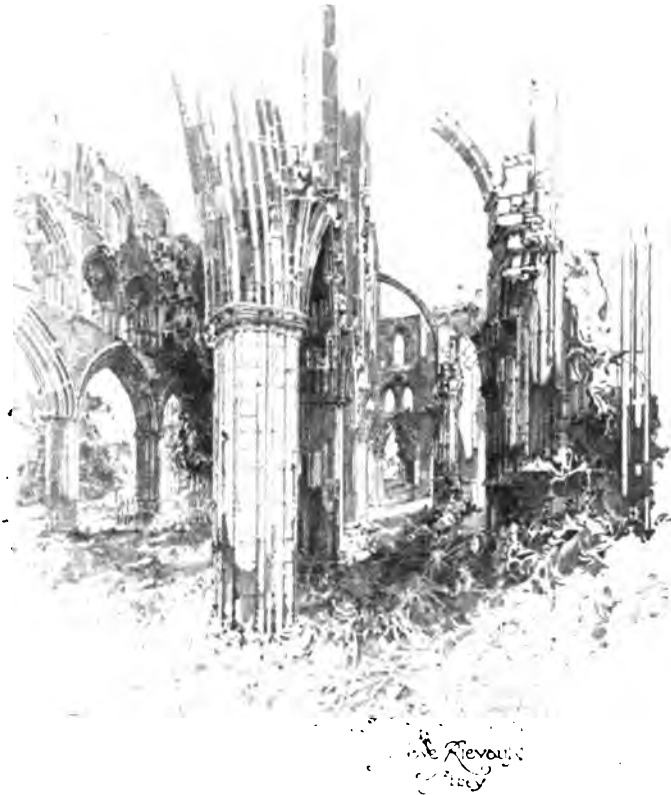
Few of the greater religious foundations in England were instituted under more romantic circumstances than those which attended the beginnings of the Cistercian Abbey of Rievaulx. It has already been recorded that Walter l'Espece built this and the Augustinian Priory of Kirkham and the Cistercian house of Warden in Bedfordshire, in memory of his son, who was killed by a fall from his horse in the Vale of Derwent. Doubt as to the truth of this—the usually accepted legend—has been freely expressed in recent times, but nothing has been adduced which serves to destroy its full veracity. Dugdale, in his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, narrates the legend in its usual form, and appears to have been well convinced of its truth. But whether Walter l'Espece and his wife Adeline lost their only son in the fashion narrated or not, there is no doubt that the houses of Kirkham, Warden, and Rievaulx owed their inception to the piety and generosity of this famous knight. It was about the year 1131 that Rievaulx came into being, and some twenty years after that its founder, weary of the affairs of

the world in which he had taken an active part, came thither to finish his days in the practice of religion. Aelred, the third abbot of Rievaulx, who wrote much concerning the history of his own times, has left a word-picture of Sir Walter l'Espece which enables later generations to know what manner of man this pious son of St. Bernard was. He describes him as he saw him when the aged knight came to spend his last years in the cloisters of Rievaulx, and says that he was then of an exceeding tall stature, with great limbs, raven hair and beard, a bright eye, and a trumpet-like voice, and yet an old man full of days whose adventurous life had made him wise, prudent, and far-seeing beyond his fellows. At Rievaulx he abode two years, dying there in the spring of 1153, and being buried at the entrance to the chapter-house.

The present surroundings of Rievaulx Abbey are singularly charming in their loveliness, but according to the monkish chronicles the district was somewhat of a wilderness when the Cistercians, under William, the first abbot, began building church and cloister in 1131. The surrounding country was sparsely populated, but there was an abundance of wild animals, and one may well conceive that the monks were not unthankful to find some sort of shelter over their heads. When the first abbot died in 1146, considerable progress had been made with the buildings, a portion of which is still traceable in the transept. Under the rule of Maurice, the second abbot, still more progress was made, and there is no doubt that the presence of the founder for the two years which he spent in the cloister would aid in pushing the work of erection forward. By 1160 the abbey appears to have been in a flourishing condition. Alexander III. in that year granted it exemption from tithes, and that there was some leisure in ruling it is proved from the fact that its third abbot, Aelred, who held office from 1160 to 1166, found time to compose the historical pieces by which he is still remembered. This abbot, most famous of the thirty-three who governed Rievaulx, was responsible for the founding of the great house of Melrose in Scotland, and was regarded with such veneration by his brethren that his tomb was lavishly decorated with gold and silver. Of the possessions which came into the hands of the community in these early days, landed estate seems to have formed the principal part. Walter l'Espece endowed Rievaulx with nine carucates of land; the Crown gave it twelve; Roger de Mowbray twelve; and the Bishop of Durham six carucates. It had pasturage for over four thousand sheep and cattle, and free warren in the surrounding neighbourhood, but unlike most of the greater religious houses it does not appear to have possessed any benefices, from which circumstances Grainger urges that its spiritual income must have been small. However that may have been, its abbots were the recognised heads of the Cistercian Order in England, and when George Neville, Archbishop of York, gave his famous feast at Cawood Castle in 1464, the Abbot of Rievaulx ranked as the fourth most

important person present. When the abbey was finally surrendered by Richard de Blyton, its last abbot, there were twenty-three monks in residence, and the gross income was reckoned at £315, 14s. 6d., and the net value at £278, 10s. 2d. The church possessed 576 ounces of plate, which with 100 fodder of lead and the five bells fell into the hands of the Crown. Its lands passed by gift of Henry VIII. to the Earls of Rutland, and following the course of the Helmsley property eventually came into possession of the Duncombe family in 1695.

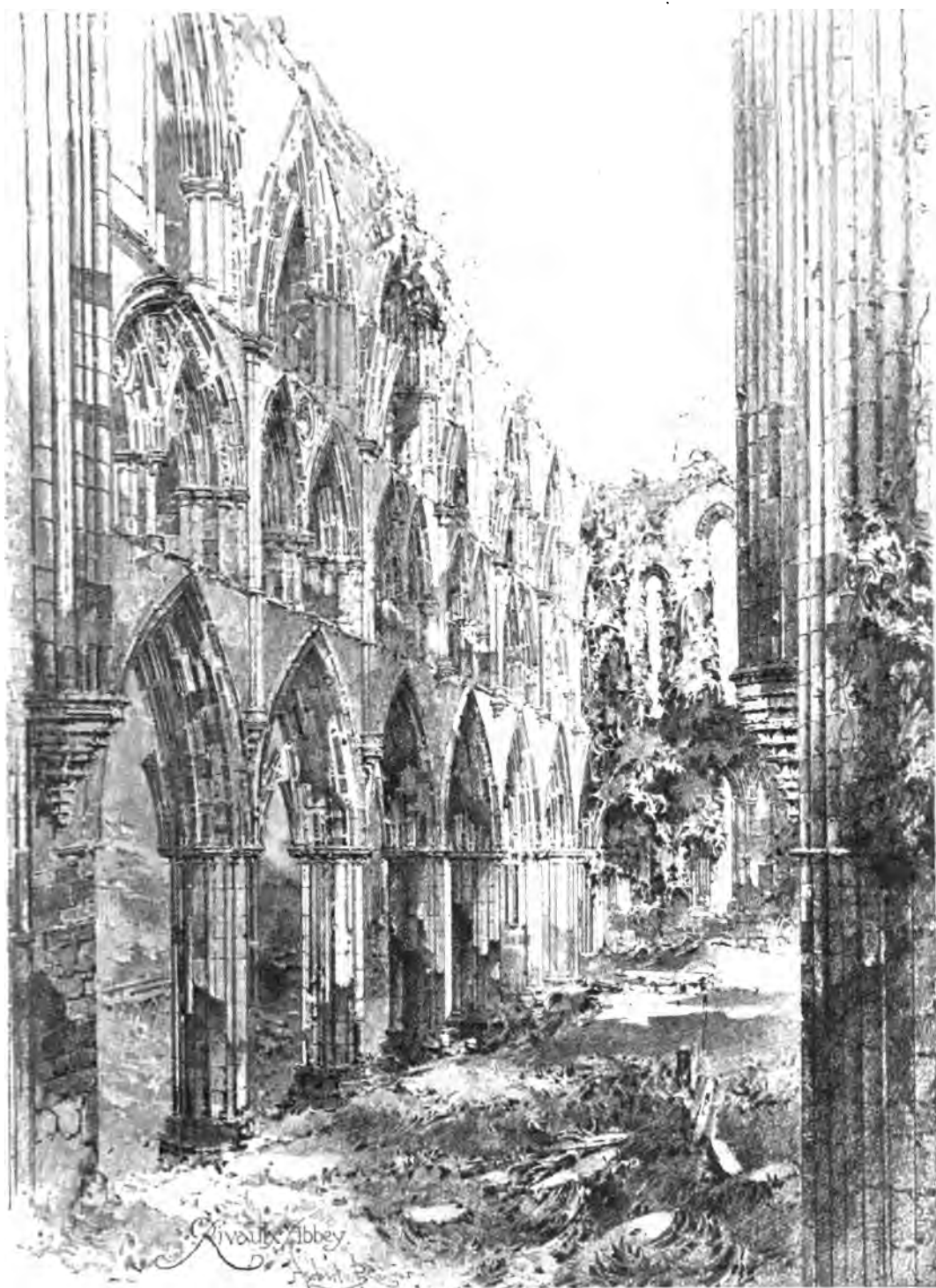
The situation of the ruins of Rievaulx is quite unique when compared with those of the other principal abbeys and priories of Yorkshire. They stand on a shelf of ground overlooking the Rye, here confined in a deep valley of circumscribed limits, and were surrounded by the mouths of several similar valleys which debouch upon them as the spokes of a wheel meet at the axle. The steep and almost precipitous banks of these vales and ravines are very thickly wooded, and from a little distance away the abbey appears to be set in the midst of impenetrable groves, through which glimpses of the winding Rye may be caught at intervals. Anything more sheltered and secluded cannot be imagined: the high ground on the south-east shuts out Helmsley, the heights of Rievaulx Moor on one hand, and of the Hambleton Hills on the other, close everything in from the north and east. Close to the abbey itself are clustered the cottages of Rievaulx village—as quaint a collection of buildings as the lover of the picturesque could desire, many of which appear to have been built out of the ruins of the cloisters. Over these tower the remains of the church and the refectory—all that is now left of what must have been one of the most magnificent religious houses in the kingdom. The traveller will notice at once that the church, instead of following the conventional ecclesiastical direction, is built from north to south, and also that any other direction would have been impossible in a building of



such magnitude, owing to the nature of the ground. Grainge gives the dimensions as follows: The total length of the church, 343 feet; of the nave, 166 feet by 63 feet in width; of the transept, 118 feet by 33 feet. Of the church there is little remaining but the choir, the transept, and a portion of the tower. The choir is 144 feet long and 63 feet in width, and its southern end—corresponding to the eastern in most churches—is lighted by six lancet windows in tiers of three. One of the finest features of the ruins is the noble arch opening from the transept into the choir. It is 75 feet in height, and springs from pillars which are 35 feet in circumference at their base. Another remarkable feature is the comparative freshness of the decorative architecture—the mouldings and ornamentation show little sign of the wear and tear of centuries. Little less remarkable than the remains of the church are those of the refectory, which measured 125 feet in length by 37 feet in breadth, and was lighted by lancet windows, three at the west end, eight on the north side, and eight on the south. Of the remaining ruins of the abbey there is little to be said. Traces of its vast extent may be seen amidst the cottages of the village, and in the fields and orchards which surround them, but the great choir is the chief object amidst the remains of the house which Walter l'Espece founded, and where he and many noble folk, members of the families of De Ros, of Malbys, and of Scrope, were laid to rest in long dead years.

IV

After passing Rievaulx the Rye turns into Ryedale proper, and is enclosed on either side by high ground, thickly wooded, which climbs sharply on the east to the heights of the Hambleton Hills and on the west to the solitudes of Rievaulx and Helmsley Moors. All through Ryedale and Bilsdale runs the highroad which connects Helmsley with Guisborough and the extreme north of Yorkshire, passing through a district almost as wild and nearly as sparsely populated as in the days when William and his monks began the building of Rievaulx Abbey. On the east side of river and highway there is little, if anything, of village or hamlet to see; on the west, lying on the eastern slope of the Hambleton Hills, there are two or three places of some interest. A winding road, which passes sharply up the hillside through groves of pine, fir, and larch, turns away from Rievaulx bridge towards Thirsk, and presently brings the traveller to Scawton, a village which at first sight possesses no particular features of attraction, but yields a good deal of interest on closer acquaintance. Here is one of the finest of the smaller Norman churches of the county—a building so limited in dimensions and so very plain of aspect that the careless pedestrian might easily pass it by. Originally built by Roger, the second abbot of the neighbouring abbey of Byland, about 1150, it has



Rivaux Abbey

recently been restored in strict conformity with its primitive plan, and is a most excellent example of what a Norman church of the twelfth century was like. It consists of nave, chancel, porch, and bell-turret, and in the latter hangs a bell which came from Byland, and bears the inscription, "*Campana beate Marie A.V.E. R.*," and the shield of Abbot Roger, on which is displayed a pastoral staff, bell, candlestick, and melting-pot, and the words, "*✠ John'es de Copgraf me fecit.*" Another bell bears the inscription, "*T. Sutton, Minister, 1676. P.W.*" In the north wall of the chancel is an Easter sepulchre; in the south an Early English sedilia. Evidences of the decorative work of the monks of Byland have been laid bare during the recent restoration, which has had the effect of transforming what was rapidly becoming a ruin into a most interesting shrine for the lover of Norman architecture. There is another Norman church of small dimensions at Old Byland, a village lying high above the west bank of the Rye and sheltered by the Hambleton Hills. There was a wooden church here at the time of the Norman Conquest; and it was here that the monks from Furness first proposed to build Byland Abbey, afterwards choosing the present site, which lies some miles away, nearer Coxwold and the Vale of Mowbray. The present church appears to date from the eleventh century and was included in Roger de Mowbray's grant to the monks of Hode in 1143.

The villages which occupy the eastern slope of the Hambleton Hills and overhang the valleys of Ryedale and Bransdale are practically out of the world, far removed from the railways and from the neighbourhood of large towns, and in winter almost cut off from communication with the small market towns which forms the chief link between them and civilisation of the more active sort. They are, indeed, chiefly accessible to the pedestrian, who will be well rewarded by their exploration. Lying amidst the most beautiful scenery, in which moor, hill, meadow, valley, and river combine to form delightful and charming effects, they possess a good deal of historical and topographical interest. At Hawnby, a village perched on a hill between the Sefh, a branch of the Rye which flows through Bilsdale, and the Rye proper coming down from Snilesworth Moor, there is a Norman church, somewhat similar to that of Scawton, which bears traces of subsequent restoration in the Gothic style. A little distance away, also occupying a high elevation, stands a fine old house called Arden Hall, wherein is much ancient oak panelling and a bed-chamber called Queen Mary's Room, in memory of Mary, Queen of Scots, who is said to have slept there. Near this house at various times stone coffins, human bones, and similar relics have been discovered. Where Arden Hall now stands there once stood a house of nuns of the Benedictine Order, which is said to have been founded by Peter de Hutton about the end of the twelfth century. There is a curious local legend concerning this house. It is said that so long as a certain chimney—reputed to be a part of the ancient

nunnery—shall stand, the owner of Upsall shall pay £40 a year to the Lord of Arden.

The moorlands which stretch for miles around the valleys of Ryedale and Bilsdale are almost as lonely as those which separate Swaledale from the Westmorland border. The pedestrian may explore them—turning hither and thither as he is prompted by his caprice—for days together, without seeing many signs of human life or habitation, but he will find natural beauty of a high order in plenty. He would be a brave man who in winter would dare to wander up hill and down dale in this region, where even hamlet or thorp is so scarce that a wayfarer might search vainly in time of need for a harbour of refuge. But in summer, when, if necessity compelled it, a man might sleep out of doors without harm to himself, nothing could be more pleasing to a lover of solitude than an aimless wandering across the land through which the Rye and the Seph, with their smaller tributaries, flow with many a twist and turn until they combine under the name of the former. To the geologist an exploration of these moors must needs prove a congenial task: their geological aspect appears to have been extensively studied by Professor Phillips, who found the whole series of rocky escarpments stretching from the coast to Hambleton End full of interest. There is also much in their solitudes to interest the antiquary and the searcher after old things, but to the lover of Nature they possess a greater charm in the fact that their romantic valleys, wide-spreading stretches of moorland, and wooded beck and streams are far removed from the haunts of men.

V

The long range of high ground which stretches, under the name of the Hambleton Hills, from a point somewhat south-east of Osmotherley to Roulston Crag, in the neighbourhood of Coxwold, and divides the romantic valley of the Rye from the great unbroken level of the Vale of Mowbray, is not so well known to lovers of the picturesque as it might be. From its principal heights magnificent views of North Yorkshire are obtainable in clear weather; on both its eastern and western slopes lie villages and hamlets of considerable interest and of some historical association; it possesses a lake of great beauty, and is rich in legend and folk-lore. In winter it is a wild and desolate region, given up to snow and storm, but in summer it is as delightful a district—to those who love a certain solitude and prefer the hill-top to the plain or the valley—as heart could desire. High as this range of twelve miles of hill country is, its summits bear evidence that it was peopled long before the Romans came into Yorkshire. Earthworks, tumuli, pit-dwellings, and barrows are still traceable all over the hills between Roulston Crag and Hambleton End, and there is still to be seen an ancient track, probably made in the first instance by the

Brigantes, which in later days was largely used by Scotch drovers who brought their cattle along it from Edinburgh to the York fairs and markets.

A great feature of the Hambleton Hills is the presence, at frequent intervals, of vast masses of rock, which often rise very abruptly to considerable heights, and form points of vantage from whence the traveller may obtain views of the surrounding country, which are surprising in their beauty and extent. Roulston Crag, at the southern extremity of the range, rises to a height of nearly 1000 feet above sea-level, and forms a rugged precipice 200 feet in depth. From its summit there is a fine prospect of hill, valley, and meadow, but it is not to compare with that obtainable from the better-known Whitestone Cliffe, a little farther away to the northward, which, as a vantage ground, is in certain respects as unique as it is remarkable. Of greater altitude above sea-level than Roulston Crag, Whitestone Cliffe does not form quite so formidable a precipice, the sheer drop from the top being about 100 feet, but its pre-eminence as a coign of vantage is unquestionable. From its summit the traveller may gaze until he is weary upon a wonderfully diversified tract of country, which extends from the towers of York to the valley of the Tees. It is said that a man may stand on Whitestone Cliffe, watch a railway train leave York, and follow its movements until it reaches Darlington. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that from this point the eye may turn from the valley of the Ouse to that of the Tees, and from the western hills to the eastern wolds. York, Ripon, Thirsk, Northallerton, and countless smaller towns and villages lie within view; the abbeys of Fountains, Rievaulx, and Byland appear in close proximity; the parks and demesnes of Thirkleby, Newby, Castle Howard, Newburgh, and Duncombe are distinguished by their broad stretches of green; and here and there in the landscape the eye falls on the grey towers of ruined castles, such as Crayke, Sheriff Hutton, Gilling, and Helmsley. Nowhere, perhaps, in Yorkshire is there a point from which so much of the county may be seen as from this.

A noticeable feature in connection with Whitestone Cliffe, or, as it is sometimes called, White Mare Crag (from a local tradition that a horse once leaped over the brink with its rider), is the vast masses of stone which lie at its foot, and appear to have been torn away from the great wall of rock which towers above them. In Wesley's Journal, under date 1755, the founder of Methodism draws attention to a convulsion of Nature which separated these masses of rock from the cliff. He remarks that on Thursday, the 25th March, several persons heard a great noise proceeding from the ridge of mountains in Yorkshire, known as Black Hamilton, which noise came from the rocks called Whitson Cliffs. A similar noise had been heard on the previous day. "On Thursday, about seven in the morning," continues Mr. Wesley, "Edward Abbot, weaver, and Adam Bosomworth, bleacher, both of Sutton" (he refers to the village of Sutton-under-Whitestone Cliffe, on the highroad between Thirsk and Helmsley), "riding under

Whiston Cliffs, heard a roaring, as they termed it, like many cannons, or loud and roaring thunder. It seemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which they saw a large body of stone, four or five yards broad, split, and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it strange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven a larger piece of rock, about 15 yards thick, 30 feet high, and between 60 and 70 broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley. About seven in the evening one who was riding by observed the ground to shake exceedingly, and soon after several large stones or rocks of some tons' weight each, rose out of the ground, others were thrown on one side, others turned upside down, and many rolled over and over." Mr. Wesley adds, naïvely, that the man who witnessed these last phenomena was "a little surprised, and not very curious," and that he hastened on his way. The disruption of the rocks continued for several days, but no explanation of it appears to have been put forward.

Little known to the greater majority of lovers of the picturesque, the lake or hill-top tarn of Gormire forms one of the most beautiful of the few lakes which Yorkshire possesses. It lies in a hollow surrounded by hills, at the foot of Whitestone Cliffe, and forms an oval sheet of water, the compass of which is about one mile. Its waters are remarkably clear—a somewhat singular fact considering that it is not fed by streams, and that it is fed by drainage from the hillsides. Few lakes are so surrounded by legend as Gormire. It is said to be bottomless, and there is a local distich to the effect that—

"When Gormire riggs shall be covered with hay,
The White Mare of Whitestone Cliffe shall carry it away."

Then, again, there is a tradition that where the lake now lies there once stood a mighty and populous city, which was swallowed up by an earthquake, even as Semerwater was. A feature in common between this legend and that of Semerwater appears in the belief that on summer nights the towers and gables of the submerged cities may be seen through the water. A still further tradition has it that there is no outlet to Gormire, but this is contradicted by yet another, to the effect that a goose once ventured into the gully beneath Whitestone Cliffe, and emerged after many underground adventures at Kirby Moorside, some twelve miles away, alive, but stripped of all its feathers.

Of villages and places on the western slopes of the Hambleton Hills there are several of more than ordinary interest. Sutton-under-Whitestone Cliffe, very picturesquely situated, has a history going back to pre-Norman times. At the time of the Domesday Survey it belonged to Hugh Fitz-Baldric, or Baudry, who had much land hereabouts, and must have been a place of some little size, since the records state that it then possessed a mill, and a priest, and, therefore, presumably a church. At a later date the lands of the township were shared by three monastic institutions—

Byland, Newburgh, and Mount Grace. Another prettily situated village is Thirlby, which lies in a valley under the shadow of the Hambletons. Between this place and its sister village of Boltby there are several tumuli and barrows on the hillsides, and on the level land at their summit, together with earthworks which appear to have formed part of the fortifications of a Roman camp. Quite at the foot of the hills, and hidden away in a low valley, lies Kirby Knowle, where the family of Lascelles built a castle in the thirteenth century. There is some little trace of this in the great house of the place, but the most interesting features of the village are to be found in the church, which, modern as it is—having been rebuilt on the site of a former edifice in 1873—contains several matters of great antiquity, and, in particular, a stone with Runic inscriptions, the existence of which in this place seems to prove that here stood one of the first Christian churches of Northumbria.

The most interesting village of those lying on the western slopes or at the foot of the Hambleton Hills is undoubtedly Feliskirk, which, according to monkish tradition—erroneous in this as in most other historical matters—derives its name from Felix, one of the little band of missionaries organised by St. Paulinus. Here there is a fine old church in the Anglo-Norman style, which contains several objects of interest, and notably two effigies in stone, supposed by some authorities to commemorate members of the De Ros family, and by others to be those of Sir John Walkyngham and his wife. A little way outside the village lies Mount St. John, where William de Percy founded a house of Knights of the Order of St. John

of Jerusalem during the twelfth century. There is little to show of what dimensions or importance this house, or preceptory, attained to—it was endowed with land by its founder, by Robert de Ros, Roger de Mowbray, Odo de Boltby, and by other piously disposed folk, and at the dissolution of monasteries its net value was reckoned at £102, 13s. 10d., but there is now nothing left of it save some stones built into the wall of the house which occupies its site, on which are displayed the arms of



the founder. A certain amount of interest is attached to Mount St. John in the fact that here was born William Harrington, who was executed as a Popish recusant during the Elizabethan persecutions, and who, according to Stow's Chronicle, was hanged, cut down alive, and disembowelled and quartered ere death put an end to his sufferings.

Sheltered by the southern slopes of the Hambleton Hills from either north or east wind, and delightfully situated in a valley watered by a hill-side beck, stands the old Cistercian Abbey of Byland, now no more than a ruin, but once one of the proudest religious houses in the county. Like most of the other abbeys and priories, it was founded under romantic circumstances. About 1134 twelve monks of Furness, of whom one Gerald was leader and abbot, left that monastery and set up a new community at Calder, where they remained for some little time in peace, laying the foundations of the house which they hoped to build there. Driven out of their new habitation by the marauding Scots, Gerald and his monks returned to Furness for protection, but were turned away from the gates. In this plight they bethought themselves of Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who enjoyed something of a reputation as the succourer of distressed monks, and to him they accordingly turned. Coming into the town of Thirsk, on their way to York, and riding, says the chronicler, in a waggon drawn by oxen, and having nothing in the shape of worldly possessions but a few books, they were noticed by Gundreda de Albini, widow of Nigel, and mother of Roger de Mowbray, whose womanly and pious heart had pity for them. She supplied their necessities in generous fashion, and was so struck by their story and their piety that she charged herself with the duty of providing for them, and until a suitable site for their house could be chosen sent them to her uncle, Robert, who at that time was living the life of an anchorite in a cell at Hode, near Scawton. Here they lived for a time at Gundreda's expense, and while here formally renounced their allegiance to Furness and affiliated themselves to Savigny. Gerald, the first abbot, died at York and was buried at Hode in 1142, Roger being chosen in his place, and in the following year Roger de Mowbray, through Gundreda his mother, gave them the manor of Byland-on-the-Moor, now Old Byland, where they remained for five years, at the end of which they and the monks of Rievaulx began to complain of an unpleasant contiguity—"it being unseemly that the bells of one house should be heard at the other." Thereupon Roger de Mowbray gave them fresh land near Coxwold and the benefices of Thirsk, Hovingham, and Kirby Moorside, and after some little uncertainty and doubt as to where they should build, they finally settled down where the ruins of Byland Abbey now stand and proceeded to erect their church and cloister.

The Cistercians of Byland Abbey appear to have flourished exceedingly from the very beginning of their rule there. Their independence was very soon recognised, and they were made free of jurisdiction in 1150. Great

gifts of houses, land, and money were showered upon them, and their first great benefactor, Roger de Mowbray, inspired by the example of his mother Gundreda, appears to have had a perpetual kindness for them. To Byland Roger de Mowbray retreated in his old age, and adopted the habit of a monk, and in the chapter-house there he was buried, near Gundreda's tomb. His remains rested undisturbed until 1819, when they were disinterred and removed to Myton, where they were buried for the second time, the original tomb, ornamented by the figure of a sword, being placed over them. Even then Roger's remains had not arrived at their final rest, for some fifty years later they were once more disinterred, carried back to Byland, and buried in their original resting-place. Here, too, was buried Wymund, the fighting bishop of the Isle of Man, who performed great deeds against the Scots, and who, being at last taken prisoner and having his eyes cruelly put out, was permitted to spend his last days in blindness at Byland, to whose inmates, it is said, he used to boast much of his great deeds as a warrior. That Byland was a very comfortable refuge for the worn-out is evident from the privileges which were accorded to its religious, who in their turn were celebrated for their kindness to the poor and to the inmates of the cloister whom old age had driven there. When the abbey was finally surrendered by John Leeds, the last abbot, there were twenty-four monks in residence, and the gross revenue was £295, 5s. 4d., while fifty-three townships belonged to the community in entirety and twenty-eight others in part. The church possessed five hundred and sixteen ounces of plate, seven bells, and a hundred fodder of lead, all this, of course, going to the Crown. The site was granted to Sir William Pickering, but came into possession of the present owners, the family of Stapylton, during the reign of Charles I.

Of the remains of Byland Abbey there are few beyond those of the church, but these are of such a character and dimensions as to show that in the days of its glory Byland was worthy to rank with Bolton, Fountains, and Rievaulx. The west front of the church is very fine. Its three doorways are in as many different styles—the principal one, in the centre, has a trefoil arch; the one on the north a pointed arch; and that on the south a semicircular arch. Over the principal doorway is a compartment of nine lancet arches, three of which had lights, and above this was a magnificent circular window, of which a part still remains, and which was of exceptional proportions. The round-headed lights of the nave, transept, and chancel are very interesting, and the octagonal turret which still exists on the north-west side is noticeable as serving to afford some idea of the original height of the building. Of the principal features of the abbey some notion may be gained from the slight remains around the church. Like the latter, the cloisters appear to have been of considerable dimensions, and both cloister and church have been built on the most advanced Cistercian plan. But so little care has been taken of these deeply interesting remains since the Dissolution, that the ruins and fragments, apart from the church, are small. A



Abbaye de
Clairvaux

casual glance around the neighbouring village of Byland shows that the builders of houses there during the past three centuries have used the ancient abbey as a quarry. Nevertheless, although time and man have done much to spoil its former beauty, Byland Abbey is still one of the most notable of the old religious foundations in the county, and its grey walls rise amidst surroundings which are alike striking and picturesque.

CHAPTER LI

Round about Kirby Moorside and Pickering

SMALLER TRIBUTARIES OF THE DERWENT—THEIR SURROUNDINGS—KIRBY MOORSIDE—DEATH OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—POPE'S LINES—KIRKDALE AND ITS CHURCH AND CAVE—FARNDALE—OBTRUSH ROQUE—LASTINGHAM AND ITS CHURCH—THE PARSON-PUBLICAN OF LASTINGHAM—PICKERING: THE TOWN AND CASTLE—MURAL DECORATIONS IN PICKERING CHURCH—SINNINGTON—CROPTON—THE ROMAN CAMP AT CAWTHORN—LEVISHAM—EARTHWORKS ON BLACK HOW TOPPING—THE BRIDESTONES—ELLERBURN—THORNTON DALE.

I



BETWEEN the line followed by the Rye as it approaches the Derwent—from the direction of Helmsley to its junction with that river near Wykeham—and the line of the Esk flowing from the Cleveland Hills towards Whitby there lies a wide stretch of wild country which is somewhat out of the beaten track of travellers. Passing under the title of the North York Moors it is in reality a land of hill and valley, crossed by one or two main roads, from which by-roads and tracks turn aside to villages and farmsteads which seem to lie quite out of the world, and though it is full of beauty, oftentimes amounting to grandeur, in summer, it is in winter a region which appears to be only habitable by the hardy folk whose ancestors have occupied its fastnesses for centuries. Through its valleys a number of smaller streams find their way to the Derwent, some of them first being swallowed up in the larger tributaries of that generously fed river. Into the Rye runs the Riccal and the Dove; into the Dove runs the Bran; from the country about Rosedale comes the Severn; from every moor and through every dale runs some beck or streamlet which eventually finds its way into the

Derwent as the latter winds into the Vale of Pickering. Where so many streams and valleys exist it is only natural to expect much of the picturesque, and no lover of natural beauty will search for it in vain, whatever direction his steps may turn in this particular corner of the county. The southern edge of this district is rich in historical and archæological interest, and the traveller who takes up his temporary abode at Kirby Moorside or at Pickering will speedily discover that the surroundings of the Derwent at this point are not second in importance to those of any other stage of its career. Within short distances of both towns there are several places more or less famous and remarkable—a house made notable by historical association; some church conspicuous above other churches by the quality of its architecture or the curious character of its contents; a British earthwork or a Roman encampment; an ancient castle; or a scene of surpassing loveliness. But beyond and around all these features of interest lies the charm of the scenery amidst which they are set, and which is not inferior in its beauty to that of the wilder hills and dales of western Yorkshire.

To the student of history and of humanity the first thought which must needs occur on treading the quiet streets of Kirby Moorside is—Here came to an end the grandeur and glory of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham! There are few people who are not unacquainted with the facts of Buckingham's life, or unaware that he died here—few again who have not read more than once the famous lines in Pope's "Moral Essays," in which he describes the end of this human butterfly's existence:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floor of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas, how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clivedon's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry king.
No Wit to flatter left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

In one of his own notes to the "Moral Essays" in which the foregoing passage immediately follows the equally striking one describing the Man of Ross and his good deeds, Pope remarks: "This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possessed of about

£50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1657, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery." Here the poet, though no doubt reproducing the belief of his day as to the exact circumstances of Buckingham's death, falls considerably into error. Though fallen on evil days, Buckingham still retained sufficient of his once princely revenues to allow him to keep some slight show of state at Helmsley Castle, and that his death occurred at Kirby Moorside was due to the fact that he was seized by a very sudden illness whilst hunting in close proximity to the town and was carried thither as being the nearest available place. Nor did he die in the worst room of the worst inn seeing that his death occurred in a private house, in the market-place, which was presumably at that time the residence of a person of respectability and position. It is also not strictly in accordance with the true facts of the case to say that Buckingham died unattended, for Lord Arran was with him at the last, and caused the corpse to be embalmed and sent to Helmsley Castle. But in asserting that the once proud Villiers died victor of his fortune, Pope was in strict accordance with truth, for Lord Arran, in announcing his disposition of the remains, remarks further that there was literally not one farthing in hand for the needs of the moment.

Kirby Moorside itself is somewhat akin to its neighbour-towns of Helmsley and Pickering in the quietness of its irregular streets and the charm of its surroundings. It has a pleasant situation on the west bank of the Dove, and is sheltered from north and east by the bold masses of the North York Moors. Little is known of its earliest history, but its name appears to suggest a Danish origin at least. At the time of the Conquest it was held by Torbrand the Saxon, who was dispossessed by the Conqueror in favour of Robert de Stuteville. During the Norman period a part of the lordship came into the hands of the Mowbrays, but during the reign of Henry II. the Stutevilles became sole owners and remained so until their male line failing, the manor passed by marriage to the Wake family. It passed into the hands of the Earls of Westmorland by inter-marriage with the Wakes, and remained in their possession until the sixth Earl's lands were confiscated in 1570. After that the Crown held it until James I. conferred it upon his favourite "Steenie," George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. It came into the hands of its present owners, the Duncombes, Earls of Feversham, previous to the death of the second Villiers. There are still some slight remains and traces of some of its former lords in the town. On the eminence called Vivers Hill, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, there are traces of the moat which encompassed the castle of the Stutevilles, and on the north of the town there is a pile of masonry which was part of the tower of a stronghold built here by the Earls of Westmorland. Of show-places in the town there are practically none, always excepting the church, which is of great beauty, and has not suffered by its renovation at

the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott in 1873. It has a nave, north and south aisles, chancel with two chapels, porch with a Norman doorway, and tower, and contains many evidences of its great antiquity. Several Saxon crosses were found here during the restoration. There is here a very fine monument of brass in memory of Lady Brooke and her family of eleven children, whose effigies are all given. But more interesting even than this is the brief entry in the parish register of deaths:—

1687—April 17th, *George Vilaus, lord dooke of bookingham.*"

Of the many interesting places and scenes which lie in close proximity to Kirby Moorside none can have more attraction for the lover of the ancient than the little church so picturesquely situated in Kirkdale, a romantic valley through which flows a stream named Hodge Beck, the waters of which find their way into the Dove at a point closely adjacent to the junction of the latter and the Rye. This church, one of the oldest and most interesting in England, occupies an isolated position on the bank of the stream at a little distance from the highroad leading from Kirby Moorside to Helmsley, and about a mile north of the village of Welburn, which, with some smaller adjacent hamlets, serves to constitute the parish to which Kirkdale gives a name. At first sight it gives no more promise than may be had from a hundred ancient churches—it is only on closer examination that its rarities are revealed. It is a small building, bearing evidence of additions and of restorations, and consists at present of nave, chancel, north aisle, and small tower, chiefly in the Early English style, though it possesses numerous traces of both Saxon and Norman work. Its great glory, a glory which is almost unique, is found in the sun-dial over the south doorway, whereon is set forth the rebuilding of the church during the reign of Edward the Confessor, the name of its restorer, and those of the makers of the dial. The stone on which the dial is carved measures about 7 feet in length by 2 in width, and is divided into three compartments. The dial appears in the middle compartment, and the day is divided into eight hours; in the compartments on its left and right is an inscription, which, like the lettering on the dial, is in Saxon characters. The inscriptions have frequently been copied and vary slightly in different authorities, but the following, extracted from Dr. Young's "History of Whitby," was pronounced by Professor Phillips to be accurate:—

On the upper line of the middle compartment over the dial.

ƿIS IS DÆLES SOL MÆRLA.

(This is day's sun-mark.)

On the semicircular dial.

ÆT ILLUM TIDE.

(At every time.)

On the lower margin of the compartment.

✠ AND HAWARD ME PROHTE AND BRAND PRS.
(*And Haward me wrought and Brand priest.*)

Not less interesting is the inscription in the compartments on either side of the dial. On the left appears the following:—

ORM . LAMAL
SUNA BOHTE . SL̅S
GREGORIUS MIN
STER . DONNE . HI
T . PES ÆL TO BRO.

which is continued on the right:—

LAN . AND TO FALAN . AND HE
HIT LET MALAN NEPAN FROM
GRUNDE . L̅RE . AND SL̅S GREGORI
US . IN EADWARD . DALUO . LNL.
IN TOSTI DALUO . EORL. ✠

Or, in more recent English:—

Orm, Gamal's Son, bought St. Gregory's
Minster, when it was all to broken and
to fallen. He caused it to be renewed
from ground to Christ and St. Gregory
in Edward's days the King, in Costi's days
the Earl.

Few inscriptions to be met with in English churches are as full of interest as this, which serves to show that the ancient church, "all to brocan and to falan," which Orm found here somewhere about 1060, must have been one of the earliest Christian temples in the north country. Certain traces of that earlier church appear in the walls of the present one in the shape of rudely sculptured stones. Of these the most important is one built into the north side of the tower. It is ornamented by a Runic inscription which some authorities declare to be an exhortation to pray for the repose of the soul of Æthelwald the king, who was presumably interred in the church, and concerning whom there is a legend to the effect that having ruled the kingdom of Deira from 642 to 655, he retired from the world and became an anchorite in this neighbourhood. The inscription is now, however, almost obliterated, and the stone is chiefly interesting because of its evident antiquity.

At a short distance from Kirkdale Church there is another show-place, of quite a different character, in Kirkdale Cave. In point of antiquity the

cave has the first title to the traveller's attention. It is reached by an opening which lies about 30 feet above the bed of the beck, and at first sight presents no more evidence of interest than any ordinary cavern. Until 1821, indeed, the folk who worked the surrounding limestone beds little dreamed of what gruesome matters had lain in this den of darkness for centuries and even ages. But some of them happening at last to make an entry into it they found that here were accumulated more bones than most people ever set eyes upon outside a museum. The scientific world coming to hear of this strange discovery, the cave was soon visited by curious savants and was examined in 1821 by Buckland, who in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* gives the following list of the remains of birds and mammalia which he found there :—

Carnivora.

Hyæna, Lion, Tiger, Bear, Wolf, Fox, Weasel.

Pachydermata.

Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Horse.

Ruminantia.

Ox, Three species of Deer.

Rodentia.

Hare, Rabbit, Water-Rat, Mouse.

Birds.

Raven, Pigeon, Lark, Duck, Partridge.

These remains were found deposited in vast quantities in a layer of mud of the usual thickness of a foot, and from the great preponderance of the hyænas, Buckland considered that the cave had been the resort of a great body of these animals and that they had brought their food to it for consumption. It is quite certain, taking the dimensions of the cave into account—it varies in height from about 2 feet to 14 feet in height and is well within 90 yards in length—that it could not have been the natural home of the hippopotami and larger animals, and it seems probable at first thoughts, that the hyænas dragged their remains within its security ere feeding upon them. But the present generally accepted theory as regards the existence of this vast deposit of bones—many of which are preserved in the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society at York—is that they were brought together at this particular point by the action of the sea, which in the pre-glacial period appears to have swept the whole of the Vale of Pickering.

From a point near Kirkdale church a by-road leads by Fadmoor to Gillamoor, two moorland hamlets on the west bank of the Dove. From Gillamoor the traveller may obtain a fine prospect of Farndale—a prospect which includes meadow-land and corn-land, heather and rock, bold ridges of fell and quiet riverside scenes. Hereabouts the surroundings of the

Dove are of singular beauty, and the purple glow of the heather, if the traveller sees it in autumn, is heightened in colour by the long ridges of rocky escarpment which crop out here and there along the hillsides. Hereabouts the moors are thickly dotted with tumuli and barrows, most of which have been explored at various times. On the summit of Rudland Moor, which stretches between Bransdale and Farndale, and descends to the latter by a series of almost precipitous escarpments, there is a cairn called Obtrush Roque, which forms a prominent feature of the landscape for several miles around. This cairn is, or was, supposed to be the abode of a sprite or demon named Hobthrust, or Hob-o'-th'-Hurst, concerning whom various stories are narrated in the surrounding dales. One of them, told in connection with a Farndale farmer, bears strong relation to a similar story given by Scott in his "Antiquities of the Scottish Border," and has affinity also with a Scandinavian folk-lore story. It is given by Professor Phillips in his account of the opening of Obtrush Roque in May 1836, and has since been redressed by the late Canon Atkinson in his "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish." A certain farmer of Farndale being much distressed by the tiresome pranks and mischievousnesses of Hob, resolved to leave his homestead and seek new quarters. Accordingly, he made due preparation for this cheating of the obnoxious sprite, and at last set out very early one morning for his new abode, carrying his goods and chattels with him in a cart. When he had got some little distance from his old home and was no doubt congratulating himself upon having at last freed himself of his old enemy, the farmer met a neighbour, who remarked, in the language of the dales, "Ah sees thou's flittin'?" Whereupon, much to the unhappy farmer's surprise, Hob's voice answered from the depths of the churn which rested in the cart, "Ay, we's flittin'!" This so disconcerted the farmer that he turned back to his old home, remarking that if Hob was to accompany him he might as well remain where he was.

Whether Hob-o'-the-Hurst ever haunted Obtrush Roque or not the cairn which is supposed to derive its name from him is a principal feature of the moorlands immediately north of Kirby Moorside, and Professor Phillips' account of its excavation by himself and some friends in 1836 is full of interest:—"This goblin-haunted mound," he says, "was elevated several feet above the moorland, and was covered with heath. Under this was a great collection of sandstones loosely thrown together, which had been gathered from the neighbouring surface. On removing them, a circle of broader and larger stones appeared set on edge, in number twenty-five, or allowing for a vacant place, twenty-six. Within this was another circle, composed of smaller stones set edgeways, in number twenty-five or twenty-six; and the centre of the inner space was occupied by a rectangular cyst, composed of four flagstones set edgeways. The sides of this cyst pointed east and west and north and south, the greatest length being from east to west. On arriving at this fortunate result of our labour, our expecta-

tions were a little mixed as to what might follow. But within the cyst were no urns, no bones, no treasures of any kind, except a tail feather from some farmyard chanticleer. The countrymen said this place of ancient burial had been opened many years ago, and that then gold was found in it. It seemed to us that it must have been recently visited by a fox. Considering the position of the cyst, set with careful attention to the cardinal points; the two circles of stones, the number of these stones, which, if completed, appeared to be twenty-six; it seemed no unreasonable conjecture, that the construction contained traces of astronomical knowledge, of the solar year, and weekly periods." Professor Phillips adds, however, that he dare not affirm this theory with confidence, and was undecided whether Obtrush Roque is the *relique* of an Early British chief or the tomb of a Scandinavian warrior of a later date.

Between Obtrush Roque and Lastingham, a village of great interest to the archæologist and the antiquary, the traveller will pass, in quite a short space of time, through a wonderfully diversified country, following the windings of the Dove as it traverses Farndale until Douthwaite Mill is reached, at which point the river should be crossed and the moorland Road followed to Lastingham by way of the picturesquely situated hamlet called Hutton-le-Hole. Between Douthwaite Mill and Hutton-le-Hole are wide stretches of moor and heath; at Hutton the traveller will cross another romantic valley, through which runs Hutton Beck, a tributary of the Rye. From Hutton to Lastingham the road runs on the edge of the moors. Lastingham itself lies in a hollow formed by high ground rising on each side of the Hole Beck, a small stream which flows into the Seven, another tributary of the Derwent. It is a pleasant and picturesque village, but its chief interest lies in its historical and ecclesiastical traditions and in its famous church, the crypt of which is probably unique. Here, about the middle of the seventh century, Cedd, Bishop of East Anglia, and brother of the more famous Chad, successor to Paulinus in the Archbishopric of York, established a house of Benedictine monks. Chad followed Cedd as abbot of Lastingham, and both brothers kept up there the rules of Lindisfarne, where they had served their novitiate under St. Aidan. Of their piety and fame as men of saintly life the Venerable Bede, who visited Lastingham at a later date, has left historical record. The monastery founded by Cedd was in active existence in Bede's time, but it appears to have suffered, if not to have been completely destroyed, during one of the Danish marauding expeditions of the ninth century. It was revived in some degree soon after the Norman Conquest, Stephen, Abbot of Whitby, and some of his monks residing there for a while ere they removed to York and founded St. Mary's Abbey. With their departure, however, the life of the house which Cedd originally founded came to a definite end, and its lands, which do not appear to have been of any considerable extent, were transferred to the new establishment at York.

According to some authorities the present church of Lastingham not only stands on the site of the old Saxon monastery, but contains a good deal of the material of which that ancient edifice was fashioned. It seems probable, however, that the architecture of the church is of the Early Norman period, and it is certainly one of the most interesting and remarkable ecclesiastical buildings in the country. Unfortunately it has suffered from the restorer and would-be improver, and was doubtless much more interesting a century ago than it is now. It has twice been restored during the last eighty years, and on the first occasion was wofully mutilated out of pure zeal and good intention. Jackson, the portrait-painter, who was born in Lastingham, and rose from the position of tailor's apprentice to the dignity of a Royal Academician and the glories of a fashionable artist, was minded to do something for his native village, and to that end presented the church with a large copy—executed by himself—of Correggio's "Agony in the Garden." This being placed in the Norman apse blocked up the windows and necessitated several structural alterations of a disfiguring nature, the worst being the construction of a domed roof, or lantern, filled with coloured glass, over the apse. Other alterations in the fabric of the church were made by Jackson at the same time, the authorities, it would seem, having permitted him to work his will in consideration of his eminence as a distinguished native. About thirty years ago, however, better taste and feeling brought about another restoration, which was carried out under the advice of Pearson, and the church was transformed into something like its former self. Jackson's great altar-piece was removed from the apse to the north aisle; the domed roof was taken down and the apse restored on the original lines, the tower arch was cleared of masonry, and the entire edifice was vastly improved by being freed of many absurd additions and excrescences. It now consists of a nave, with north and south aisles, semicircular apse, south porch, and tower, and contains numerous architectural features of great interest and beauty.

The great object of interest in Lastingham church is undoubtedly the crypt, which is reached from the nave by a stone stairway, and which is in form a perfect church, with a nave, aisles, and chancel in the form of an apse. Respecting its precise architectural age authorities have differed considerably. Modern experts appear to agree that it is of the Early Norman period, but many writers describe it as Saxon in character. "The internal view of the crypt," says Raine in his "Antiquities of Durham," exhibits manifest proofs of the most early antiquity. The large, square pedestal, the short circular column, the rudely sculptured cap, and the absence of ribbed groining, induce me to believe that the church of Lastingham, if not the original building of Cedd, is, at least, the most ancient ecclesiastical structure in the kingdom." Several objects of undoubted antiquity are preserved in the crypt, the groined roof and curiously sculptured capitals of which are of great interest. There is a portable altar,

of undoubted Saxon workmanship, some fragments of crosses, one of them of considerable size ; some carved oak, removed from the church overhead ; the memorial stone of John de Spaunton, an early benefactor and patron of the church ; and amongst other relics a curious carving of a man's head entwined about by serpents or dragons. From the north aisle of the crypt a doorway affords access to an underground passage which, according to local tradition, led to Rosedale Abbey, some miles away, but which from the nature of the ground outside appears to have been no more than an ordinary entrance to the crypt from the churchyard. Like many other churches in Yorkshire, Lastingham was a sanctuary church, and the limits of its liberty are seen in the survival of its ancient "crosses" at Ainhow, High Cross, and Appleton. It still retains an association with the saints Cedd and Chad, by the presence in its midst of two wells which bear their names, and on that dedicated to Cedd there appears an inscription in Latin which records that he founded the Abbey in 664, and that his body was buried therein on the right hand of the altar.

In Mr. Baring-Gould's work, "Yorkshire Oddities," he refers to a curious book entitled "Anecdotes and Manners of a Few Ancient and Modern Oddities," published at York nearly a century ago, in which there appears an account of a former incumbent, or curate, of Lastingham, Mr. Carter, who was presented to his ecclesiastical superiors for the offence of keeping a public-house and suffering disorderly conduct there. The archdeacon thereupon inquired into the matter, and evoked the following remarkable explanation from the accused, who appears to have been almost as ingenious in his notions and as indefatigable in their application as the more celebrated parson of Seathwaite, commemorated by Wordsworth :—

"I have a wife and thirteen children, and with a stipend of £20 per annum, increased only by a few trifling surplice fees. I will not impose upon your understanding by attempting to advance any argument to show the impossibility of us all being supported from my church preferment. But I am fortunate enough to live in a neighbourhood where there are many rivulets which abound with fish, and being particularly partial to angling, I am frequently so successful as to catch more than my family can consume while good, of which I make presents to the neighbouring gentry, all of whom are so generously grateful as to requite me with something else of seldom less value than two or threefold. This is not all. My wife keeps a public-house, and as my parish is so wide that some of my parishioners have to come from ten to fifteen miles to church, you will readily allow that some refreshment before they return must occasionally be necessary, and when can they have it more properly than when their journey is half performed ? Now, sir, from your general knowledge of the world, I make no doubt but you are well assured that the most general topics in conversation at public-houses are politics and religion, with which ninety-nine out of one hundred of those who participate in the general

clamour are totally unacquainted ; and that perpetually ringing in the ears of a pastor who has the welfare and happiness of his flock at heart must be no small mortification. To divert their attention from these foibles over their cups, I take down my violin and play them a few tunes, which gives me an opportunity of seeing that they get no more liquor than is necessary for refreshment ; and if the young people propose a dance, I seldom answer in the negative ; nevertheless, when I announce time for return, they are ever ready to obey my commands, and generally with the donation of a sixpence they shake hands with my children, and bid God bless them. Thus my parishioners enjoy a triple advantage, being instructed, fed, and amused at the same time. Moreover, this method of spending their Sunday is so congenial with their inclinations, that they are imperceptibly led along the paths of piety and morality, whereas, in all probability, the most exalted discourses, followed with no variety but heavenly contemplations, would pass like the sounds of harmony over an ear incapable of discerning the distinction of sounds."

This explanation was deemed highly satisfactory by the Archdeacon, and he was good enough to remark that although Mr. Carter's plans for the spiritual improvement of his flock differed somewhat from the more usual methods, yet he was not without precedent, seeing that the celebrated Dr. Young had written a stage-play, the profits of which were applied to the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. One may therefore conclude that the ingenious parson of Lastingham continued without let or hindrance to preach and pray, fish and fiddle, and to perform his part as mine host until the thirteen children had been provided for, or death released him from his cares.

II

It is commonly said that Pickering, which, like Kirby Moorside, is a most convenient centre for the exploration of the dales and moors lying between the Derwent and the Esk, derives its name from the circumstance that its founder, while bathing in the river Costa, lost a valuable ring from his finger, which was afterwards recovered in the body of a pike. Thus easily does legend explain the name: pike—ring—Pickering ; but it is scarcely necessary to say that in this case as in most others legendary lore must be sorely mistrusted. What the exact derivation of the word is may be left to those learned in such matters—it is much more to the point to observe that in Pickering the traveller will find another quiet, somewhat sleepy, altogether picturesque example of the smaller market-town, the interest of which is added to by its possession of the ruins of a castle and of a church which has certain unique features. Pickering lies along a hillside, the castle at its highest point, the river known as Pickering Beck running at its feet and leading into a wooded valley of much charm and beauty. The castle is built on a site which possesses great natural

advantages, and it is not improbable that the legend in the Saxon Chronicles, which sets forth an account of the founding of Pickering by one of the early Brigantian chieftains, has some foundation in fact, since the hill on which the castle stands has every advantage for the making of a fortified camp or stockade. Of the existence of Pickering during the eleven hundred years which elapsed between the coming of the Romans and the Norman Conquest there are no particulars to be had. In the time of Edward the Confessor the town and manor belonged to Earl Morcar, and it appears to have been held by the Crown for some time after the Conquest. The castle appears to have been built during the twelfth century, but there is no known record of it or its governors until 1248, when Henry III. placed it in keeping of William, Lord Dacre. In 1267 the same monarch gave it, with the town and manor, to his son Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, who, twenty-three years later, obtained from his brother, Edward I., a charter for an annual three days' fair, to be held at the Feast of the Holy Cross. Pickering appears to have been a place of some importance at this time, for it was represented in Parliament by one Robert Turcock during the reign of Edward I., though it enjoyed the privilege but a short time, being disfranchised before the reign came to an end. When the second Earl of Lancaster, Thomas, was beheaded at Pontefract for his offence in rising against Edward II.'s favourites, the Pickering estates passed into the hands of the Crown, and were for some time in the keeping of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, but they were restored to the Earls of Lancaster by Act of Parliament, and the manorial rights of the town have remained the pro-



perty of the Duchy of Lancaster from that time until the present. There are certain historical associations in connection with the castle. Henry of Lancaster marched here from Raverspurn, after effecting his famous landing at that long-since submerged Humber port, and here he kept Richard II. a close prisoner ere that unfortunate monarch was sent to Pontefract to meet his death at the hands of Sir Piers of Exton. According to Leland, Richard III. used the castle as an occasional royal residence, and if local tradition be true, it was for some time the abode of Fair Rosamond, mistress of Henry II. and daughter of Lord Clifford, and one of its towers is still called by her name.

That Pickering had suffered no great change between the time of Henry VIII. and that of the Commonwealth, and that it still possesses many features which it had two and a half centuries ago is proved by a comparison between its present state and the accounts given of it by Leland, who visited it about 1540, and by a surveyor who examined it by order of the Parliament about 1650. "The castelle," says Leland, "standith in an end of the town not far from the parochie church, on the brow of the hille, under which the brooke runneth. In the first court of it be 4 toures, of the which one is caullid Rosamonde's Toure. In the inner court be also 4 tours, whereof the keep is one. The castelle walls and the toures be mostly welle. The loggings yn the ynnere court that be of timbre be in ruins. In this inner court be a chapelle and a cauntarie preste. The castelle hath of a good continuance, with the town and lordship longgid to the Lancaster bloode; but who made the castelle, or who was the owner of it, afore the Lancasters I could not lerne these. The castelle walles now remaining seem to be of no very old building . . . the park by the castelle side is more than 7 miles in cumfrace; but it is not well woodid." The author of the Parliamentary Survey appears to have found the castle not so badly ruined as the zeal of the Roundheads might have made it. He says that though the roof of the gatehouse had gone, its walls were in good repair—a remark which he repeats more than once in describing the rest of the old stronghold. He saw Fair Rosamonde's Tower, and found it in tolerable preservation, though it had been stripped of wood, lead, and iron, as had also the Devil's, the Colman, and the Mill Towers. Of the interior the Roundheads appear to have made a complete sweep, but the outer walls are described as having been good and strong at the time of this survey, and the account there given of the ruined keep as being a spacious and decayed building formerly surrounded by a moat, might serve for an accurate account of its present aspect. As the traveller sees it to-day, Pickering Castle shows itself to have been a formidable stronghold which enclosed some three acres of ground, and consisted of a keep encompassed by a ditch or moat, and an outer court surrounded by a strong wall, of an average height of 20 feet, which was almost circular in plan and was strengthened by towers, of which most are now in ruins. Both walls

and towers appear to have been built at the same time, and are of limestone, as is also the rock on which they stand. Grainge is of opinion that the moat, which is of considerable size, never held much water, and that the mound on which the keep, now in ruins, was built, was of artificial construction. The best preserved and most interesting part of the castle is Rosamond's Tower, which consists of three stories, and has a winding staircase leading to the top, but to most travellers the greatest charm of the place will be found to lie in the beauty of its situation and in the delightful views of the valley to the north-east, through which the beck and the railway run side by side for some distance in a companionship which here has no strikingly incongruous features.

The parish church of Pickering, which is dedicated to St. Peter, contains some of the most interesting features of ecclesiastical architecture in the county. It has been restored on several occasions, and more than once during the present century, but its antiquity is patent and is somewhat increased by the worn appearance of the stone of which it is built. There is evidence that its site was originally occupied by a Saxon church, some traces and remains of which have been unearthed at various times, but there are no records extant of the founding of the Norman edifice which succeeded the earlier one. As it stands at present the church consists of nave, aisles, transept, chancel, and tower, the latter topped by a fine octagonal spire. The chief architectural features of the interior are the Norman arches and pillars of the nave, and the Early English work in the chancel and transepts. There is a holy water stoup in the south porch, a triple sedilia surmounted by canopies in the chancel, and piscinæ in the latter and in the south transept. Of the monuments in the church those mentioned by Leland as being of the Bruce family are the most notable, though they are now generally held to be memorials of the family of Rockcliffe. One presents the effigies of a knight in mail, his feet resting on a lion couchant, and his lady, richly attired, at whose feet also rests a lion. Both figures have angels at the head, and each wears a collar of SS. These effigies are wrought in alabaster and appear to have been gilded at one time. There is also here the recumbent figure of a cross-legged knight, mailed and armed, which is supposed to be the effigy of Sir William Bruce, who was a benefactor of the church in the fourteenth century. A mutilated effigy in white marble is thought to be that of a member of the Lascelles family, but little more is left of it than the trunk.

The principal feature of Pickering church is without doubt the remarkable frescoes which are seen on the walls of the nave, and their history is little less remarkable than themselves. Dating, apparently, from the middle of the fifteenth century, they were at some late period of the church's existence entirely obscured by successive coats of plaster or whitewash, and were only brought to modern light by the removal of these disfigurements some fifty years ago. On the frescoes being revealed considerable interest was

evinced in them, and they were visited by large numbers of persons curious about such matters. The then vicar of Pickering, however, did not look upon the discovery with favourable eyes, and it is said that he refused to officiate again in the church until the frescoes had once more been hidden by whitewash. Whether this be the real reason or not it is certain that these almost unique specimens of mural decoration were within a short time of their discovery once more covered over by the plasterer's brush and remained hidden for several years. Another vicar of higher taste and keener perception of their value caused the frescoes to be brought to light again, and furthered a movement for their future preservation, it being found on the removal of the later coats of whitewash that they had suffered from these repeated acts of vandalism. The restoration was very carefully performed by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, and the frescoes are now saved for the admiration of future ages. On the north side of the nave there is first a *St. George and the Dragon*, the saint in armour and in the act of slaying the foul beast. Then follows a *St. Christopher bearing the Infant Christ*, the saint being represented as a man of gigantic stature. The third fresco on this side, *Herod's Feast*, is one of the most remarkable of the series. In the rear, at a table spread with the materials for the feast, sits the king and his guests; on the left kneels the headless body of St. John Baptist, his head lying on the ground beneath his outstretched and clasped hands. The executioner stands behind him; the daughter of Herodius waits with her charger in the rear. Nearer the middle of the picture she is carrying the saint's head on the charger, and, oddly enough, a few steps further on the saint, with his head once more restored to its proper position, is seen imparting his benediction to her as she lies penitent at his feet. Above this fresco is a smaller one representing the *Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, who sits enthroned amongst saints with angels in the background. On a line with this and the clerestory windows is a *Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket*, who is represented in a kneeling attitude, his murderers standing in line behind him, and a chaplain holding forth his hand as if in protection or entreaty. Beneath this, between the arches, is a large *Martyrdom of St. Edmund*, who is seen bound to a tree, and forming a target for four archers, who have already pierced his body in several places with their arrows and are preparing to deliver more. On the south side of the nave, the frescoes begin at the transept arch with a series of panels illustrating the life of *St. Catherine of Alexandria*; her rebuking of Maxentius for idolatry, her tortures, and her miraculous deliverance from the wheel. Over the arches a series of frescoes illustrating the *Seven Corporal Works of Mercy* forms a species of frieze, and the mural decoration on this side of the nave is concluded by representations of scenes in the *Life of Our Lord*, in one of which, the *Descent into Hell*, Christ is seen delivering Adam and Eve from the jaws of a grotesque monster of gigantic size. It will be observed that the costume and armour depicted generally throughout these frescoes, and especially in

that representing *Herod's Feast*, are of the fifteenth century fashion, a circumstance which almost conclusively fixes the date of their execution.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Pickering is not only full of picturesque features but abounding in places and scenes of historical and archæological interest, and the traveller who will wander round about it for a few days in purely desultory fashion will find abundance of matter for his pleasure and information. An excellent way of seeing this part of the district is to follow the Pickering and Helmsley highroad as far as Wrelton, and thence to turn northward to the British earthworks at Cropton and the Roman camps at Cawthorne. From Cawthorne a by-road leads through fine moorland country to Levisham, where the lover of geology will find much to interest him, and from whence, after an inspection of the wild country round Blakey or Blackhow Topping, he may return to Pickering by way of Pickering Beck. The last route affords some delightful views of the scenery which makes a railway journey between Pickering and Whitby a delight rather than an infliction, but it may be varied by crossing the moors from Levisham to the valley through which Dalby Beck runs, and thence turning southward to the Derwent by way of Ellerburn and Thornton Dale in the Vale of Pickering. In traversing such a route it is possible to turn aside from it at several points and to develop a brief excursion into something like a systematic exploration, for this corner of Yorkshire is singularly rich in associations and scenery, and presents claims which the geologist, botanist, antiquary, and beauty-lover can scarcely afford to ignore.

At Middleton, a picturesquely situated village about a mile from Pickering on the Helmsley road, the traveller will find a church of exceptional interest. Middleton itself is of sufficient antiquity to have been mentioned in Domesday Book, and its church was a building of some size and dignity in pre-Norman days. At its restoration, some fifteen years ago, several traces of Saxon work were found in the Norman church then standing, and numerous remains of the latter appear in the present edifice. There are some fine oak stalls, presumably of fourteenth century work, in the chancel. This church was at one time a possession of the monks of Kirkstall, who paid £3, 1s. 4d. a year for it, of which £1, 16s. 4d. was divided amongst the poor of the parish. The parish of Middleton is of considerable extent and sparsely populated, though it contains several townships. There is a picturesque old house at Aislesby, a little further along the highway, but there is little of note there or at Wrelton, where a road turns north-west to Cropton. A little distance from Wrelton, however, on the road leading to Kirby Moorside, the traveller will find an interesting and charmingly situated village in Sinnington, a place of considerable antiquity, and at one time of some importance as the residence of the Barons Latimer, one of whom procured a market charter for the village about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Here, at

some period of her eventful existence, must have resided Catherine Parr, who, after first marrying John, Lord Latimer, was after his death united—as sixth and last wife—to Henry VIII. The church of Sinnington bears some slight remains and traces of the previous Saxon church, the most notable of which is a sun-dial on which the day is divided into eight parts, like that at Kirkdale, but frequent restorations and alterations have not contributed to the improvement or preservation of the Norman architecture of the present edifice, which appears to have been built on the site of its Saxon predecessor soon after the Conquest. There is a local tradition that an abbey or priory was once in existence at Sinnington, but there are no records of it in the chronicles.

Between Sinnington and Cropton the Seven winds through a valley of great charm, and, at a little distance westward of the latter village is joined by the waters of a small streamlet called the Sutherland Beck, flowing down from the high ground near Black Howe. Save for its mound, which is usually described to the visitor as a Roman or British fort, and for the smaller earthworks in the immediate vicinity, there is little in Cropton to call for notice. The mound is a short distance from the church, on the west side, and forms the most noticeable feature of its surroundings. It is 30 feet in height, and measures 150 feet in a straight line drawn from its base on one side and carried over the summit to a like point on the other side. The traces of its double ditch are still apparent, and not far away from it occasional tumuli are met with. To this mound and to others in Yorkshire of similar character Phillips gives the name of rath, defining them as mounds of greater size than ordinary tumuli and of different construction, and having a different relation to the old centres of population. "These mounds," he remarks, "are sometimes wholly artificial, but as frequently some natural feature of the ground has been exaggerated into a dome-shaped mass, as by cutting off the end of a tongue of land. The mound is usually encircled by a ditch at some distance down the slope, and by a more or less conspicuous bank at the outer edge of this ditch, as if formed by the earth thrown out from it. In plain ground the whole mound is surrounded by the hollow from which the materials were gathered; but in other cases the slope is continued downward from the bank to the surrounding surface. Other mounds, in which these features are less obvious, seem to have the same relation to the sites of population, and to be neither tumuli nor military posts. . . . As these mounds have never been opened, we cannot affirm positively that they are in no degree sepulchral." From the summit of the Cropton rath there are magnificent views of the moors to the northward and of the well-wooded country which lies to the west of the village.

At Cawthorne, a small moorland township, a little to the east of Cropton, there is more of interest in a historical and archæological sense than at its larger neighbour. Here, a little to the northward of the hamlet, are the

clearly defined remains of the Roman camps which in the opinion of many competent authorities formed the *Delgovitia* of the first *Iter* Antoninus. The evidence on which they base that opinion is by no means slight, and would be perfect if it could be proved that Malton is identical with the Roman *Derventio* and that the *Praetorium* of the same *Iter* is the Dunsley of to-day. It is certain that one of the four camps seen here was a permanent military station. It is the smallest of the four, and lies to the westward of the other three. It has been of the most approved Roman military type—a walled enclosure of rectangular form, and has two *fossae* and two *aggera*, the road entrance across which is level. Through this principal and permanent camp the road from Malton to Dunsley passes at the exact centre, dividing the enclosed area into two portions of equal size. As to the three remaining camps, it seems probable from their irregularity and rudeness of design, that they were merely temporary enclosures, thrown up, as Phillips suggests in the case of two of them, by the Ninth Legion. It has been suggested because of their irregularity of outline that they are British earthworks rather than Roman camps, but it should be borne in mind that while the Roman military authorities preferred the rectangular camp, they were by no means tied down to it, and constructed their camps in square, round, or triangular form, to suit the nature of the ground, as Vegetius, writing of military matters in the fourth century, is careful to point out. The three temporary camps at Cawthorne are without doubt of Roman construction, and the two larger ones are of the type which Vegetius says the Romans most favoured in making temporary fortifications—an oblong enclosure of which the length was one-third greater than the breadth.

From the contemplation of these relics of a mighty race the traveller may turn away across the moors to gaze upon very different scenes. It is true that wherever a pedestrian turns in these quarters, he comes across earthworks, tumuli, cairns, and the like, but from these his thoughts are speedily drawn, if he be a devout lover of natural beauty, by the charm of the moors and valleys and of the tiny rivers which wind through the wooded slopes of the latter. Going across country from Cawthorne in the direction of Levisham the eye is delighted by a rapidly changing panorama of the finest scenery. From the moors the pedestrian passes to the romantic defile known as Newton Dale, through which river and railway run side by side, and over which Levisham, on the east, and Newton, on the west, each situated in commanding positions, keep watch and ward. There is little of interest, always excepting their situations, in either Newton or Levisham, but the dale which lies between them is well worthy of careful exploration. Here is a precipitous rock, known as Killignab Scar, at the foot of which is a spring or well, the waters of which were at one time said to possess great curing properties. This rock was in former times the haunt of a breed of hawks, of more than ordinary strength and fierceness, which was protected by the neighbouring folk for the king's use, and it has only become extinct

within the past half century. All along this valley, which becomes wilder and more romantic as it leads to the northward, there is a vast amount of rocky escarpment, and Phillips remarks at some length upon the rich opportunities which its strata afford to the geologist.

On the east side of Newton Dale stretches one of the wildest districts in Yorkshire. Between the railway which connects Pickering and Whitby and the last stretches of the Derwent from the point where it turns northward near Sherburn the land is given up to moors, dales, becks, and vast expanses of loneliness. It rises in some places to a considerable elevation above the level of the sea; here and there it assumes an exceptionally wild character; here and there, again, it shows signs of cultivation. It has two features which the traveller who strays about it will soon notice—the first, the presence of hundreds of tumuli, barrows, and mounds, together with earthworks and rocks of curious shape and formation; the second, the almost provoking irregularity of the earth's surface which within half a mile will sink or rise 300 or 400 feet with little warning to the traveller. What compensation the latter receives for his explorations of this wild tract of country is chiefly in the shape of natural curiosities or interesting places, and of these the district is not by any means devoid. Somewhat to the north of Levisham there is a curious chasm or fissure called the Hole of Horcum; close to it is the old Saltergate Inn, a lonely place, which was of considerable importance in the days when it formed a resting-place between Whitby and Pickering. The dome-shaped summit of Blakey or Blackhow Topping (820 feet) to the east, is as generously



Newton Dale.

provided with earthworks and tumuli as the rest of the surrounding country ; and somewhat to the southward of it are the Bridestones, vast rocks standing on either side of a deep defile, and somewhat resembling the more famous rocks of Brimham in respect of their curious formation. The majority of these remarkable stones are in the shape of mushrooms, and one, known as the Salt-cellar, from a fancied resemblance to that article, is 30 feet in height, nearly 20 feet broad at the top, and is supported by a stalk, the thickness of which varies from 3 feet to 6 feet. Why these rocks are called Bridestones local knowledge or ingenuity has not attempted to explain—there are curiously shaped stones of the same title near Todmorden, on the extreme western boundary of Yorkshire.

It forms a refreshing change to turn away from the loneliness and oft-times wild scenery of the moors to the valley which runs, under the names of Stainton Dale and Thornton Dale, towards the Derwent as the latter flows through the Vale of Pickering. This valley is intersected by a stream called Dalby Beck, which rises in a cleft or defile known by the curious name of Doedale Grif, and near Ellerburn becomes delightfully wooded and picturesque. At Ellerburn the traveller will find an interesting church with an abundance of Saxon and Norman work in and about it. It has a chancel, nave, porch, and small tower, and is of very limited dimensions, and though it has evidently been restored more than once, and each time in a different style of architecture, these interferences with its simplicity have not altogether destroyed its primitive quaintness. There is a Saxon cross, the scroll work of which is very fine, and a Norman arch, both in excellent states of preservation. Between Ellerburn and Thornton, the village from whence the dale takes its name, the land is richly wooded, and forms a strong contrast to the heather-clad moors which lie a few miles to the northward. Thornton bears the reputation of being one of the most picturesque villages on the north bank of the Derwent, and it possesses all the features which help to make an attractive rural scene—a stream, a bridge, ancient houses, and tall trees, and over everything a sense of quiet enjoyment of pastoral life. The church here is of considerable antiquity, but has been restored and very largely rebuilt. There is a hospital and grammar school here, founded in 1656 by Viscountess Lumley, who left considerable estates for their support. Thornton Hall, a fine stone house, once the residence of the Lumleys, stands near the middle of the village which also possesses the remains of an ancient market-cross—a circumstance from which it has been argued that Thornton formerly ranked as a market-town. A little to the west of Thornton there was once a fortified house named Roxby Castle, the seat of the Cholmleys, one of whom, said by some to be Sir Roger, by others Sir Richard, was known as the Black Knight of the North, but no trace of it now remains save certain hillocks and mounds on which it is supposed to have stood.

CHAPTER LII

The Upper Derwent

THE VALE OF PICKERING—VILLAGES ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE DERWENT
—SETTRINGTON—SCAMPSTON—SHERBURN—GANTON—THE HERTFORD
TRIBUTARY—VILLAGES ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE DERWENT—
ALLERSTON—EBBERSTON—BROMPTON—CONNECTION OF BROMPTON
WITH WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—WYKEHAM—HUTTON BUSHEL—A YORK-
SHIRE SQUIRE—EAST AND WEST AYTON—SEAMER—THE FORGE VALLEY
—HACKNESS—LEGEND OF ST. HILDA—SURROUNDINGS OF THE SOURCE
OF THE DERWENT.

I



FROM the point where it is joined by the Rye, some five miles north-east of Malton, the course of the Derwent lies amidst widely-varying scenery. From the junction of the two rivers near the hamlet of Wykeham—not to be confused with the village of Wykeham, several miles away on the north bank of the principal affluent—the Derwent intersects the Vale of Pickering, a vast expanse of flat and somewhat uninteresting country which at some period of the earth's existence appears to have been an inland lake. The greatest general elevation of the vale is below 100 feet, it is somewhat extensively covered in its lower parts by marshy ground, and its general features suggest the action of the sea. "The Vale of Pickering," remarks Professor Phillips, "originally a sea-valley in the strata, has been in great measure filled up by deposits of two kinds and successive ages. These may be seen on the cliffs which the modern sea-action has made by cutting into the basis of this vale near Filey. First upon the unequal floor of the strata is deposited detritus full of fragments of far-transported stones,—the glacial drift of modern geologists. In hollows of this, which is a marine deposit, lie sediments derived from fresh water, often containing shells of such water, peat, marls, and clays. Such deposits lie very widely in the Vale of Pickering, and teach us that at least much of its surface was inundated—if indeed the whole were not, for its general aspect suggests a great inland lake. It

is very conceivable that such a lake might exist, whether it discharged itself into the sea in an easterly direction, or drained away through the rocks at Malton, and that at some later time a practicable channel was opened at Malton, and the lake was gradually and partially drained, the vale still being subject to frequent inundation from the river. The making of such a channel in the limestone at Malton by the river action is not inconceivable, if we remember the frequent subterranean courses of the rivers on the north side of the vale. Time might convert such concealed caverns into open passages, and lower greatly the level of the water in the vale. Before such change of level Kirkdale Cave may have been at the edge of a lake, and in this respect may have agreed with a great number of other ossiferous caverns which are on record."

The villages which lie on either side of the Derwent as it flows through the Vale of Pickering are somewhat numerous, and most of them possess considerable interest. Those situate on the north bank are certainly the most interesting and the most picturesque: those on the south lie for the most part between the river and the foot of the Wolds on the flat lands which once formed the surface of the inland lake of which Phillips speaks. As for the river itself, during this stage of its career it is neither attractive nor interesting. For a considerable part of its course it is in reality an artificial river, or canal. The traveller who follows it closely from Foulbridge to Haybridge will notice that instead of winding and twisting, as it does in all its stages south-west of Malton, it runs between artificial banks in an almost straight line. This piece of the river is the New Course; the Old Course pursued a sinuous career from a point somewhat east of Foulbridge to one near Haybridge. Opening into the river between Foulbridge and East and West Ayton are numerous drains or "cuts," which are intended to relieve it at flood times, when the weight of water coming down from the hills and moorlands beyond Hackness is very great. All along the Derwent from Malton to East and West Ayton there is little in the immediate surroundings of the river that is worth seeing, though the little Norman church of Yedingham possesses some interest for the archæologist, and the village itself has a certain notability in the fact that in its midst a house of Benedictine nuns was established in the twelfth century.

Of the villages lying between the Derwent and the Wolds the most interesting are those which are situate on, or in close proximity, to the highroad which runs between Malton and Scarborough. At a short distance from Malton, and on a spur of the Wolds, there is an interesting village in Settrington which possesses several historical associations. Here in 1073 Waltheof the Earl revenged himself in summary fashion upon the murderers of his grandfather Ældred, and here in 1098 died Paulinas, Abbot of St. Albans, who had paused to rest at Settrington on his way home from Tynemouth. The manor of Settrington was held at one time by the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk, and there are numerous tombs of theirs in the

church. At Scampston, which lies on the direct road from Malton to Scarborough, there are further associations with an ancient family, that of St. Quintin, which, according to Bigland, derives its name from the town of St. Quintin, in France, and came over to England in the service of the Norman Conqueror. In the church of Harpham, near Driffeld, there are several



Sherburn

monuments commemorative of members of this family from the eleventh century to the present time. Another ancient Yorkshire family of Norman extraction, the Legards, has its seat at Ganton, a village lying further along the foot of the Wolds. The Legards, who, like the St. Quintins, appear to have come over from France in the Conqueror's time, became lords of the manor of Anlaby, a small village on the north bank of the Humber, a little to the west of Hull, about the beginning of the eleventh century, and settled at Ganton during the early Stuart period. They were devoted adherents of Charles I., and prime movers in the restoration of Charles II., who in 1660 created their then head, John Legard, a baronet. The village of Ganton possesses a very interesting church in which there are numerous monuments to members of the Legard family, and is itself an excellent example of the villages and hamlets which lie at the foot of the Wolds. Most of the villages between Malton and the coast are built on low-lying ground amidst considerable vegetation, and the prevalent soil is largely mixed with sand. Round about Sherburn, Weaverthorpe, and Ganton there are long stretches of sand, which is often covered over with a peculiarly strong and fine grass, amidst which gorse and heather grow freely. From the railway line uniting Malton and Scarborough, which

traverses the Vale of Pickering in close proximity to the Derwent, the situation of these villages is extremely picturesque and in some respects peculiar to the district. Between them and the river the land is flat, and has all the appearance of a surface redeemed from the sea ; round the villages themselves there is usually much wood ; behind their gables and spires the Wolds rise somewhat sharply to a height which from Settrington Beacon on the west to Flixton on the east is of an average altitude of about 600 feet above sea-level. Along the edge of these heights there are frequent groves of pine and fir ; their sides are in some places honeycombed by chalk and sand-pits, and over their summits pass highroads which shine white in the sunlight from long distances across the vale below. All over the high ground above there are numerous entrenchments, tumuli, and camps, sure signs that in ancient days this corner of the land was thickly peopled by races who understood the importance of occupying positions of natural strength and advantage.

At the eastern extremity of the Vale of Pickering the Derwent is joined by a tributary named the Hertford, which is somewhat remarkable because of its character and course. It rises on the cliffs above Filey, in close proximity to the sea, and thence flows round the north-east flank of the Wolds to join the Derwent near Seamer. Once absorbed in the Derwent its waters flow south, west, and east for a hundred miles ere they reach the sea—surely as curious an example of erratic conduct in a river as may be found in the kingdom.



Filey.

II

The villages on the north side of the Derwent are not only more interesting than those on the south side as regards historical and archæological association, but are much more picturesquely situated. They occupy for the most part a long, low ridge of land which extends from the east of Thornton Dale to the west side of Forge Valley, and are therefore in a position to command wide views of the Vale of Pickering and of the Wolds rising beyond the river. No better way of examining the land hereabouts can be had than by following the highroad which leads from Pickering to Seamer, through Allerston, Ebberston, Snainton, Brompton, Wykeham, and the Aytons, West and East, with an occasional deviation to such places and scenes as Wykenham Abbey, Hutton Bushel, Beedale, and Sawdon Dale. All along this line of communication the traveller will find constant variety and interest; the scenery is delightful in its quiet charm; the villages are picturesque, and in at least one case singularly so; and the churches are worthy of careful examination.

Beyond an ancient church which has been thoroughly restored of late years there is little of note at Allerston, the first village met after passing Thornton Dale on the road from Pickering, but at Ebberston, its nearest neighbour going eastward, there are many things of interest and value. The village is delightfully situated, and the church, which stands in a miniature valley a little way outside it, has a most attractive position. Of Norman origin, it still retains some characteristic features of its primitive form, a doorway, some pillars, and the font all being distinctly ancient. On the north of the village there is still pointed out under the name of the Bloody Field the scene of a supposed encounter between Oswiu, King of Northumbria, and his rebel son Ælfrid. There was here at one time a monument with an inscription commemorating the event, but it has now disappeared. At Allerston resided for some time Sir John Hotham, the traitor-governor of Hull, who attempted to betray that town to the Royalist forces during the period of his governorship on behalf of the Parliamentarians. The manor was the property of the Hothams for a long time, but is now chiefly in the hands of the Cayley family, who own much land in this neighbourhood, and whose principal seat is at Brompton, a little distance away on the road to Scarborough. The Cayleys, according to Bigland, who appears to have possessed a somewhat intimate knowledge of this neighbourhood, sprang from the county of Norfolk, and were folk of importance in the reign of the first Edward. Their devotion to the Stuarts was rewarded by a knighthood in 1641, and a baronetcy twenty years later. Sir William Cayley, the second baronet, was mayor of Scarborough in 1686, and had been one of the aldermen nominated in the charter of incorporation granted to that town by Charles II. There is a tradition that Brompton, now the family seat of the Cayleys, was the birthplace of John de Brompton,

one of the earliest English historians, whom Charlton declares to have been a monk of Whitby, but there are no direct evidences in proof of it. It possesses a much more interesting connection with English literature in the fact that in its parish church in 1802 William Wordsworth was married to Mary Hutchinson. The poet's union with the "perfect woman, nobly planned," is thus commemorated in the parish register :—

"Wm. Wordsworth, of Grasmere, in Westmoreland, gentleman, and Mary Hutchinson, of Gallows Hill, in the parish of Brompton, were married in this church by licence this 4th day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and two.

JOHN ELLIS, *Officiating Minister.*

This marriage was	{	WM. WORDSWORTH.
solemnized between us		MARY HUTCHINSON.
in the presence of	{	THOS. HUTCHINSON.
		JOANNA HUTCHINSON.
		JOHN HUTCHINSON."

Apart from its interest as the scene of Wordsworth's marriage and its connection with Mary and Joanna Hutchinson—the "wild-hearted maid" of one of Wordsworth's finest reflective poems, Brompton possesses many charms and attractions as a village. The houses and cottages which surround its village green, whereon is one of the few maypoles left in the north, are stately and picturesque, and the situation of the church, closely adjacent to which is the hall, is striking and impressive. According to Hinderwell, the historian of Scarborough, the Kings of Northumbria once had a residence in Brompton, and there is strong probability that there was a church here in Saxon times. The present church, a fine structure in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, has a nave, with north and south aisles, a chancel with north aisle, a very handsome modern porch, and a buttressed tower surmounted by an octagonal spire. The interior of the church is somewhat richly decorated, and is very impressive, but the general effect is spoiled by the introduction of an organ in a chamber situated over the arches of the base of the tower. There are here some interesting monuments to members of the Cayley family, whose seat closely adjoins the church, and with the surrounding trees combines with it to form a most attractive and picturesque scene.

There are more matters of historical and archæological interest and more picturesqueness of situation at Wykeham, the next village on the road to Scarborough. The church is a comparatively new building in the Decorated style, but is rendered interesting by its association with the tower of the old church, which forms a gateway to the modern churchyard. The old church, taken down about half a century ago, was at one time the conventual church of a house of nuns of the Cistercian order, founded at Wykeham by Fitzosbert de Wycham about 1150. Burton says that the church was rebuilt during the fourteenth century by John de Wycham, and

was given by him to the nuns with a suitable provision for the maintenance of two chaplains. About the same time church, convent, and much of the village was destroyed by fire, and the nuns were put to much financial difficulty thereby. Edward III. excused them twenty years' payment of an annual rent of £3. 12s. 7d. for lands held of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the king's friendliness was doubtless imitated by other pious-minded folk, for ere long church and convent were rebuilt and the nuns placed in safety and comfort again. This house flourished until the Dissolution, at which time there were nine religious in residence. A large cross with a memorial inscription was erected some years ago on the site of the altar of the conventual church, but there are very few traces of the religious house, the history of which is so vague that the authorities do not know whether it was an abbey or a priory. The modern residence known as Wykeham Abbey, a seat of the Viscounts Downe, is very finely situated in a park of considerable dimensions, and is surrounded by extensive pleasure gardens.

The village of Hutton Bushell, or Buscel, standing on the summit of the high ridge of high ground running towards the Derwent at West Ayton, is delightfully situated, and possesses a church and churchyard wherein it is a pleasure to linger. The churchyard is surrounded by trees, there is much ivy growing about the fine old tower, and the village street lying behind them is picturesque and typical of East Yorkshire rural life. From the south side of the churchyard there is an extensive prospect of the Vale of Pickering intersected by the Derwent and of the Wolds rising at its further side. The Norman church here was given by the Buscels—from whom the village derives its name—to the abbot and monks of Whitby about the beginning of the twelfth century, the present edifice, which consists of nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and tower at the west end, has been thoroughly restored during the present century in admirable keeping with the original building. There is here a monument in memory of Richard Osbaldeston, who was successively Bishop of Carlisle and of London during the eighteenth century, and who came of a family closely connected with Hutton Bushell for a long period. One of its most famous members was George Osbaldeston, well known in sporting circles at the beginning of the century as the "Old Squire," and concerning whom numerous interesting stories and anecdotes are still told over the neighbouring country-side. He was passionately fond of foxhunting and a great breeder of foxhounds, and there was scarcely a branch of English sport in which he did not excel. It is said that his foxhounds realised bigger prices than those of any other breeder, and that on one occasion Lord Middleton gave two thousand guineas for ten couples of the Osbaldeston blood. A characteristic story of the Old Squire deals with his quarrel with Lord George Bentinck, another celebrity of the turf. Osbaldeston rode a horse of his own in a race at Manchester, and won £400 on the result from Lord George Bentinck. It happened that the horse had been beaten in a trial



the "Theater of the Absurd" and the "Theater of the Grotesque." The "Theater of the Absurd" is a form of theater that is characterized by a lack of logic, a lack of plot, and a lack of characters. The "Theater of the Grotesque" is a form of theater that is characterized by a lack of logic, a lack of plot, and a lack of characters. The "Theater of the Absurd" and the "Theater of the Grotesque" are both forms of theater that are characterized by a lack of logic, a lack of plot, and a lack of characters.

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on the previous day, and Bentinck formed the opinion that he had been jockeyed out of his money. He and Osbaldeston did not meet again for some time; at last, foregathering on Newmarket Heath, the Old Squire demanded payment of his debt. Bentinck replied that he had been swindled, and then with a contemptuous inquiry as to whether Osbaldeston could count, told out the money. The natural result was that the two met very soon afterwards. Bentinck, according to the generally accepted version of the story, fired in the air, and remarked that it was now two to one on the Squire. Osbaldeston thereupon followed his adversary's example, exclaiming that the bet was off, and the two sportsmen became greater friends than ever. The Old Squire is said to have been a man of slight, but very wiry physique, and in his own day was reputed as one of the best shots, riders, cricketers, and boating-men who ever lived.

III

At Ayton, a village usually figuring as two places under the titles of East and West Ayton, but which is in reality one village of some size, the traveller enters upon the last and the most picturesque stages of the Derwent. From the fine stone bridge which crosses the river and unites West with East Ayton are seen the first glimpses of Forge Valley, through which the Derwent runs amidst ever increasing scenes of loveliness to the moors amidst whose solitude it has its first beginnings. Ayton itself possesses all the charm which usually attaches to a riverside village around which woods and groves are liberally placed by Nature. Its village street is clean and picturesque, and it possesses several thatched cottages, which are less frequently found in Yorkshire than in any other county. In West Ayton, in close proximity to the river, stands the frag-





ment of a castle, formerly a stronghold of the Eures, or Evers, one of whom, Sir Ralph Eures, was governor of Scarborough Castle during the reign of Henry VIII., and defended it against the insurgents of the Pilgrimage of Grace. In East Ayton, at the extremity of the village and on the highroad leading towards Scarborough, there is an exceedingly interesting little church, much of the architecture of which is Norman. The font, the chancel arch, and the doorway in the porch are all Norman, and in excellent condition; the rest of the edifice is chiefly Early English. This church appears to have been founded by William de Aton about the twelfth century, and was endowed by him with lands in the neighbourhood which afforded pasturage for eight oxen, eight kine, six horses, and a hundred sheep, and with a further provision of thirty loads of turf a year, to be taken from his marsh at Hutton Bushel.

At Seamer, a village of some size, lying eastward of East Ayton and somewhat out of the traveller's direct route in his exploration of the last stretches of the Derwent, there is perhaps more material of an interesting nature than at any other place in the neighbourhood. Leland visited it when he came into this part of Yorkshire, and termed it "a great uplandish towne, having a great lake." This lake, or *sea mere*, was formerly of considerable dimensions, but it has long since been drained away, and is now but a small sheet of water. What Leland exactly meant by the term "great . . . towne" it is difficult to realise, but there is abun-

dance of evidence to prove that Seamer in other days was a place of consequence. It seems to have been of some importance at the time of the Norman Conquest, and is stated in Domesday Book to have had a church and a priest. William the Conqueror gave it to the Percys, who held it for several centuries, and the remains of whose castle are still existent at the west of the churchyard. Henry de Percy obtained a market charter for the place in 1383, and the weekly market was held until 1612. A six days' fair, held at Martinmas, is still kept up in some sort, but has little resemblance to its former greatness. It appears to have been similar to the Barnaby Fair at Boroughbridge, in respect that every inhabitant might, if he chose, turn licensed victualler for the nonce, the only condition being exactly the same as that which obtained in the old coaching town, viz., that the temporary ale-vendor should hang out a green bush above his door. The most notable historical event in the annals of Seamer was undoubtedly the local insurrection which sprang into sudden life, and was as suddenly extinguished in 1549. One Thomas Dale, parish clerk of Seamer, aided by two friends, stirred up three thousand of their neighbours to protest forcibly against the suppression of the religious houses, and signalled their audacity by killing several prominent loyalists of the neighbourhood. Dale and the principal leaders were executed at York shortly afterwards; the remainder of the misguided zealots were pardoned by Henry VIII., who probably felt that he had quite enough blood on his hands already.

A somewhat quiet and steady-going village nowadays, Seamer possesses much to attract the traveller in its fine old church. There is some evidence that the original church was Saxon: the present one appears to have been rebuilt on the site of the previous one by William de Percy towards the end of the eleventh century. It was given by Archbishop William de Melton to the abbot and monks of Whitby in 1323, and at that time seems to have had the rights of sanctuary. It has been restored several times, and twice during the present century, and forms a fine impressive building, which comprises nave, aisles, chancel, south porch and tower, massive and embattled, at the west end. A notable feature of the exterior is found in the presence of the sanctus bell, hanging in its cot above the east gable of the nave. The architecture of the church is chiefly Perpendicular, but there is a great deal of Norman work within the edifice, and notably a very fine chancel arch and a window with zig-zag mouldings in the chancel. Other features of note are found in the round-headed windows of the clerestory on the north side, the Jacobean screen of carved oak which separates the nave from the chancel, and the provisions for barricading the principal door.

From East Ayton the traveller may follow the Derwent to the delightful scenery round about Hackness by means of a highroad which runs in close proximity to the river through a charming defile known as Forge Valley, familiar in summer to the holiday-maker of Scarborough as Hampstead Heath is to the denizen of the East End. This valley takes

its name from an ancient forge, whereat the monks of Hackness used to manufacture iron. It is a long, narrow defile, luxuriantly wooded on either side, and its banks rise to a considerable height above the Derwent, which is here a clear and limpid stream, murmuring over a boulder and pebble-strewn bed. Few places in the North Riding are more charmingly sylvan than the Forge Valley, and none more alive with colour. The oak and ash are in great evidence on its rock-strewn slopes, and there are numerous varieties of the fir, while ferns and flowers of every description form a carpet of wonderful hues beneath them. Nor does the beauty of the last stages of the Derwent decrease as the traveller passes out of Forge Valley into the beautiful Vale of Hackness. There are charming views and prospects at Everley, a tiny hamlet, consisting of an inn and one or two cottages, but the loveliest spot in the whole course of the Derwent is reached at Hackness itself. Here everything combines to delight and to attract—hills surround the ancient church and picturesque hall; the river assumes its most charming aspect; the vegetation is prodigally luxuriant; and on a spring day when the air is clear and the skies blue, or an autumn afternoon when the first shades of red and brown are stealing over the trees and coppices, the entire prospect is one which affords unmixed delight. Little wonder that here Hilda, the foundress of Whitby Abbey, set up a monastic cell about the end of the seventh century and tenanted it with certain of the sisters who had lived under her rule at the parent house. Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History" says that when Hilda died her death was made known in miraculous fashion at Hackness by the pleasure of Almighty God, who in a vision caused the nun now canonized as St. Bees to see the soul of St. Hilda conducted to heaven by angels.

The cell thus founded was probably destroyed during the Danish invasion, and all trace of it is long since lost. Soon after the Norman Conquest, however, a house of Benedictines was set up under Serlo, brother of William de Percy, and existed until the Dissolution. It appears to have been an offshoot of the Abbey of Whitby, and had only four monks in residence at the time of the suppression of religious houses. The present church, which is almost unique in the charm and beauty of its situation, is chiefly Norman and Early English, and consists of a clerestined nave with north and south aisles, a chancel, porch, and tower surmounted by an octagonal spire. There is a plain early Norman chancel arch, with a square abaci, and some later work of the Norman in the south aisle. The most interesting objects in the church are the fragments of memorial crosses taken from the cell founded by St. Hilda, which contain inscriptions in Latin and in the ancient Irish character, and are supposed to commemorate two former abbesses of Hackness. Where Hilda's cell once stood now stands Hackness Hall, the seat of Lord Derwent, a fine, picturesquely situated mansion, which is surrounded by some of the most beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds in the county.

Bigland, visiting these pleasure grounds nearly a century ago, declared that he had never seen gardens more finely situated in any part of Yorkshire—since then age has added to their beauty, which is undeniably increased by the wonderful charm of their surroundings.

From Hackness to the source of the Derwent, some four miles away at High Woof Howe, the land is eminently characteristic of the river which, as Phillips rightly says, is unsurpassed by any river in Yorkshire, so far as archæological interest is concerned. It is a land of hill and moor, thickly encrusted with tumuli, earthworks, and entrenchments; of great stretches of purple heather; of becks, rivulets, and streamlets; of narrow dales and valleys, and of an almost eternal silence. The river itself, narrowing as the traveller draws nearer to its source, forms a streak of silver in the midst of deep woodlands here, of treeless moors there, and all around it are scenes of quiet and sometimes awe-compelling beauty. Something in the near neighbourhood of the North Sea, which lies but a few miles away to the eastward, exercises a fascination on the human mind as the river is tracked to its source. But hereabouts the sound of waters is everywhere. No other river in the county is so generously fed as the Derwent is in the infant stage of its existence. From the moors on east and west the rivulets pour themselves into its rapidly increasing volume. A man might spend half a lifetime in exploring the dales through which they run and still leave their full beauties undreamt of. It takes a lifetime to know even a corner of a county with absolute knowledge, and the slight expanse of English ground wherein the Derwent rises is so full of the things which the long-dead ages have left that one can only look at it and wonder and be amazed at its wealth of beauty and of interest.



CHAPTER LIII

Beverley and its Minster

SITUATION AND CHARACTERISTICS OF BEVERLEY—ORIGIN OF THE TOWN
—BEVERLEY IN SAXON TIMES—ST. JOHN OF BEVERLEY—ÆTHELSTAN'S
CHARTER—PROGRESS OF THE TOWN—INCORPORATION AND ROYAL
FAVOURS—THE FIRE OF 1188—LELAND'S ACCOUNT OF BEVERLEY—
FOUNDATION OF BEVERLEY MINSTER—COLLEGIATE SOCIETY OF ST.
JOHN THE EVANGELIST—HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE MINSTER
—BEVERLEY AS A SANCTUARY—THE FRITH STOL—THE CHURCH OF
ST. MARY—BEAUTY OF ITS ARCHITECTURE—CURIOUS EPITAPHS IN
ST. MARY'S CHURCH—MODERN ASPECTS OF BEVERLEY—EMINENT
NATIVES OF THE TOWN.

I



AS the capital of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the possessor of one of the most beautiful churches in England, Beverley has claims upon the traveller which cannot be overlooked or lightly regarded. There are, indeed, few places in the county which are richer in interest and association than the quaint little market-town whose towers and gables rise high above the level acres which surround it on every side. In its own particular fashion it is wonderfully picturesque. It has neither the magnificence of Richmond, the romantic situation of Knaresborough, or the finely wooded environment of Helmsley, but as a type and example of the English country town it is as near perfection as a town can be. Everything within it proclaims it the centre of a rich agricultural district. Its spacious market-place, and the streets which lead into it, are suggestive of much trade in all that pertains to farming, and on market-days the agriculturists of the East Riding invade it in large numbers. Its quaint, roomy, old-fashioned inns are of the class never found outside an old English town, and the men met there are typical East Riding folk, in whose fair hair and keen blue eyes the trace of their Norse ancestry is still evident. Added to all its charm as an English market-town Beverley possesses a still greater glory in its two magnificent

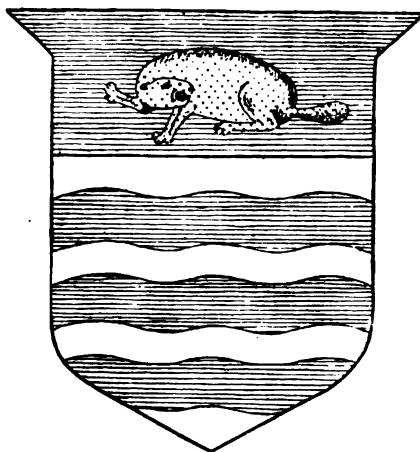
churches, the Minster church of St. John and the smaller but scarcely less beautiful Church of St. Mary. Few towns in England, and certainly none in Yorkshire, can boast of possessing two such churches as these, each of them considerable enough in size and perfect enough in architecture to rank with the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the country. Their presence in Beverley adds a new dignity to the town, and makes it a place of vast interest to the archæologist and to the lover of the beautiful.

To enter Beverley by the road leading from the Wolds lying northward of the town, and to pass through the streets until the Minster is reached at its southern extremity, is to form an excellent idea of what a modern English market-borough, in which many memorials and evidences of the past still remain, is like. For some distance ere reaching Beverley the towers of its Minster are seen rising high above the red roofs and gables and the trees which surround them. Eastward and southward, the land, running one way to the North Sea, the other to the shores of the Humber, lies in a wide, unbroken level; to the north and the west rise the last spurs and undulations of the Wolds. The scenery is full of its own definite charm; something suggests the near presence of the sea; something else whispers of rich corn-lands and luxuriant pasturage. As the town is approached, and the grey towers of the Minster are shaped out of mere greyness into sharply-defined lines, the traveller perceives that here are all the evidences of that leisurely comfortable existence which seems one of the peculiar prerogatives of the country town. Large, delightfully situated houses, not of the cheap and nasty modern villa sort, but of the roomy pattern of the old days, stand in pleasant and secluded gardens outside the town; the immediate approach to the latter is under trees, lining and overshadowing a road of ample width. Then comes the last of the old five gates of Beverley, North Bar, its deep red brick mellowed and toned by age into a bit of warm colour, itself a fitting entrance into so interesting a place. The charm of Beverley begins as soon as foot is set within it. From the North Bar it is only a short distance to the Minster, but in passing through the town everything is full of interest—the beautiful church of St. Mary, standing just within the Bar, the spacious market-place, and the smaller space called Wednesday Market beyond it, the quaint streets and old-fashioned houses, and finally, as the southern quarters of Beverley are reached, the Minster, itself a veritable poem in stone. It is not necessary to compare Beverley with Rouen—a favourite comparison with most writers who have dealt with it—in order to make its characteristics understood: its chief charm is in itself and in the distinctly English quality of its aspect and colour.

As to the origin and derivation of the name Beverley there has been much controversy. Poulson, the author of "*Beverlac; or the Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley*," an exhaustive work in two volumes, which was published in London in 1829, was of opinion that there was here a great lake which accommodated large numbers of beavers, and that

the name sprang from the beavers and the lake, and was at various times Beverlac, Beverlegu, Beverlacus, or the like. Another local historian, Oliver, puts forward the theory that the name sprang from some association with the Druids who practised their religion in the surrounding forests of Deira. Leland points out in his account of Beverley that "the toune hath in

their common seal beaver." It seems considering the lie about Beverley, and is not far away, that some vast expanse considerable size, haunt of a colony Phillips, who is in his criticisms, and lake derivation thing of contempt. he says, "instead owing its name to is simply Pedwar-Petouaria, marked towns seem to have stones"—in this in-



ARMS OF BEVERLEY

the figure of a highly probable, of the land round that the river Hull there was here of marsh or lake of very suitable as the of beavers, but usually very exact puts the beaver aside with some- "Beverley itself," of being Bever-lac, beavers and lakes, Llech, the ancient as other British been, by 'four stance stones of

sanctuary, a privilege of higher antiquity, it is probable, than Athelstane, by whom it is said to have been granted after the victory of Brunanburh." Whatever the real derivation of the name may be, however, does not affect the fact that the town is of considerable antiquity. It is said that Lucius, whom Speed, the topographer, declares to have been the first Christian king in the world, and who is supposed to have lived about the end of the second century, founded a church here, but most authorities agree in regarding this assertion as a mere invention of the monkish chroniclers. Of any dependable facts as regards the early history of Beverley nothing is known until the beginning of the eighth century, when the great ecclesiastic now known as St. John of Beverley, and who was then Archbishop of York, being fifth in succession to St. Paulinus, was moved to take an interest in it and to build a church there. From this church, presumably a mere chapel at the time of its foundation, sprang the present Minster of Beverley.

St. John of Beverley was born at Harpham, an East Riding village about twenty miles from Beverley, in 640, and was the son of Saxon parents of noble rank, who were Christians. He is said to have been educated at Canterbury, but the records of his early life appear to be more in the nature of monkish legends than of real truth, though there is good ground for believing that he was for some time a monk in the religious house which St. Hilda had founded at Whitby, and which was of great repute in

those days. It also seems true that he lived the life of an anchorite in a cell on the banks of the Tyne for some period of his existence; whether it is true that he cured sick folk by miracle-working is a matter into which it is not necessary to go. In 687 St. John was made Bishop of Hexham, and a few years later he gave holy orders to another great churchman, the Venerable Bede, who in after-life wrote much and in very enthusiastic fashion of the great bishop's powers and goodness. St. John was made Archbishop of York in 705, and is said to have administered the affairs of the northern province with great zeal and energy and to have spent much of his time in frequent journeyings through it. In one of these journeys he came to the site of the present Beverley, and, being much struck by the solitude of the lake lying *In Silva Deirorum*, purchased it, and founded thereon a church, a house of monks, and a convent of nuns, one Berethum being the first abbot. To this quiet retreat came St. John himself in 718, when he resigned the see of York, and here he spent the last four years of his life. He died at Beverley in May 721, and was buried in the apse of the church. His reputation for sanctity increased rapidly after his death, and he was canonised in 1037, in which year Ælfric, Archbishop of York, caused his bones to be placed in a shrine of great beauty. His remains were brought to light as recently as 1736.

For a hundred and fifty years the little community thus founded at Beverley appears to have lived in such peace as was possible in these wild days. Berethum, the first abbot, died in 733, and was buried near St. John. To him succeeded Winwaldus, who ruled for nearly twenty years, and died and left the house and folk to the care of Wulfeth, who died in his turn in 773. After him there are no more records of abbots or of the community until nearly a century had gone by. About 866 the Danes, ravaging the country north of the Humber, fell upon the religious of Beverley and undid the work which was slowly progressing under their pious care. The buildings—probably of wood—were burnt or razed to the ground, several of the inmates were slain, and the rest were driven to find shelter in the woods. It was not until four years later that such of them as had survived persecution and privation crept back and began in timid fashion to set up the house again. Little by little the community gathered together once more, and for the next sixty years lived in terror, wondering, doubtless, each morning if night would not find the woods lighted by burning roofs. But in 937 came Æthelstan—"Ælfred's golden-haired grandson, whom the king," says Green, "had girded as a child with a sword set in a golden scabbard and a gem-studded belt"—seeking the aid of St. John in his expedition against the northern rebels, and the religious doubtless took comfort. According to the ancient chronicles Æthelstan was marching rapidly northward when he chanced to meet certain pilgrims who told him that they had been cured of their ailments at the saint of Beverley's grave. Æthelstan thereupon sent the main body of his army

on to York ; he himself, with a bodyguard, turned aside to Beverley, where he prayed before St. John's grave, left his dagger on the altar with a vow that if his campaign were successful he would return and claim it and generously endow the church and monastery, and resumed his journey with a consecrated banner presented to him by the monks. It is said that he caused this banner to be carried in front of him at the battle of Brunanburh, but whether that is true or not, it is certain that he remembered his promise and generously endowed the church and town of Beverley in acknowledgment of the benefits received through the intercession of St. John. There is some dispute amongst the historians of Beverley as to whether Æthelstan's grants were made to the town or to the church—Poulson in his "Beverlac" says they were to the church. However that may be—and it is now a matter of no moment—it is certain that both monks and people received some very valuable privileges. The church and monastery was endowed with the lordships of Beverley, the right of sanctuary was accorded to it, it received power to levy tolls and taxes and to execute justice, and the townsfolk were exempted from many duties in the way of imposts and charges which must at that time have weighed heavily upon them.

How wealthy the religious house thus founded at Beverley must have been may be judged from the fact that when the Domesday Survey was made it possessed no less than twenty thousand acres of land, with numerous benefices, privileges, and rights. It had owed much to the benevolence of the Archbishops of York, and it continued to enjoy their favour and protection during the centuries immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest. Archbishop Ælfric secured a charter from Edward the Confessor, which gave the townsfolk the privilege of holding three fairs every year ; Archbishop Thurstan made the town a free borough, and instituted a *Gilda Mercatoria* amongst its traders ; Archbishop Kindius presented a tower and bells to the Minster, and Ældred, his successor, not only built the nave but adorned the entire edifice with much precious work in gold, silver, and brass. Nor were the reigning sovereigns behind-hand in their grants and benevolences to the church and town of Beverley. The Conqueror held both in such esteem that he gave special orders as to their safety when the land north of the Humber was devastated, and his successors each granted some favour or privilege to the place. The town was frequently visited by the mediæval sovereigns, and notably by Edward I., Edward II., Henry IV., and Henry VI., all of whom left some mark of their royal favour behind them. Edward I. gave the burgesses the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament, and in 1573 Elizabeth re-established this privilege after it had long fallen into disuse, and further conferred upon the town a charter of incorporation which set up a ruling body of mayor, governors, and burgesses. Another charter was granted by Charles I. in 1629, and another by James II. in 1685, the last establishing a body of aldermen in place of governors.

In 1188, there broke out in Beverley one September night a great fire



Deverley & Taylor

which did much damage to the Minster. Seven centuries later, a curious discovery was made in connection with this event. "On the 13th September 1664," says Gibson in his notes on Camden, "upon opening a grave, they met with a vault of squared freestone, fifteen feet long, and two feet broad at the head, but at the feet a foot and a half broad. Within it was a sheet of lead four feet (*sic*) long, and in that the ashes, six beads, whereof three crumbled to dust with a touch (of the three remaining, two were supposed to be cornelians), with three great brass pins, and four large iron nails. Upon the sheet laid a leaden plate with this inscription in capitals :

“✠ ANNO AB INCARNATIONE DOMINI MCLXXXVIII. COMBUSTA FUIT HÆC ECCLESIA IN MENSE SEPTEMBRI IN SEQUESTI NOCTE POST FESTUM SANCTI MATTHÆI APOSTOLI: ET IN AN. MCXCVII. VI. IDUS MARTII FACTA FUIT INQUISITIO RELIQUARUM BEATI JOHANNIS IN HOC LOCO ET INVENTA SUNT HÆC OSSA, IN ORIENTALI PARTE SEPULCHRI, ET HIC RECONDITA; ET PULVIS CEMENTO MIXTUS IBIDEM INVENTUS EST ET RECONDITUS.

“[In the year of the incarnation of our Lord, 1189, this church was destroyed by fire in the night following the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle; and in the year 1197, on the 6th Ides of March, an inquisition was made for the reliques of the blessed John, and the bones were found in the eastern part of this sepulchre, and here replaced; and the dust being mixed with cement was in the same place found, and re-interred.]

“Cross over this there lay a box of lead, about seven inches long, six broad, and five high, wherein were several pieces of bones mixed with a little dust, and yielding a sweet smell. All these were carefully re-interred in the middle alley of the body of the Minster, where they were taken up, which circumstances does not by any means agree with what Bishop Goodwin has left us concerning this saint, namely, that he was buried in the church porch. For although what is mentioned in the inscription was only a re-interment upon the inquisition made, yet it looks a little odd that they should not lay the reliques in the same place where they found them” (Bigland, who quotes this passage, remarks that the inscription expressly says they were found and re-interred in the same place). “Unless one should solve it this way, that only a part of the church was then standing, and they might lay him there, with a design to remove him, when it should be rebuilt, but afterwards either neglected or forgot it.” Cooke, in his “Topographical and Statistical Description of Yorkshire,” published in 1812, quoting this passage from Gibson, adds that the remains were re-interred in the middle aisle of the Minster, and that this inscription was added at a later date :

“RELIQUÆ EÆDAM EFFOSSÆ, ET IBIDEM COMPOSITÆ, FORNICE LATERITIO DIGNABANTUR XXVI. DIE MENSIS MARTII ANNO DOMINI MDCCXXVI QUANDO TESSELLATUM ECCLESIAE HUIUS PAVIMENTUM PRIMO FUIT INSTAURATUM.

“[The same reliques which were dug up and replaced were adorned with an arch of brickwork on the 26th day of March, 1726, when the tessellated pavement of this church was first repaired.]”

LELAND'S DESCRIPTION OF BEVERLEY 93

He also says that at the same time an inscription was placed on the roof overhead to show the exact position of the relics.

The fire of 1188 appears to have done more damage to the town than to the Minster, and it was probably some little time before the former was rebuilt



BEVERLEY MINSTER, THE EAST WINDOW FROM FLEMING GATE

and became a place of importance. That it had assumed proportions of some size by the time Leland visited it in the sixteenth century is evident from his account of what he found there. "Beverle," he says, "is a very long town, but I could not perceive that ever it was walled, though ther be certen gates of stone portcolesed for defence. In the town be three parochie chirches, the mynstre wher St. John, sumtyme bishop of Yorke, lieth, and

one chapel. There is also an house of grey fresco, and another of black, and an house as a commandery of St. John's, and five hospitals. Ther is a great gut cut from the town to the ripe of Hull river, wherby preaty vessels cum thither. To this town long many great and auncient priviliges as to a sanctuary. The town hath in theyr common seal the figur of a bever. Bede cawlleth the place wher Beverle is now *Sylva Deirorum*, Anglice *Dierwould*. The collegiate church of St. John is of a fair uniform making, wherein, besides the tombes of saints be three tombes most notable on the north side of the choir : in one of them, with a chapel arched over it, is buried Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his son, father to the last earl. In another, Eleanor, wife to one of the Lord Percys, and in another white alabaster, Idonea, wife to one of the Lord Percys. Under Eleanor's tombe is buried one of the Percys, a preste, the prebendaries housis stand round about St. John's chirchyard. Ther were four hospitals in the town : St. Giles, Trinity, St. Nicholas, and one without the North Bar Gate. An house also of the Trinity about the east side of the town longing to the Knights of St. John. The town is large and well-builted of wood : but the fairest part of it is by the north, and ther the market is kept. Ther was good cloth making at Beverle, but that is now much decayid. The town is not wauled but has many fair gates of brike."

II

There are practically very few records of the foundation of the Collegiate Church of St. John the Evangelist, or of the monastic body which managed its affairs. It is said that the original church was built by St. John of Beverley, but most authorities agree that he merely enlarged and beautified a church which he found in existence when he visited the place about the end of the seventh century. Æthelstan appears to have been the first person to place the foundation on a formal basis by appointing seven canons and a like number of clerks. Ælfric, Archbishop of York, appointed a chancellor, a sacristan, and a precentor, and during his archiepiscopate he began the building of a refectory, a dormitory, and other conventual offices. These were completed by his successor, Ældred, who secured from Edward the Confessor a confirmation of the charter granted to the church and collegiate body of Beverley by Æthelstan. Poulson, in his "Beverlac," quotes Edward's charter as follows :

"Edward the King greets friendly Tosti, the Earl, and all my thanes in Yorkshire know ye, that it is my permission and full leave that Ældred the archbishop, do obtain *privilegium* for the lands belonging to St. John's minster at Beverley ; and I will that that minster, and the district adjoining to it, be as free as any other minster is ; and that whilst the bishop there remains, it shall be under him as lord, and that he shall be careful to guard and watch that no man but himself take anything ; and he permit none

to injure any of these things, the care whereof to him pertaineth, as he will be protected by God, and St. John, and all saints whose holy place is before consecrated. And I will that there for ever shall be monastic life and congregation as long as any man liveth."

In Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," he relates a curious tradition, which shows that however strong-minded as a statesman and warrior William the Conqueror may have been, he was not by any means free from the superstitions of his age, and was indeed somewhat inclined to give way readily to them. When he was engaged in harrying the land north of the Humber he pitched his camp on one occasion at a little distance from Beverley, and the neighbouring folk immediately took refuge within the sanctuary boundaries of the Minster. "On hearing this," relates Freeman, "some plunderers, seemingly without the royal orders, set forth to make a prey of the town, and of those who had sought shelter in it. They entered Beverley without meeting any resistance, and made their way to the churchyard. The leader of the band, Toustain by name . . . marked out an old man in goodly apparel with a golden bracelet on his arm. . . . The English fled within the walls of the minster. The sacrilegious Toustain, sword in hand, spurred his horse within the hallowed doors. But the vengeance of St. John of Beverley did not slumber. The horse fell with its neck broken, and Toustain himself, smitten in his own person, his arms and legs all twisted behind his back, seemed no longer a man, but a monster. His affrighted comrades laid aside all their schemes of plunder and slaughter, and humbly implored the mercy of the saint. They made their way to William, and told him of the wonder. The king had already shown himself a friend to the Church of St. John, and now, fearing the wrath of the saint, he summoned the chief members of the chapter before him, and again confirmed all their possessions by charters under the royal seal."

The head of the collegiate body of Beverley in these times appears to have been the Archbishop of York by virtue of his office, but about the end of the eleventh century Archbishop Thomas appointed a new head under the title of provost, who exercised the powers previously vested in the diocesan. The establishment seems to have been fully organised by the middle of the twelfth century, when there were in residence a provost, a chancellor, nine canons, nine canons vicars, seven clerks, and a sacrist. Mr. Leach, in a valuable and scholarly paper, published in the "Transactions of the East Riding Antiquarian Society" in 1894, gives some interesting particulars as to the mediæval members of the collegiate body of Beverley, many of whom were men of note. Thomas Becket was provost about 1150, and had also a canonry in the Minster. Alured, the historian, or rather narrator of fables, was treasurer of the church about fifty years later. Fulk Bassett, whom Matthew Paris speaks of as having once been "the anchor of the whole kingdom," and who was afterwards Bishop of London, was provost in the early part of the thirteenth century. One of the most

remarkable men who held the office of provost was John Mansell, who was surely the most beneficed cleric of his time, seeing that he held the livings of Hooton, Howden, Wigan, Maidstone, Ferring, and Sawbridge, prebends in the dioceses of London, Lincoln, Chichester, and York, and that he was also Dean of Wimborne, Treasurer of York, Chancellor of St. Paul's, and Keeper of the Great Seal to Henry III. William de Melton, afterwards one of the most famous of the Archbishops of York, was provost of Beverley about 1310; Robert Manfield, another pluralist, who had nearly as many benefices as Mansell, held office in succession to John de Thoresby, bishop and cardinal. But the record of names of note in the annals of Beverley Minster is a long one. It includes those of Robert Nevile, nephew of Henry VI., and afterwards Bishop of Durham; John Bermingham, Treasurer of York; Laurence Booth, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Lord Chancellor of England, and Archbishop of York; Thomas Rotherham, or Scot, who was keeper of the Privy Seal, Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of York, and Apostolic Legate, and who spent vast sums of money on the two great English universities; and Thomas Wynter, whom folk of the time declared to be the natural son of Cardinal Wolsey. The last provost was Reginald Lee, who was appointed in 1544 and saw the body dissolved five years later. Mr. Leach gives an interesting account of the status of the collegiate body at the time of the dissolution. "According to the certificate of the commissioners for colleges and chauntries, given with a view to their dissolution under the Colleges and Chauntries Act of the first year of Edward VI., A.D. 1547," he says, "there were or should have been in the minster 77 persons—viz., 1 provost, 9 canons or prebendaries, 3 dignitaries or officers, 7 parsons, 9 vicars-choral, 15 chauntry-priests, 2 subordinate officers, 17 clerks, 4 sacristans or sextons, 2 incense-bearers, and 8 choristers, making 77 in all. Of course, these numbers were nothing like those of York Minster, with its 36 canons, 36 vicars-choral, over 30 chauntry priests, and a proportionate number of clerks or choristers. Still, they formed a goodly and substantial staff, which would present no mean show, even by the side of the 40 monks of Westminster Abbey, the 30 at Fountains, the 26 at Meaux, the 14 at Watton, or the 10 at Wasten, and would place it high among the scanty and dwindling numbers to be found in most of the monastic houses. . . ."

At the time of the dissolution of the colleges and chauntries, the annual revenue of the Collegiate Church of St. John at Beverley was about £1000. After the dissolution, its history is somewhat like that of most of our ancient cathedrals and minsters. Its ministerial staff was reduced to a vicar and three assistants, and a comparative silence reigned where once the services of the church had been carried out with great dignity and solemnity. Naturally, the fabric began to show signs of decay, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was in such a serious state that even the apathetic folk of the early Georgian era saw that it was necessary to repair

it. The restoration then effected was on the lines of all Georgian restoration, and is said to have produced the most grotesque results. But in 1866, when better taste had come into being, a complete restoration was begun by Sir Gilbert Scott, and the ancient Minster emerged from it in all the glory of its original beauty.

III

Second only amongst Yorkshire churches to the magnificent Minster at York, Beverley Minster has definite claims to a high position amongst our most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices. It might be more impressive if it possessed a great central tower in place of the little squat roof at the intersection, but it is otherwise so perfect in form and outline that this defect is scarcely noticed, save by the very critical observer. Seen from any quarter of the surrounding neighbourhood it presents an appearance of great stateliness and even grandeur, and though its immediate environment is somewhat undignified, consisting as it does of small houses and mean streets, its own beauty serves to draw the attention of the beholder closely to itself. If it stood in the midst of some great close, surrounded by venerable oaks and elms and by wide stretches of greensward, or were raised, as Ripon Minster is, high on a hill above the town, it would present an appearance of great sublimity; as it is, its architecture is in itself sufficient to blind those who examine it to the comparative poverty of its immediate surroundings.

The Rev. J. L. Petit, in some "Remarks on Beverley Minster," published in the *Transactions of the Archæological Institute for 1848*, gave the dimensions of the edifice as follows:—

	Ft.	In.		Ft.	In.
Total interior length	332	6	Length of Nave west of		
Extreme interior breadth			Great Transept	171	2
at principal intersection	167	2	Length of Choir between		
Breadth at eastern inter-			West and East Transepts	67	8½
section	106	4	Width of east transept,		
Total interior width of			exclusive of Aisle	21	8
Nave and Aisles	63	1	Distance from East Tran-		
Distance between two			sept to East End	35	3
opposite pairs of Nave	27	4½	Height of Vaulting (about)	65	0

The West Towers are 162½ feet in height, and the full exterior length of the Minster is about 365 feet. The fabric is mainly built of stone brought from the Hazelwood quarries, in Barkston Ash, and is full of beautiful soft grey colour.

Of the west front of Beverley Minster, Rickman, in his work on "Styles of Architecture in England," speaks in terms of the highest praise. Speaking of Perpendicular west fronts he says, "By far the finest is that of Beverley Minster." What the west front of York is to the Decorated style, this

is to the Perpendicular, with this addition that in this front, nothing but one style is seen, all is harmonious. Like York Minster, it consists of a very large west window and the nave, and two towers for the end of the aisles. This window is of nine lights, and the tower windows of three lights. The windows in the tower correspond in range nearly with those of the aisles and clerestory windows of the nave ; the upper windows of the tower are belfry windows. Each tower has four large and eight small pinnacles, and



Beverley
from the North West

a very beautiful battlement. The whole front is panelled, and the buttresses, which have a very bold projection, are ornamented with various tiers of niche work, of excellent composition and most delicate execution. The doors are uncommonly rich, and have the hanging feathered ornament ; the canopy of the great centre door runs up above the side of the window, and stands free in the centre light, with a very fine effect. The gable has a real tympanum, which is filled with fine tracery."

Concerning the absence of a great central tower or spire at Beverley, Mr. Petit, in the paper already alluded to, makes some interesting remarks. "It is worthy of remark," he says, "how differently two buildings, which nearly resemble each other in their original design and the time of their commencement, have been treated. At Salisbury the addition designed was suitable, rather to the appearance than the strength and construction of the building. It was felt that the low central tower, which barely comprised the roof, ought to be heightened and finished with the spire ; and this the architect was determined to carry into effect, in spite of the weakness of the structure below ; he therefore threw out a system of springers, buttresses, and cross arches to strengthen his supports, by which means he was enabled to complete the structure in accordance with his bold design. At Beverley the architect made that addition which was the

safest, and consulted the stability rather than the general character of the building, which equally required the lofty, central steeple ; but he dared not impose additional weight upon its transepts, as they had, in all probability, already betrayed their insecurity of foundation."

The most beautiful feature of the exterior architecture of the nave of Beverley Minster is undoubtedly seen in the flying buttresses which are found on each side, and are highly praised by great authorities. Freeman, in his work on "English Cathedral Cities," says : "The flying buttresses at Beverley, as most commonly in England, are simple but effective, placed lower than they often are. They thus add a new feature to the building, they tie together, as it were, the two stages of its height, without bringing in the complicated arrangements of the French flying buttresses—consequent on the vast height of the French churches—which often go far to hide the real lines of the building. The whole work of this period is a good example of that kind of fine common-sense which is a character of English architecture ; there is a certain modesty and simplicity about everything ; all is good and well-wrought, but without any excess of ornament." Lovers of Perpendicular work will not fail to notice the North Porch, which Rickman declares to be unequalled. Over this porch there is a parvise, which appears to have been the chamber of the sacristan, or of some official charged to keep watch for those who fled to the Minster for sanctuary. The south doorway of the great transept is also of great interest from the use made of the round-headed arch—a somewhat unusual feature in English architecture. Some authorities consider the Early English transepts of Beverley to be unequalled in beauty ; in Freeman's opinion their great merit lay in the fact that they are thoroughly English. The great east window is of nine lights, and was introduced about the beginning of the fifteenth century. It has buttresses at the sides which end in spires, in the niches of which are statues of St. John of Beverley and of Æthelstan.

The graveyard, which does duty as a close to the Minster, is remarkably mean and insignificant, and possesses no features of beauty or interest. The beautiful North Porch is confronted at a few yards' distance by a brick wall ; the surrounding buildings are small and unimportant, and are not redeemed by the fact that their sites were once occupied by religious houses and foundations. There is an ancient and somewhat curious sundial on one of the buttresses of the south-west tower, bearing the inscription "Now, or When," and some stone coffins rest against the east transept wall. Against the wall of the south aisle of the nave is a memorial stone on which is incised the following inscription in memory of a murdered woman :—

"Mysterious was my cause of Death,
In the Prime of Life I fell ;
For days I Lived yet ne'er had breath
The secret of my fate to tell.

Farewell my child and husband dear,
 By cruel hands I leave you,
 Now that I'm dead and sleeping here
 My Murderer may deceive you.
 Though I am dead, yet I shall live,
 I must my Murderer meet,
 And then in Evidence, shall give
 My cause of death complete.
 Forgive my child and husband dear,
 That cruel Man of blood ;
 He soon for murder must appear
 Before the Son of God."

To the spectator who knows the exact dimensions of Beverley Minster, a feeling of great surprise is occasioned on gazing from the gallery beneath the west window along the apparent vastness of its nave and choir to the east window, glowing with rich colour in the distance. In length, height, and width it seems to be at wonderful variance with the matter-of-fact statistics which tell us that it is so many feet this way and so many feet that. This is due to the exquisite proportion of the interior. It is to be questioned indeed if the great Minster of York is as beautiful as regards its interior aspects as its smaller sister of Beverley. Freeman, describing York, Lincoln, and Beverley in detail, says that the latter yields to neither of its two greater fellows in true beauty, and those who love fine architecture without being able to speak technically and accurately upon its various points will readily recognise the truth of this observation. Everything in the interior of Beverley Minster is a delight to the eye. The eight massive columns at the intersection, the groined vaults of the east end of the church, the magnificent Percy Tomb, the elaborately composed triforium, the altar screen and choir screen, the almost unique misericords and the stalls in the choir, are but a few of the more notable beauties of the Minster. In monuments, brasses, and in smaller architectural details, the church is singularly rich, but its greatest charm, after all, lies in the perfect proportion of its architecture.

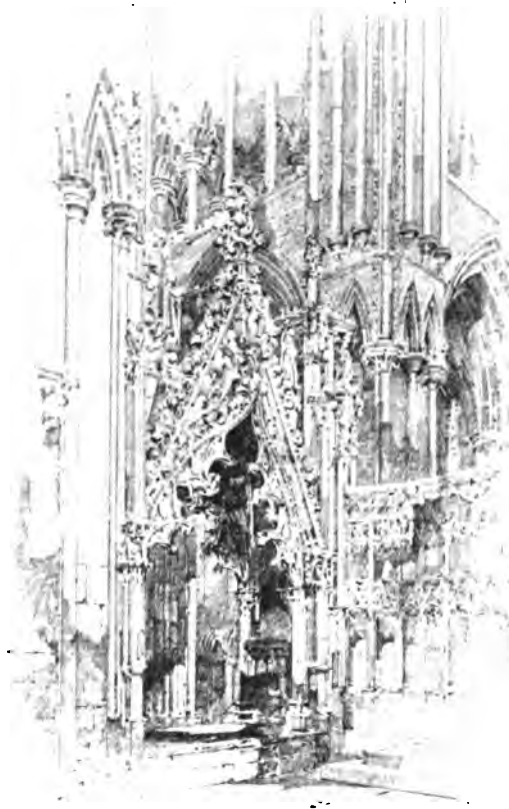
Of the more notable interior features of the Minster the ancient stone seat, known as the Frith-Stol (the free-seat), is the most interesting. It is situate in close proximity to the north-east transept, and is a mere block of stone, very plain, and by no means so interesting in appearance as the only other frith-stol in Yorkshire—that seen at Sprotborough church. But its interest lies not so much in its appearance as in the associations connected with it. It formed, as it were, the centre of the sacred enclosure within which the man flying from justice found sanctuary. Sanctuary at Beverley extended for a mile from the frith-stol, in every direction, and within the circle there were no less than six boundaries of various degrees of sanctity and safety. As in the case of Sprotborough, the outer boundary was marked by crosses, traces of which still remain at Bishop Burton, Walkington, and

Skidby. The final and most inviolate boundary comprised the floor-space immediately surrounding the high altar of the Minster, near which the frith-stol was always placed. According to Leland, the frith-stol of Beverley Minster originally bore the following inscription :—

“HAEC SEDES LAPIDEA FREED-STOLL DICITUR I.E.
PACIS CATHEDRA, AD QUAM REUS FUGIENDO
PERVENIENS OMNIMODAM HABET SECURITATEM.”

The criminal or refugee who repaired to Beverley for the privileges of sanctuary was lodged and fed within the precincts of the Minster church for a period of thirty days, at the expiration of which time the privilege protected him to the sea-coast or the borders of the county. A man might claim and receive the privileges of sanctuary twice ; if he applied for them a third time he became a permanent servitor of the church, and was obliged to take solemn oath to discharge certain functions and observe strict rules. In the Harleian MSS. there is a register of cases in which sanctuary was claimed at Beverley. A very large proportion of them appear to have been cases of murder or homicide, but there are many of debt, some of making and uttering spurious coin, and a few of treason. Of the social condition of the folk who sought refuge within the Minster's sanctuary bounds between the time when Æthelstan conferred them upon the abbot and monks, and the day when James I. took them away altogether, there appear to have been many varieties from gentlemen and gentlewomen to literates and minstrels.

To lovers of beautiful architecture the Percy Tomb in Beverley Minster will probably appeal more strongly than any other feature in the interior. It is situate on the north side of the altar, and is considered by the highest



*Percy Shrine
Beverley Minster*

authorities to be the finest specimen of monumental architecture in Europe. Erected as a memorial to Eleanor, wife of Henry, Lord Percy, who died in 1328, it appears to have been executed at some date prior to 1340, and is a magnificent specimen of the most ornate examples of the Decorated



DETAIL OF PERCY SHRINE

style. Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain," gives four plates in illustration of its beauties, and devotes considerable space to describing them. Over the tomb, which is of grey marble, rises a highly ornamented canopy of freestone, richly carved and decorated. The shields and brasses which were once seen upon the tomb have long since disappeared, but the superb canopy is perfect in every detail, though it has not been without sacrilegious treatment, seeing that the head of one of its figures was once wantonly broken off and sent to America, where it remained for nearly thirty years, being sent back to England at the end of that time and re-

placed in its original position. It is impossible to give a full description of the various beauties of this unique tomb, which in respect of elaborate detail has no equal in the world, but those who see it should give special attention to the rich crocketing, to the careful carving of the figures, and to the magnificent group which is set on the south side of the arch. This group represents our Lord, seated. Two angels, one on either side of His knees, support a sheet, in which stands the figure of a woman—presumably intended for Eleanor Percy—whom He holds by His left hand while blessing her with His right.

There is another monument in the nave of the Minster which invariably attracts the notice of the traveller, and which is thus referred to by Gough in the work just alluded to:—"Between two pillars of the south aisle is an altar-tomb, without figures or inscription, said to belong to two virgin sisters,

who bequeathed certain lands to the freemen of Beverley to put in three milch cows from Lady Day to Michaelmas." Its architecture is imposing and in some details very fine, but its chief interest lies in the mystery attaching to it. Some unknown writer of verse, visiting Beverley a great many years ago, was moved to write a poem of some length on this tomb and to print it in the *Literary Gazette*. It may be of interest (as showing how the sight of so much stone and carving can set the imagination to work) to give some verses from this curious production :—

The tapers are blazing, the mass is sung
In the Chapel of Beverley,
And merrily too the bells have rung ;
'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity ;
And the holy maids are kneeling round,
While the moon shines bright on the hallowed ground.

And again the merry bells have rung,
So sweet through the starry sky ;
For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,
And the chalice is lifted high,
And the nuns are kneeling in holiest prayer,
Yes, all, save these meek-eyed sisters fair.

The snows have melted, the fields are green,
The cuckoo singeth aloud,
The flowers are budding, the sunny sheen
Beams bright through the parted cloud,
And maidens are gathering the sweet breathed May,
But these gentle sisters, oh, where are they ?

And summer is come in rosy pride,
'Tis the eve of the blessed Saint John,
And the holy nuns after vesper tide
All forth from the chapel are gone ;
While to taste the cool of the evening hour,
The Abbess has sought the topmost tower.

Gramercy, sweet ladye ! and can it be ?—
The long-lost sisters fair
On the threshold lie calm and silently,
As in holiest slumber there !
Yet sleep they not, but entranced they lie,
With lifted hands and heavenward eye.

O long-lost maidens, arise ! arise !
Say, when did you hither stray ?
They have turned to the Abbess with their meek blue eyes—
"Not an hour hath passed away ;
But glorious visions our eyes have seen :
O, sure in the kingdom of heaven we've been !"

PICTURESQUE YORKSHIRE

'Tis o'er! side by side, in the Chapel fair,
 Are the sainted maidens laid;
 With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,
 They look not like the dead;
 Fifty summers have come and passed away,
 But their loveliness knoweth no decay!

And many a chaplet of flowers is hung,
 And many a bead told there,
 And many a hymn of praise is sung,
 And many a low breathed prayer;
 And many a pilgrim bends the knee
 At the shrine of the sisters of Beverley.

What it was that the meek-eyed sisters saw in their vision, and what connection that vision had with the pasturage of three milch cows from Lady Day to Michaelmas, nobody knows; but the tomb is still in evidence, and is worth examining because of its details, which are rather elaborate, and its fine slab of Purbeck marble.

To many people the most interesting feature of Beverley Minster will undoubtedly be the choir stalls and the misericords, both of which are in their way unique. There are sixty-eight choir stalls altogether, and of these forty-two are elaborately tabernacled. No other church in England possesses so many misericords as Beverley, Lincoln Cathedral, with sixty-four, ranking next to it in point of numbers. The Beverley misericords appear to date from about 1520, and are said to have had some cryptic meaning, the key to which has long been lost. Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge, a local artist and antiquary of great discernment and ability, has published a very elaborate and beautifully illustrated work which deals with them in detail, and from it and from Mr. Charles Hiatt's invaluable work on "Beverley Minster," the following list of subjects—a mere enumeration of the curious things to be noticed—is partly extracted. It will be observed that there is a great wealth of allegorical detail in the various subjects chosen by the carvers who executed this grotesque work:—

MISERICORDS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER.

<i>Left.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Right.</i>
1. An eagle.	Pelican feeding young with its own blood.	Pelican with serpent.
2. Monkey combing a cat.	Ape on horseback — man following with club.	Boy riding a pig.
3. Fruit and foliage.	Winged demi-angel holding a heart.	Fruit and foliage.
4. Man lifting weights.	Heraldry and motto.	Man with weights and scales.
5. Monkey nursing child.	Lion and dragon in combat.	Ape with bottle.
6. Ape among foliage.	Apes attacking a pedlar.	Ape chasing cat.

MISERICORDS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER 105

MISERICORDS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER—*Continued.*

<i>Left.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Right.</i>
7. Man lifting weights.	Heraldry and motto.	Man lifting weights.
8. Foliage.	Foliage.	Foliage.
9. Fruit and leaves.	Figures with domestic vessels.	Fruit and leaves.
10. Man muzzling bear.	Man with bear and wheelbarrow.	Man and bear embracing.
11. A shepherd.	Man playing instrument (? bag-pipes) ; man riding ram.	Two rams fighting.
12. Pelican and young.	Grotesque coat of arms.	Doe sitting on a tun.
13. Huntsman and dog.	Two men with bear ; man with wheelbarrow.	Bear licking its paw.
14. Huntsman and dog.	Dead deer, huntsman, hounds.	Huntsman blowing horn, and dogs.
15. Man training monkey.	Man and dogs attacking bear.	Bear dancing to bag-pipes played by monkey.
16. Muzzled bear.	Horseman and three bears.	Monkey teasing dog.
17. Man stabbing snail.	Man and winged dragons.	Man with head in a sack.
18. Hog, saddled.	Sow playing bag-pipes — young pigs dancing.	Sow playing harp.
19. Monkey riding fox.	Archer shooting a fox.	Monkey nursing fox.
20. Fox and geese.	Fox and geese.	Fox and geese.
21. Bramble fruit and foliage.
22. Jester with bladder.	Jester dancing.	Jester with pipe and tabor.
23. Grapes and foliage.	Demi-angel.	Rose and foliage.
24. Dragons.	Dragon-headed bird.	Dragons.
25. Woman grinding corn.	Woman beating man.	Boy making sausages.
26. Man lifting beam.	Woman led to ducking-stool.	Woman holding puppy.
27. A bird.	A cock crowing.	Cocks quarrelling.
28. Leopard's head.	Grotesque head.	Leopard's head.
29. Fruit and foliage.	Man fighting dragon.	Fruit and foliage.
30. Roses.	A Boar hunt.	Roses.
31. Bird.	Shield of arms.	Bird.
32. Cow licking itself.	Man with horse and cart.	Woman milking cow.
33. Boy washing platters.	Man warming hands at fire ; another man chasing dog.	Boy turning up his breeches.
34. Dog-headed monkey.	Monsters fighting.	A salamander.
35. Man cutting wood.	Grotesque.	Leaves.
36. Fox and sleeping geese.	Geese hanging a fox.	Monkey taking rope from dead fox's neck.
37. Deer.	Deer browsing.	Deer.
38. Dog with bone.	Hawking.	A cock.
39. An owl.	Fox, in friar's gown, preaching to congregation of geese.	Man shoeing goose.
40. Foliage.	Unicorn.	Foliage.
41. Lion passant.	Man fighting lion.	Lion passant.
42. Man on horseback.	Stag-hunting.	A doe.
43. Devil and miser.	Satan pursuing a lost soul.	Devil and glutton.
44. Fruit and foliage.
45. Owl with mouse.

MISERICORDS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER.—*Continued.*

<i>Left.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Right.</i>
46. A stork.	Storks eating out of a jar.	A stork.
47. Cat playing viol to mice dancing.	Cat catching rats.	Cat tossing a mouse in its paws.
48. An archer.	Hare riding.	Rabbits.
49. Lion couchant.	Lion and deer.	Unicorn couchant.
50. Figure. ¹	Carvers quarrelling.	Figure.
51. Large fish seizing smaller.	Mermaid and fish.	Three fishes interlaced.
52. Foliage.	Foliage.	Foliage.
53. Vine leaf and tendril. ²	Grapes of Eschol.	Leaf and grapes.
54. Flowers.	Two lions couchant.	Flowers.
55. Camel.	Elephant driven by ape.	Lion laughing.
56. Cock.	Hen and chickens.	Hen with chickens on back.
57. Foliage.	Foliage.	Foliage.
58. Heads of Jesters.
59. A Bird.	Dragons fighting.	A Bird.
60. A Hawk.	Small birds attacking an owl.	A Hawk.
61. A Goose.	Grotesque face.	A Goose.
62. A Goose.	Two birds pecking at a jester's head.	A Swan.
63. A Dragon.	Lion with prostrate man.	A Griffin.
64. Various bird subjects.
65. Tudor roses.	Branch of rose tree.	Tudor roses.
66. Examples of Hawking.
67. Foliage.	Fight between nude figure armed with spear, and man with sword.	Foliage.
68. A Hog.	Two lions couchant.	A Hawk.

Of the other objects and features of interest in Beverley Minster there are several which are worthy of careful and attentive examination. In the south arm of the great transept there is a painting on wood which depicts Æthelstan giving his charter to the church, whose officers are here typified in the figure of St. John of Beverley. It bears the famous distich—

Als we make it Thee

As hert may thynke or Egh may see,

and dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it probably replaced a previous painting of the same character. In the north arm there are numerous monuments and tombs of some interest, one of which, the tomb of a priest, vested, is described in Gough's "Sepulchral Monument," but has never been identified, though there is some probability that it enshrines the remains of one of the Percy family. There are some fragments of

¹ Mr. Wildridge remarks of No. 50: "A carving representing a quarrel between two sculptors or carvers, who are shown at half-length, clothed in tightly-fitting leathern jerkins. From the character exhibited in the faces, these may be judged to be an attempt at portrait, possibly of the artists of this set of misereres. The two half-length figures in the sides are engaged in the cabalistic movements known, I think, as 'taking sight' at each other."

² This is the only Scriptural subject referred to in the entire series.

carving, some old prints, and other curiosities in the south aisle of the choir, and in the north aisle is the entrance to a double staircase, a beautiful example of work of the Early English period. There is a great deal of interest and of association in the altar screen, which was originally erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, and has suffered unutterable things at various times, from mutilation to whitewashing and plastering. It has lately been restored under capable supervision, and its twelve niches now contain the statues of Lucius the King, St. Hilda of Whitby, St. John of Beverley, Berethum, Abbot of Beverley, Venerable Bede, Æthelstan, Abbot Eborius, St. Gregory the Great, St. Augustine, St. Alured, St. Æthelburga, and Ædwine, King of Northumbria. St. John of Beverley is figured again, near the porch, and if the traveller desires to stand beside his grave, he will find it immediately beneath the second boss of the roof of the nave as he turns into the latter from the great transept.

IV

If it were not for the presence of the Minster at the other end of the little town, the Church of St. Mary in North Bar Street Within would undoubtedly form Beverley's greatest glory. It is in every respect a beautiful and noble church, worthy to rank with the finest parish churches in the county, and its situation being somewhat more worthy of a great ecclesiastical edifice than that of the Minster, it possesses a certain advantage over its more famous sister church, which the traveller will not be slow to perceive. North Bar Street Within is an old-fashioned country-town thoroughfare, of considerable width, until it narrows at the entrance to the Market-Place, and the substantial houses of mellow-toned red brick, and the comfortable old inn which faces the west end of the church, are much more pleasing to the eye than the mean environments of the Minster. There are few street scenes in Yorkshire, indeed, which are so attractive as this, whether it is viewed from without the fine old North Bar, or from the corner of the Market-Place, and the secret of its charm lies, without doubt, in the presence of the church, itself a sufficiently striking object to arrest one's attention amidst even more notable surroundings. Its beauty is primarily due, of course, to the chaste perfection of its architecture, but it owes a great deal to the colour of its stone, a soft, delightful grey, which harmonises wonderfully well with the mellow reds and browns of the surrounding houses, and with the fresh green which occurs here and there in the high-walled gardens. A good deal, again, is gained from the imposing size of the church, which is of sufficient proportions to entitle it to rank with the greater parish churches, and even with some of the smaller cathedrals. But to the lover of beauty, the great charm of St. Mary's Church will always lie in its colour—it is a poem in grey stone, marvelously suggestive of rest, peace, and quiet thought.

Of the history of this church there is scant record. It is said that

Thurstan, Archbishop of York, built an oratory on its site about the year 1130, and that Archbishop William de Melton made it a vicarage in 1325. Poulson in his *Beverlac* gives some interesting particulars of the privileges and fees of the vicarage thus constituted. It had tithe of all crofts, gardens, and orchards, of all marriage pennies and of fishing, with vigils and oblations of the dead, namely, mortuaries, with tithe of geese, ducks, pullets, pigeons, eggs, and pigs, of wool and lamb, goats and calves, and the oblations of the principal festivals. Its vicar was bound to provide a chaplain to say mass at St. Martin's altar in the Minster, and another in St.



Market Place, Beverley

Mary's Church. In 1512 the tower of the church fell during the performance of divine service, and killed several people of the town, whose deaths are still commemorated by an inscription on one of the pews in the nave, which adjures the pious to "Pray God have mace of al the sawllys of the men and wymen and cheldryn, whos bodys was slayn at the faulyng of thys cherce." The church appears to have been fully restored by public subscription between the time of this accident and 1530. In 1667 it was united with the parish of St. Nicholas, another ancient church which has now entirely disappeared, and given place to a modern fabric of the same title. It has undergone restoration and repair at various periods during the last three centuries, and notably in 1863, when Sir Gilbert Scott under-

took its thorough renovation. As it now stands it is a cruciform edifice, consisting of a nave with north and south aisles, a transept, a chancel with aisles, a massive tower at the intersection, and a south porch. Oliver, in his "History and Antiquities of the Town and Minster of Beverley," an interesting work published locally in 1829, gives the dimensions of St. Mary's Church as follows :—

	Ft.	In.		Ft.	In.
Length of Nave	100	0	Breadth of North Aisle of		
Breadth of Nave (including			Chancel	17	10
Aisles)	61	3	Breadth of South Aisle of		
Length of Chancel	76	0	Chancel	14	10
Breadth of Chancel (not			Height of Tower	99	0
including Aisles)	25	0	Square of Tower	32	0

The architectural features of the exterior of St. Mary's Church are remarkable for the variety of the different styles. The west front is a magnificent example of the transitional period between Decorated and Perpendicular. Its window of seven lights is pure Perpendicular, but the octangular buttresses, surmounted by pierced pinnacles with open parapets (closely akin to those at King's College, Cambridge), are of the late Decorated period. The south porch, to which Rickman devotes some attention in his work on "Decorated English Porches," shows a corresponding variety. The inner arch is Norman, the outer Early English ; the porch itself Perpendicular. The nave is Perpendicular, and so is the transept. A noticeable feature of the south front of the transept is the presence of the flying buttresses which support it, and which were erected from designs by Pugin in 1856. The chancel approximates to the nave in character. The tower, rising above the intersection, is Perpendicular. It has bold projecting double buttresses at the angles, circular windows on each side in its first stage, Perpendicular windows on each side in its second, and is surmounted by a battlemented parapet, topped by sixteen pinnacles, elegantly crocketed.

The interior of St. Mary's Church is not less graceful and dignified than the exterior. The nave is Perpendicular in style, and is divided from its side aisles by an arcade of six arches, resting on columns formed by the union of four cylindrical pillars, with octagonal capitals. The pillars in the nave are all worthy careful examination because of the inscriptions on their corbels, wherein is set forth the names of those who shared in the pious work of restoring the church in the sixteenth century. Of these pillars and inscriptions the most interesting, without doubt, is the sixth, which is known as the Minstrels' Pillar, and is inscribed—

This pillar made the minstrels.

Its capital is ornamented by the effigies of five minstrels, whose appearance is thus described by Poulson in his *Beverlac* :—

"The centre minstrel, from his dress, appears to be the alderman ; he is dressed in a light jacket of a tawny colour, with a blue belt round his

body, over which is a loose coat of the same colour, open in front and extending to the knees, the sleeves of which reach down to the waist ; there is a yellow chain round the neck, and he appears to be playing on a harp, which is greatly injured ; the colour of the harp is blue ; the hair is long and flowing down to the shoulders, but has no hat or pouch ; the stockings brown, and shoes red. On his right is one playing on a violin, but much defaced ; he has only a tight jacket, and a broad, flat belt, having a large pouch on the right side, with two yellow tassels appended ; a chain round the neck, but the sleeves of the jacket reach only below the elbow. The second to the right is a drummer ; his dress is similar to the last, but has affixed to the chain round his neck a badge of a blue colour, which rests on his left breast ; he holds the drum in his left hand and the stick in his right. On the left of the alderman is one playing on a lute, or guitar, with five strings ; there is nothing different in the dress, except, instead of a belt, a cord of a yellow colour tied round the body, with two large tassels and a pouch hanging on the left side ; the hair is straight and long. The next on the left is a piper ; his hair is long and curled ; his jacket tight ; round the body a cord, from which a small pouch is suspended on the right side, but without any tassels. The following are the original colours in which they were painted before they were disfigured with the present colouring : The belt, tassels, and badges, blue ; chains, yellow ; pouches, blue ; stockings, black or brown ; shirt-wrist, white or buff ; pipes, brown ; and the hair, black." The minstrels who built this pillar and are thus commemorated upon its capital appear to have belonged to a Guild or Fraternity which is said to have existed in Beverley from the time of Æthelstan, and which was in active existence during the reign of Queen Mary, who approved rules for their governance.

There are several other features of the nave of St. Mary's Church which are worthy of notice. The great west window was designed by the elder Pugin ; the west windows of the north and south aisles by the younger. All three were executed by Hardman, and each contains numerous studies of Scriptural subjects. Beneath the window in the north aisle stands the font, which Lord Grimthorpe in his "Book on Building" declares to be one of the finest large fonts of dark marble known to him. It is a fine specimen of Decorated work, octangular in shape, and at one time possessed a wealth of cinquefoil and quatrefoil tracery, which has been much defaced. On the ledge appears the following inscription :—

Pray for the soules of Waplm Jerefar, draper,
& his Wapbis which made this font of his
pper costes, the day of March V., yere
of our Lord **MCCCXX.**

The pulpit, unlike the font, is modern, and was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and presented to the church by the late Thomas Crust, sometime Town-Clerk of Beverley, who was a generous benefactor to St. Mary's in

more than this instance. Its basement is of Mansfield stone ; the lower moulding of red Italian marble ; the body of Derbyshire alabaster, inlaid with marble of various colours, and the upper moulding of Irish red marble. The details of the diaper work and the crocketed pinnacles of the body of the pulpit are copied from the Percy Tomb in the Minster, and the use of Devonshire spar and of Irish marbles in the shafts and open work gives the whole a very rich effect.

The earliest part of the architecture of St. Mary's Church is undoubtedly found in the chancel and transept. The former has five bays on each side, the arches and spandrels of those on the north being much more elaborate than those on the south. The fourth bay on the north is illustrated in Rickman's "Gothic Architecture." It possesses a fine niche, with an elaborately ornamented canopy and pedestal. Over the choir is a flat ceiling, divided into forty panels, on which are depicted the sovereigns of England, from Brutus (one of Geoffrey Monmouth's imaginary personages) to Edward IV. The stalls of the choir have misericords of a somewhat similar character to those in the Minster. Perhaps the most interesting part of the east end of the church, from an architectural point of view, is found in the last three bays of the north aisle of the chancel. These were once used as a chapel, and have a remarkable groined roof, which is thus referred to in Poulson's *Beverlac* :—"In the eastern part of the north aisle there is a groined roof, and it has a very curious appearance from the mode in which the ribs spring from the piers, and cross each other as they rise upwards. The ribs which form the groins of the roof unite on the north side in a cluster at the impost, and are continued down the pier, forming with it one unbroken line, being destitute of impost, mouldings, or capital ; but on the opposite side they all enter into rings, without appearing below them. They do not spring, as is usual, from the same circumference of one circle, but are distributed ; the arrangement produces this singular effect, that the ribs on the south side cross each other, whereas those on the north side diverge uniformly, a contrast which is extremely curious. The mouldings of these groins are highly indented and characteristic ; their strongly marked indentures produce a great effect in the crossings, and upon the north side all the mouldings, except the most prominent, coincide and disappear in the body of the column, the upper fillet and moulding of each groin only appearing, and producing by their assemblage a set of flutes not unlike those of a Corinthian column. The diagonal arch is a complete semicircle. The windows of this part of the aisle, which there can be little doubt was originally intended for a chapel, are Decorated, and the eastern one has a very fine effect.

In and about St. Mary's Church there are various inscriptions of interest. On the oaken beam of the north aisle of the chancel appears the following admonition :—

*Mayn in thy lyfing lōwe God abowen
all thyng and euer thynke at the Begynnyng
quhat schall comme off the ending.*



St. Mary's West Front.

Outside the church, on a lozenge-shaped tablet attached to the south wall of the choir, is a curious inscription surmounted by crossed swords :—

*Here two young Danish Souldiers lye,
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die,
The others Head, by their own Law
With sword was severed at one Blow.*

This strange epitaph, which is dated December 23, 1689, has reference to a tragic occurrence. When William III. arrived in England, a number of his Danish allies were landed at Hull and marched to Beverley, where they were quartered for a time. While there two of them, Daniel Straker and Johannes Frederick Bellow, quarrelled and fought, with the result that the former was killed. The further result is shown in the following extract from the parish register :—

1689. Dec. 16. Daniel Straker, a Danish trooper, buried.

Dec. 23. Johannes Frederick Bellow (beheaded for killing the other), buried.

The parish register and the churchwarden's accounts contain some curious entries. Poulson records that in the former there was set forth at the beginning the old marriage rules :—

*When Advent comes do thou refraine
till Hilary sett ye free againe ;
Next Septuagesima saith the nay,
but when Low Sunday comes thou may.
Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie
till Trinitie shall bid the mary.*

Much more curious than this, however, are certain entries in the churchwarden's accounts. One records that on the "29th daie of M'ch," 1593, there was paid to "Jo Peckett for a fox and her cubbes, according to the statute, xijd ;" another that on the 16th July 1642, Jas. Johnson was remunerated in the sum of xvij^d "for killing three owles in Woodhall Closes, that he did steadfastly affirme them to belong to this church." There is a curious entry in the accounts for 1687. "To the singers upon day of rejoicing for her ma^{tie} being with child, and for candles, j^s ij^d." Eleven years later the churchwardens record that they paid "vs for two quarts of Canary for the Archbishop"—an entry which suggests that Archbishop Sharp, who was then ruling the northern archdiocese, was anything but a strict teetotaller.

V

In and about the streets and corners of Beverley there are many things of interest to those who love to examine an old market-town for its own sake. Close to St. Mary's Church stands the ancient North Bar, the only one left of the five gates which formerly gave ingress and egress to the burghers. Prior to 1867 this fine old gate had been robbed of its former beauty by much covering of plaster and whitewash, but in that year it was restored to something like its old self, and is now one of the greatest charms of the town. It still possesses its ancient wooden gates, and though the

portcullis has gone, the aperture in which it moved is plainly discernible. Close by the North Bar was the Bar Dyke (a pool of water now covered over and enclosed within private grounds) wherein the shrews, termagants, and ladies of uneasy virtue were subjected to the punishment of the ducking-stool. The Tyburn of Beverley stood in Gallows Lane, between the bar and the hamlet of Molescroft, and where a pleasant road now runs between avenues of elms and prettily situated private houses many a criminal doubtless went sighing or cursing to his doom. Of open spaces the Beverley folk have a sufficiency. There is here a great common piece called The Westwood, which was given to the town by Neville, Archbishop of York, and extends over five hundred acres of pasturage and trees. Here, in the early mornings, strings of racehorses are much in evidence, for Beverley is well known as a training centre, and its race-meetings are of some note. Two other considerable extents of pasturage, Figham and Swinemoor, each covering nearly three hundred acres, are free to the burgesses, whose common land amounts altogether to well over a thousand acres.

Of eminent men, whose names and deeds are perhaps better known outside the town than in it, Beverley has produced several. Here in 1109 was born Alured the historian, who wrote the Life of St. John of Beverley, and was successively Canon and Treasurer of the Minster and Abbot of Rievaulx. Here, too, was born John Alcock, sometime Master of the Rolls, Privy Councillor, Lord High Chancellor of England, and successively Bishop of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely. He founded the Grammar School

at Hull, and Jesus College at Cambridge, and was buried in his cathedral of Ely in 1500. Contemporary with him was John Fisher, born at Beverley in 1459, who from being special favourite of Henry VIII. became that monarch's special aversion. It is said that he wrote the famous "Defence of the Sacraments," which was published as Henry's work, and this no doubt gained him his Bishopric of Rochester. But when the split came between Pope and King, Fisher, like a good Catholic, was all for the Pope, and his head, which the Roman Pontiff had just ornamented with a Cardinal's hat, fell on Tower Hill in 1535. More peaceful was the lot of John Green, Bishop of Incol, who, born at Beverley in 1706, left to his native town £1000 in trust for various objects, one of which was to aid some Beverley boy in securing the advantages of a university education.



*North Bar Without
Beverley.*

CHAPTER LIV

The Yorkshire Wolds

CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS—PROFESSOR PHILLIPS ON THEIR ASPECT AND GEOLOGICAL FORMATION—CONVENIENT METHODS OF EXPLORING THE WOLDS—NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MARKET WEIGHTON AND POCKLINGTON—POCKLINGTON AND ITS CHURCH—COUNTRY HOUSES OF THE DISTRICT—WARTER PRIORY—LONDESBOROUGH PARK—EVERINGHAM HALL—CHURCHES OF SHIPTON AND HAYTON—MARKET WEIGHTON AND ITS CHURCH—WILLIAM BRADLEY, THE YORKSHIRE GIANT—GOODMANHAM—HOLME-ON-SPALDING-MOOR—NORTHERN EDGE OF THE WOLDS—EVIDENCES OF ANTIQUITY IN PRESENCE OF TUMULI AND ENTRENCHMENTS—THE GYPSIES—CURIOUS PHENOMENON AT WOLD NEWTON—THE RUDSTONE TUMULI—WOLD VILLAGES AND HAMLETS—SLEDMERE AND SIR CHRISTOPHER SYKES—ROUND ABOUT GREAT DRIFFIELD—GREAT DRIFFIELD CHURCH AND ITS LEGEND—HARPHAM—LOWTHORPE—WATTON ABBEY—PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE IN THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE is probably no district in Yorkshire less known to the ordinary seeker after the picturesque features of the county than that wide-spreading stretch of hill and dale which is known under the general title of the Wolds. Until within a comparatively recent period it was uncrossed by any line of railway, and the sound of rushing trains is still less frequently heard amongst its meadows than in any other district in Yorkshire. Save for the presence of Beverley at its south-east corner, it possesses no towns of any size or importance; it has neither river, castle, or abbey of great note, and its historical associations are somewhat scanty compared with those which crowd upon the traveller's attention in almost every other part of the broad-acred shire. But in spite of this the district is full of interest, and is much more picturesque than has generally been supposed. The Wolds extend from the valley of the Derwent on the north and west to the banks of the Humber on the south, and to within an appreciable distance of the sea-coast on the east, and their greatest charm is doubtless found in the views which may be had from their highest points, which, however, rarely exceed an altitude of 600 feet. On the west side, in clear weather, there are excellent prospects of the lower portion of the vale of York; on the north of the valley of the Derwent and of the North York Moors rising beyond; on the south, in the neighbourhood of North and South Cave,

there are views of the Humber and of the villages along its banks which are as fine as anything to be seen in the county. In the heart of the Wolds there is also much beauty of scenery—quaint and interesting market-towns, old-world villages, stately country-houses set amidst wide-spreading parks, rich corn-land and luxuriant meadows, together with evidences of antiquity in the shape of entrenchments and tumuli such as no other part of the county can show. Compared with the hill districts of the west of Yorkshire the Wolds are, of course, almost insignificant so far as height, boldness, and variety are concerned, but they possess a distinct charm of their own, and are perhaps seen at their best during the carrying out of harvest operations, when all the land is heavy with the scent of ripened corn.

“The Wolds,” says Phillips, “constitute properly but one region, sloping from a curved summit, whose extremities touch the sea at Flamborough Head, and the Humber at Ferriby; but this crescent of hills is cut through by one continuous hollow—the great Wold valley from Settrington to Bridlington. Along this valley burst the most remarkable of these inter-mitting springs to which the name of ‘Gypsies’ is applied. By gradual upswellings from the cliffs of Flamborough, 159 feet, and Speeton, 450 feet, the chalk Wolds rise to 805 feet in Wilton Beacon—a mark on the old British and Roman road from Eburacum to the sea-coast; and from this point they decline gently to Hunsley Beacon, 531 feet, and beyond that drop to the Humber. Everywhere these hills present a smooth, bold front to the north and west; and from a point like Leavening Brow, which commands views in both directions, the prospect is singular and delightful. An immense vale sweeping round, with the great tower of York Minster for its centre; in the south the gleaming water of the Humber; on the west the far-off mountains; to the north, dreary moorlands; while immediately surrounding us are the green Wold hills, crowned with the tumuli and camps of semi-barbarous people, who chased the deer and wild boar through Galtres Forest, watered their flocks at Acklam Springs, chipped the flint or carved the bone, or moulded the rude pottery in their smoky huts, and listened to warriors and priests at the mound of Aldrow and the temple of Goodmanham.”

The same authority, whose geological investigations in Yorkshire were thorough and exhaustive, makes the following observations in respect to the formation of the Wolds: “After the completion of probably the whole oolitic series of rocks, the downward movement to which in these regions the sea-bed was subject, was interrupted, at least locally, by a remarkable, elevation. The effect of this is conspicuous on the line of the Woldsf where the strata of the oolitic series are bent into a broad anti-clinal, of which the axis passes near Bishop Wilton, probably in a direction from west to east. The oolitic and lias strata dipping from this axis on one side to the north, and on the other to the south (but very moderately), are, as in the cases already given—the Silurians and the coal-measures—wasted and worn down to a surface nearly horizontal on the great scale, on which the chalk rests unconformably, just as the mountain limestone rests on the



*The Fringe of the Woods
Near Market Weighton.*

Silurians and the magnesian limestone on the coal. At Bishop Wilton the removal of the oolite and lias is so nearly complete, that only a small thickness of lias separates the chalk from the new red marls. At Huggate also, within the area of the Wolds, lias was found immediately below the chalk; there is not sufficient to show whether this elevation was occasioned by gradual or sudden application of power. The level of the wasted surface of the oolites and lias below the chalk of the Wolds is about 1000 feet below that of the highest point of the North York Moors. If, according to the now generally received opinions in geology, we admit that the waste of the surface referred to was accomplished at a small depth under the sea, these lands, not in their present form indeed, may have been, and probably they were at that epoch, above the level of the sea."

The traveller who desires to make a thorough exploration of the Yorkshire Wolds will find no difficulty in traversing their entire length and breadth by means of the highways which transect them in every direction. The highroads leading from York to Beverley (by way of Pocklington and Market Weighton) and from York to Bridlington (through Stamford Bridge and Great Driffeld), intersect the district from west to east; the road from Scarborough to Hull (by way of Foxholes, Great Driffeld, and Beverley) passes almost through its exact centre, going north and south. To explore the district's every nook and corner, however, the traveller will often find it necessary to turn aside from the highways into the by-roads, which are here found in great numbers. An easier method of gaining some notion of the scenery of the Wolds is to take Market Weighton or Pocklington as a centre for one part of the district; to make Malton a starting-point for a journey through the villages on the north-west corner; and to explore the eastern side from Great Driffeld or from Beverley. Any one of these towns possesses surroundings of great interest to the archaeologist, and each makes a comfortable temporary abiding-place, but it should be borne in mind that the scenery of the Wolds is of considerable variety, and that to see it thoroughly numerous expeditions must be conducted into its midst from each point of the compass.

I

The country lying around the closely adjacent market-towns of Pocklington and Market Weighton partakes of the character of the great stretch of level land which runs from the south to the north of Yorkshire, and is only redeemed from monotony by the presence of the Wolds, which rise abruptly on its eastern edge. It is a purely agricultural country, wherein village and farmstead, church and hall, are rarely absent from the sight, and are surrounded by broad stretches of corn-land or considerable expanses of wood. There is very little undulation in this stretch of land—the highways which intersect it run for the most part in long, unbroken levels, until, beyond Market Weighton, the Wolds are reached and stiff ascents met. By

whatever ways Pocklington and Market Weighton are approached from the west—whether from Howden, Selby, or York, the characteristics of the land are the same. It is a journey over a flat country, filled with isolated farmsteads, with here and there a curious sudden upheaval of the land (as at Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, where the church is set on an eminence so sudden as to resemble an artificial earthwork) that serves only to accentuate the general appearance of the scene. The two market-towns are sleepy and quiet as the land which wraps them in. The towers of their ancient churches are seen rising over the surrounding trees and hedgerows; their red roofs and grey gables help to form the prevalent quietness of colour which distinguishes this part of Yorkshire, and their entire appearance, as seen from any point of the highroad a mile or two outside them, is eminently suggestive of peace. Save on market or fair days, they are just as peaceful as they look—quiet little places wherein everything seen seems to have a more or less direct connection with husbandry, and into which the scent of the country lanes outside seem to have penetrated for ever.

Pocklington makes a brave show, viewed from the branch road which connects it with the highway leading from York to Market Weighton, and it has some claim to be considered as ranking well amongst the smaller Yorkshire market-towns, seeing that it trades in flax and iron, corn and malt, makes good malt liquor, and has a considerable commerce in farm produce. Its historical associations, if few, are of undoubted antiquity. It was originally a royal manor, and is said to have frequently been visited by John Lackland, who sold it, presumably for ready money, about the end of the thirteenth century. There was a market charter in existence a hundred years later, when the manor appears to have been in the hands of the Abbot of Melsa, who, according to Mr. Wheeler, had received it from exchange for certain lands and rights in the neighbourhood of Hull. The great feature of Pocklington, however, and its possession is, without doubt, its very fine parish



CROSS AT POCKLINGTON

church, a building of great antiquity, the situation of which is much spoiled by being hemmed in by houses and buildings on every side. Set in the midst of a spacious churchyard this church would form a very striking

very fine parish
possession is,
however, and its
The great feature
the neighbour-
certain lands
Wheater, had
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istence a hundred
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sumably for ready
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Its historical asso-
able commerce
malt liquor, and

object—in its present cramped position the beauties of its architecture are half obscured. It consists of a very massive western tower, buttressed at the angles, and topped by a pinnacled battlement, a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, and chancel, and is of considerable dimensions. The architectural features of the interior are of much interest, and the traveller will particularly observe the grotesque capitals of the columns which divide the nave from the aisle on the north side, and those on the piers of the arches of the tower. Just within the church and beneath the tower stands a remarkably fine cross, which was found in digging a grave in the churchyard without in 1835, and was subsequently restored and afterwards placed in its present position. It is of considerable proportions, and has been apparently of very early work, possibly Saxon, but it has undergone so much renovation as to look somewhat new. The inscription about its base, "Hic Paulinus prædicavit et celebravit," is new, and there appears to be no evidence that Paulinus ever visited Pocklington, though it is equally certain that there is no evidence that he did not.

In and about Pocklington church there are numerous things of much curious interest. On a tablet on the east wall outside the church appears the following inscription, commemorating a man who appears to have practised the trade of steeple-jack, and to have met his death in following it :—

In
Memory of
THOS. PELLING, BURTON STATHER,
in Lincolnshire,
commonly called the flying man,
who was killed against the
Battlement of the choir,
when coming down the
rope from the steeple of this church.
This Fatal accident
happened on the 14th, and
he was buried the 16th of
April 1733, exactly under the Place where he died.
Restored by subscription 1889.

Within the church, near the great west door, another tablet records the demise of a former parish clerk in terms of sound, if moderate praise :—

Here
lyeth the body of JOHN
DOBSON, Parish Clerk, 51
years, who succeeded his
father and grandfather in that
office and whose Great-grand-
father was vicar of this church.
He was a man diligent in his
office, faithful to his masters,
and courteous to all men.
He died February 25, A.D. 1730,
Aged 80.

The most notable object in the interior of the church is an elaborate carving which is placed over the tomb of the Denisons, in the chancel, and which was brought from Italy by a member of the family. It is one of the finest examples of this particular art in the county, and depicts the Crucifixion, our Lord bearing the Cross, and the Descent from the Cross, with some smaller groups and subjects. There is also an imposing monument in memory of Thomas Dolman, armiger, with his wife, three daughters, and five sons, and another, very well preserved, in memory of one of the Soteby family. A little distance from the church stands the



Warter Priory

Grammar School, founded in 1515, and possesses a certain interest in the fact that William Wilberforce was educated within its walls.

In the immediate vicinity of Pocklington there are several country-houses of some importance and interest. On the north-east Kildwick Percy Hall, standing on a gentle eminence, is chiefly notable as having been at one time a seat of the Percy family, who had much land hereabouts. At a little distance in the same direction is Warter Priory, the Yorkshire seat of Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., a principal member of the famous Hull shipping firm. Close to the park in which Warter Priory is enclosed lies Nunburnholme, a prettily-situated village with pleasant surroundings. Southward of Nunburnholme is Londesborough Park, the seat of the Earls of Londesborough. Here, according to Mr. Wheeler, there was at one time a Roman villa, and Roman remains have at various times been discovered in the neighbourhood. The groves and plantations,

says the same authority, were designed by the famous Earl of Burlington of architectural celebrity, to whom the estate at one time belonged. The church contains several memorials of the Earls of Burlington, and the present hall, one of the finest country seats in the county, has a certain interest attaching to it in the fact that it was for a short time the property of Hudson, the Railway King and erstwhile linen-draper of York. The church is ancient and interesting, and contains, in addition to the Burlington memorials, some quaint brasses and monuments. Due south of Pocklington, on the road leading to Holme-on-Spalding-Moor lies Everingham Park, the seat of Lord Herries. Once the feudal stronghold of a family which distinguished itself in the middle ages and bore the name of Everingham, it was in later times the home of the Constables, a famous East Riding family, and its church contains monuments in memory of some of them, and notably of one Sir Robert Constable, who died in 1560. The house contains a valuable collection of manuscripts and pictures, and is surrounded by very extensive ornamental gardens. There is an



Everingham chapel in the church, and in the churchyard stands a curious Saxon font of great interest.

On the highroad between Pocklington and Market Weighton there are two small villages, Hayton and Shipton, which possess churches of more than ordinary interest. Each is of small dimensions, and both have been carefully restored within recent years. That of Hayton has a west tower,

battlemented and pinnacled, a nave, south aisle, and chancel, and a Norman arch over the door of the porch on the south side. The main architectural features of the interior are the circular arches which divide the nave from the aisle, and which spring from cylindrical pillars terminating in sculptured capitals adorned with grotesques. There is a fine example of the pointed arch between the nave and the belfry, also ornamented with grotesque carvings. Shipton church somewhat resembles that of Hayton in its exterior appearance, but has a north instead of a south aisle, and possesses a very fine Norman arch with beak-head ornaments. Here, too, the nave is divided from the aisle by cylindrical pillars, more massive than those of Hayton, and there are circular windows in the chancel and in the east wall of the aisle.

Market Weighton, approached along a pleasant stretch of highroad from Shipton, is at first sight a sleepy and quiet town, smaller than Pocklington, and, like it, almost entirely devoted to agricultural pursuits. When Cooke wrote of it nearly a century ago, he describes it as having one long street, and this description still holds good, though smaller streets have sprung away from it. The same topographer mentions a curious circumstance in connection with the holding of the weekly market at this

place—viz., that it never began until four o'clock in the afternoon, and that in winter the main part of the business was transacted after darkness had fallen. Until Drake's time, it was generally held that Market Weighton was identical with the Roman *Delgovitia*, but his contention that the latter had its site at Londesborough appears to possess reasonable grounds for belief. Market Weighton, however, has certain claims to antiquity, and was of sufficient importance in Leland's time to attract his notice. It is not particularly noticeable nowadays, save for its interest as an agricultural centre, and as a convenient place from which to start out on expeditions to the numerous barrows, tumuli, and earthworks in its neigh-



bourhood. What appears to have struck Cooke in his itinerary of 1812 may well strike the traveller of to-day, namely, that its principal inn is the most striking object in the centre of the town, though his epithets of "spacious," "elegant," and "magnificent," were possibly more fitting ninety years ago than they are to-day. The parish church, though of great age, is not of any interest, and is chiefly noticeable because of the ugly way in which its tower has been repaired with red brick. It may be of interest to some minds to learn that here, in 1792, was born William Bradley, known to fame as the Yorkshire Giant. Before his twentieth year had elapsed he had attained a height of 7 feet 8 inches, and a weight of 27 stones. He died in 1820, and his right hand is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons.

A little distance to the north-east of Market Weighton, on a gentle eminence, from which there are charming views of the immediate neighbourhood, stands the church of Goodmanham, full of interest because of its association with the pagan temple which Venerable Bede in his Ecclesiastical History declares to have stood here, and of which Coifi is said to have been high-priest. Goodmanham itself is one of the prettiest villages in the Wold district, and its church possesses some interesting Norman work. In its immediate neighbourhood there was discovered during the construction of the railway line which connects Market Weighton with Beverley, the plainly defined lines of a Roman camp and a number of Roman remains, including pottery, coins, glass and jet ornaments, together with the bones of animals. All round this part of the district tumuli and barrows, too, are frequent, and the archæologist will find little difficulty in perceiving numerous traces of its occupation in pre-Roman times.

One of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood of Market Weighton is the village of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, which is approached by following the highroad to Selby over some miles of dead, uninteresting level country. The monotony of the earth's surface hereabouts is relieved at the entrance to Holme by the sudden uprising of the earth into the shape of a mound, which is so regularly formed as to give the traveller a feeling of certainty that it is of artificial construction. Its base is almost circular, and it rises by a regular ascent to the height of about 120 feet. From the summit there are magnificent views of the surrounding country, and especially over the flat expanse which stretches from Hatfield Chase to beyond York. The church stands on the summit of this remarkable mound and forms a prominent object of the landscape from every point. According to the Torre MSS., this church was a rectory in the patronage of the Constables of Flamborough, as far back as 1299, and was forfeited to the Crown in consequence of the high treason of Sir Robert Constable in 1537. The Constables held the manor of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor for several centuries, and finally sold it to Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who distinguished himself in the service of Charles I. at Pontefract and elsewhere. In addition to the parish church there was formerly in Holme a

chapel of St. Nicholas, and the following entry in the Torre MSS. records the establishment of a chantry in it by one of the Constable family. "In this chapel was founded a chantry by Sir Marmaduke Constable of Flamborough, A.D. 1349 ; and he and his descendants presented cantarists, or chaplains, to it, until the year 1532 inclusive. Sir Marmaduke granted to John Champneys, the first chaplain, and his successors for ever, one messuage, sixty acres of land, and one acre of meadow, in the town and terri-



Holme on Spalding Moor

tories of Holme, for them to celebrate divine services for ever in the said chapel of St. Nicholas, for the good estate of the said Sir Marmaduke, his wife Joan, and William de la Zouch, archbishop of York, while living, and for their souls after death."

There appears to be every reason to believe that the curious situation of the hill at Holme was taken full advantage of in the days when the surrounding country was almost entirely covered by marshes and bogs. The hill is locally known as Beacon Hill, and the remains of what appear to have been a beacon are still to be seen there. There was, however, another custom in existence here having for its object the comfort and safety of persons travelling in the immediate neighbourhood. "On the edge of Spalding Moor," says Bigland, "was a cell, founded either by one of the Vavasours of Spaldington or of the Constables of Holme, for two monks, whose employment was to guide travellers over these dreary wastes : while one of them acted as conductor, the other implored, by prayer, the protection of Heaven for those that were exposed to the dangers of the

road ; and these offices they alternately performed. It is generally supposed that this establishment was at Welham-bridge, on the little river Foulness, about four miles from Holme and three miles from Howden, and on the present road between these two places. Some, however, think it was more probable that the cell was at Monk-farm, the estate of Mr. Barnard Clarkson of Holme House. The situations are equally fit for the purpose, being both on the edge of the moor ; and the name of Monk-farm, as well as the site of a small building moated round, seems to favour the opinion that this was the place of the cell in question ; or perhaps there may have been two or more establishments of this nature, a circumstance which does not appear improbable. At present, indeed, when these extensive wastes are well drained, enclosed, and cultivated, overspread with well-built farm houses, and crossed by excellent turnpike roads from Howden to Market Weighton, and from Howden to Cave, a stranger can scarcely conceive how any danger could ever be apprehended in travelling through such a district. But there are persons yet living," concludes Bigland, writing in 1812, "who can remember the time when any one unacquainted with the country would have found it both a difficult and dangerous attempt, in foggy or stormy weather, to cross the common without a conductor." Mr. Wheeler fixes the exact site of the monk-conductor's house at Whalsea, on the south-east border of the parish.

South-east of Market Weighton, and due east in the direction of Beverley, there are several villages and hamlets lying in more or less picturesque positions on the lower slopes of the Wolds, wherein the traveller will find various matters of interest. Round about North and South Newbald there are several notable things and scenes—the Norman arches in the church door, the fine old font within the church, the tumuli and intrenchments on the neighbouring slopes. At Sancton lies Lord Langdale, better known as Sir Marmaduke of Civil War fame, and close by is a great house, Houghton Hall, which occupies an ideal situation. Close to the Newbalds, north and south, and through Hotham, a mile away, ran the ancient Ermine Street of the Romans. Links with the past are many in this corner of the county. Between Market Weighton and Beverley the land is full of suggestion and of evidence of the days of long ago. At the curiously named hamlet of Arras, a little way out of the first-named town, there have been found indubitable traces of a Brigantian settlement. Early in the century several barrows were opened, and yielded rich store of curious relics of undoubted early British origin. Edward I. lodged at Bishop's Burton while he recruited the army which he was leading against the Scots, and there, too, the Archbishops of York had a palace. More important, however, to the traveller in search of the picturesque is the fact that the southern slopes of the Wolds are full of quiet, peaceful scenery, eminently characteristic of the rural pursuits and occupations in which the people who tenant them are always engaged.

II

A careful inspection of a map of the district lying immediately between the Derwent at Malton and the sea-coast at Flamborough Head, will show the traveller that the country through which he must pass in journeying from either of these points to the other is in most respects singularly unlike any other part of Yorkshire. There are no railway lines and no towns; the villages do not seem to be of any considerable size, and the open spaces which appear between them contrast curiously with the crowded state of a map of the western districts of the county. Many other things in the contemplation of a map of the northern edge of the Yorkshire Wolds strike the observant traveller as soon as he consults it. The place-names are strange and unfamiliar. How many there are



Bishop Burton

terminating in "thorpe" only the expert dare say! Then in addition to "thorpes" there are numerous "tofts" and "bys" and "hams" and "tons," not a few "dales," and at least one "wang," and the nomenclature of villages and hamlets is altogether in sharp contrast to that of the places just across the Derwent. "Thwing," "Kirby Grindalythe," "Langtoft," "Wetwang"—these names are quite unfamiliar in sound and appearance to ears and eyes accustomed to the place-names of the West Riding, the border country, or to the banks of the Humber. Then again a further inspection of the map shows the presence of numerous—it might almost fittingly be said innumerable—intrenchments, earthworks, and tumuli, spreading all over the face of the land from the banks of the Derwent to the cliffs of the North Sea. No other part of Yorkshire—perhaps no other

part of England—is so thickly covered with these remains of a bygone age as this, and it may well be said of a man who has crossed the edge of the Wolds in a straight line from Malton to Flamborough that he has walked over a land strewn thick with the bones of dead men.

In Sir John Lubbock's work, "Prehistoric Times as illustrated by Ancient Remains," there is a good deal of information as to the researches conducted by a well-known archæologist, Canon Greenwell, amongst the tumuli of the Yorkshire wolds and moors. Up to the time of the publication of that work (1869), some ninety tumuli had been examined in Yorkshire by Canon Greenwell and his associates, and of these sixty were found on the wolds: at Weaverthorpe (18), Ganton (8), Potter Brompton (7), Enthorpe (6), Wellerby (6), Sherburn (6), Gardham (4), and at Butterwick, Rudstone,



The Malton Road near Kirby Grindale.

Heslerton, Duggleby, Langton, Underdale, and Kirby (1 each). There can be little doubt from the results of these exhaustive examinations that this part of Yorkshire was tenanted at a very early period in the history of the British race. Only one piece of iron was discovered during these researches, and this was the fragment of a fibula, unearthed from one of the tumuli at Weaverthorpe. Relics of the bronze age were more numerous, while articles fashioned of bone and flint were still more in evidence. Implements and weapons of the stone age outnumbered those of bone or flint, and were unearthed from most of the tumuli. In the majority of cases bones were found mixed up with the other remains, and were in a sufficiently good state of preservation as to enable experts to come to some definite and interesting opinions upon them and their

surroundings. Urns, drinking-vessels, beads of glass and jet, pottery, and articles of personal adornment were discovered in considerable quantities, and the general result of the researches seems to have been a conclusive proof that the tumuli were the burial-places of members of the earlier British tribes who were familiar with stone, not unacquainted with bronze, but ignorant of the uses and value of iron.

Another feature of the northern district of the Wolds is found in the presence of the intermittent streams known as "gypsies." "Of these variable and intermittent streams which appear on the surface of the chalk valleys in Yorkshire," says Professor Phillips, "the principal, rising at Wold Newton, runs by a short course to Burton Fleming, Maiden Grain, Rudstone, Boynton, and Bridlington Quay. Another bursts forth with violence after wet seasons at Kilham. The wolds of Yorkshire absorb so freely the rain which falls, and allow it so easily to pass for great distances underground, that many of the valleys are dry for miles, and springs burst out naturally, or may be obtained by art, at points beyond the chalky surface. The artificial process is exemplified in artesian wells; the natural efflux by the intermittent spring in the harbour of Bridlington." Bigland gives a description of the principal gypsey—that of Wold Newton—with the naïve remark that it merits the attention of the philosophical tourist. ". . . In winter, or early in the spring," he says, "it is seen trickling through the grass where the ground is not broken, and sometimes rushing with considerable force through the surface; and the emission of water is often so copious as to constitute a very considerable stream, filling a drain twelve feet wide and three feet deep, called by the country people the Gipsy-race, by which it is conveyed to the sea. This," continues the same author, giving an opinion of his own, "is probably the reappearance of a Wold stream, running eastward till it is absorbed a few miles to the west of this village; but it is undoubtedly accelerated and augmented by a continuance of heavy rains; and indeed the 'gypsies' never make their appearance except in a very wet season, when they sometimes flow during two or three months, and then totally cease, leaving scarcely a mark to distinguish the place from which the water issued."

The village of Wold Newton, near which the principal gypsey issues on its way to Bridlington Quay harbour, has attained considerable fame through its connection with another curious natural phenomenon—a meteorite which fell upon it as from heaven in 1795, and which is to be seen by all inquisitive folk who will visit the Natural History Museum. The story of its advent upon earth is curious and interesting. About the end of the eighteenth century there was living at the house known as Wold Cottage, which stands a little distance away from Wold Newton, a gentleman named Edward Topham, who was a notable person in many ways. Mr. Wheater speaks of him as the son of Francis Topham, a judge of the

Prerogative Court, as having been educated at Eton and Cambridge, and as a soldier of known ability. He was the friend of many eminent literary men and wits of his time, and notably of Wilkes and of Sheridan, and he wrote some plays and a life of Miser Elwes. He appears, after leaving the army, to have settled down at Wold Cottage to the life and pursuits of a country gentleman, and it was while he was thus engaged that the event occurred which brought his name into still further prominence. About three o'clock in the afternoon of December 13, 1795, there descended upon the earth, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Topham's house, a large meteorite, of considerable dimensions and weight. Of the exact manner of its falling and of its reception in this world, Mr. Topham shortly afterwards wrote the following very interesting account to Mr. Bigland, who communicated it to Mr. Sowerby, who in his turn published it in his work on British mineralogy:—

“The stone in question fell within two fields of my house. The weather was misty, and at times inclining to rain; and though there was some thunder and lightning at a distance, it was not till the falling of the stone that the explosion took place, which alarmed the surrounding country, and which created so distinctly the sensation that something very singular had happened. When the stone fell, a shepherd of mine, who was returning from his sheep, was about 150 yards from the spot, and John Shipley, one of my farming men, was so near the spot where it fell that he was struck very forcibly by some of the mud and earth raised by the stone dashing into the earth, which it penetrated to the depth of twelve inches, and seven afterwards into the chalk rock; making in all a depth of nineteen inches from the surface.

“When the stone was passing through the air, which it did in a north-west direction from the sea-coast, numbers of persons distinguished a body passing through the clouds, though not able to ascertain what it was; and two sons of the clergyman of Wold Newton (a village near me) saw it pass so distinctly by them that they ran up immediately to my house to know if anything extraordinary had happened. In the different villages over which the stone took its direction, various were the people who heard the noise of something passing through the air, accurately and distinctly, though they could not imagine what was the cause of it; and in many of the provincial newspapers these accounts were published at the time from different persons. In fact, no circumstance of the kind had ever more concurrent testimonies; and the appearance of the stone itself, while it resembles in composition those which are supposed to have fallen in various other parts of the world, has no counterpart or resemblance in the natural stones of the country.

“The stone in its fall excavated a place of the depth before mentioned, and of something more than a yard in diameter. It had fixed itself so strongly in the chalk rock, that it required labour to dig it out. On being brought home it was weighed, and the weight at the time was fifty-six pounds, which has been diminished in a small degree at present by dif-

ferent pieces being taken from it as presents to different literati of the country. . . . All these three witnesses who saw it fall agree perfectly in their account of the manner of its fall, and that they saw a dark body passing through the air, and ultimately strike the ground; and though from their situation and character in life they could have no possible object in detailing a false account of this transaction, I felt so desirous of giving this matter every degree of authenticity that, as a magistrate, I took their account upon oath immediately upon my return into the



Welwand

country. I saw no reason to doubt any of their evidence, after the most minute investigation of it."

With a zeal and fervour quite in keeping with his conduct in putting his labourers upon their oath, Mr. Topham erected an obelisk upon the exact spot where the meteorite fell, and caused the following inscription to be graved upon it:—

Here
On this spot, Dec. 13th, 1795,
Fell from the atmosphere
An extraordinary stone,
In breadth twenty-eight inches,
In length thirty-six inches,
And
Whose weight was fifty-six pounds.
This column,
In memory of it,
Was erected by
EDWARD TOPHAM,
1799.

Phillips refers briefly to this meteorite—which he also speaks of as a “mass of iron”—in the same paragraph in which he speaks of another extremely interesting object in this neighbourhood, the monolith in the churchyard of Rudstone, a village somewhat to the south-east of Wold Newton. This is a vast mass of stone, more considerable in size than the more famous “Devil’s Arrows” of Boroughbridge, and quite unlike them in composition. Mr. Wheeler gives its total weight—under and above ground—as being quite forty feet and its weight twenty-eight tons, but some authorities have stated the latter to approach nearly fifty tons. As to the origin and significance of this stone there are various opinions. Gibson, in his additions to Camden’s *Britannia*, speaks of it as “. . . a kind of pyramidal stone of great weight. Whether the name of the town may not have some relation to it can be known only from the private history of the place; but if the stone bear any resemblance to a cross, *rod* in Saxon signifies as much.” Professor Phillips refers to it as “a famous monolith, possibly sacred in Saxon times, and so named ‘Roodstone,’ *i.e.* Stone of the Cross—but also possibly a Druid stone of earlier date, dear to an earlier creed.” The church of Rudstone, close to which this remarkable stone is placed, is an exceedingly interesting example of the Norman and Decorated periods, and is full of notable architectural features and beauties, and the churchyard possesses an ancient cist of undressed stone discovered in the neighbourhood some years ago.

One of the most interesting and fruitful examinations of Yorkshire tumuli ever conducted took place at Rudstone in 1869, under the supervision of Canon Greenwell. In the immediate vicinity of the village there was a group of barrows, seven in number, and of these two were thoroughly excavated. The first, 66 feet in diameter, was formed of earth and chalk, and contained numerous bodies of men, women, and children, and a quantity of bronze and flint implements, of which the most interesting were two drinking vessels of clay, ornamented with very elaborate patterns. The second barrow, also formed of earth and chalk, was of rather larger diameter, surrounded by a trench, and the natural surface of the ground on which it was raised was covered by a pavement of hardened soil. Here, too, numerous bodies of human beings were discovered, some of them reposing in cavities lined with wood. Baines, in his “Yorkshire: Past and Present,” gives the following interesting account of one particular discovery made in the excavation of this barrow:—“On the east side, and just within the circumference of a central circular grave, and six inches above the natural surface, was the body of a man on the right side, head west, right hand under the head, left up to breast. There was a plank of willow on each side of the body, the planks being 3 feet 6 inches long, and 1 foot 6 inches apart. It was not a coffin, but merely a wooden protection on each side. In front of the head was a food-vessel urn, with four unpierced ears, covered with impressions of the end of some implement. Close by

the urn and skull was a most beautifully perfect and large barbed arrow-point of flint, fresh as the day when made. The point was away from the head, and it is probable the shaft (decayed) was held in the right hand when interred. With the arrow was part of an ammonite—a sort of charm. The body of the person buried was that of a roundhead (the *brachycephali*), with the lowest development of forehead and the most debased skull conceivable for that of a human being." In this, as in the other barrow, numerous relics were found, most of them manufactured from flint, and the general evidence showed that the tribe living hereabouts at the time when the tumuli were raised were of brachycephalic type of a very low order, unaccustomed to active or warlike pursuits and ignorant of the use of iron.

In the almost four-square stretch of country bounded at each corner by Rudstone, Langtoft, Foxholes, and North Burton, with Thwing rising in the middle like a capital, there are numerous places and objects of interest. Thwing itself is a well-situated village of some antiquity, and was the birthplace of Thomas Lamplugh, Archbishop of York (1688-91), who is commemorated by a tablet in the chancel of the church, the communion plate of which was his gift. Another eminent ecclesiastic, John de Thwing, sometime Prior of Bridlington, was also a native of the parish, and it is said that miracles were wrought at his tomb. The church is somewhat ancient and interesting, as is also that of Langtoft, a little distance to the south-west, where there are some architectural features of note. This village was the birthplace of Piers of Langtoft, a monkish chronicler of the Middle Ages and a Canon of Bridlington Priory. Near Langtoft there are traces of a Roman camp, and between it and Foxholes on either side of the highroad which leads from Great Driffeld to Scarborough there are numerous intrenchments. Mr. Wheeler speaks of there being no less than one hundred and ninety-seven mounds, varying in height from one to seven feet between Gallows Hill and the Danes' Graves, a little south of Langtoft, and says that at one time these graves of a long dead race were much more numerous than at present. The tumuli and intrenchments continue north of Langtoft—there is, in fact, scarcely a rood of ground hereabouts which does not contain some memorial of the folk who inhabited these regions more than two thousand years ago, or of the more civilised races who settled in these lonely places after the Romans had left the country. Between the villages of North Burton and Wold Newton there is a tumulus of considerable size, locally known as Willy Howe, which is 300 feet in circumference and 60 feet in height, and has not yet been fully excavated. At North Burton Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., once rested in the old manor-house, on her way from Bridlington to York in 1642, which fact is duly recorded in the parish register.

The country lying on the north-west corner of the Wolds, while not less prolific than that of the north-east as regards a yield of tumuli and

earthworks, is somewhat more interesting in its aspects and in its possession of more attractive villages and hamlets. The traveller who wishes to make himself fully acquainted with the district will find Sledmere a most convenient centre from whence to make his excursions. Sledmere itself lies in the great Wold valley, and still deserves the encomiums which Bigland, in very ornate language, poured out upon it nearly a century ago. "Sledmere," he says, "... may be considered as the ornament of that bleak and hilly district. All the surrounding scenery displays the judicious taste of the late and present proprietors, the circumjacent hills are adorned with elegant farm-houses covered with blue slate, and resembling villas erected for the purpose of rural retirement. The farms are in as high a state of cultivation as the soil will admit; and in summer the waving crops in the fields, the houses of the tenantry elegantly constructed and judiciously dispersed, the numerous and extensive plantations skirting the slopes of the hills, and the superb mansion with its ornamented grounds in the centre of the vale, forms a magnificent and luxuriant assemblage little to be expected in a country like the Wolds; and to a stranger on his sudden approach the *coup d'oeil* is singularly novel and striking." If this seems a little extravagant, it must be borne in mind that Sledmere as it now is has been brought into a state of fertility out of one of something like absolute barrenness. Originally the residence of the Wyvilles, Sledmere was transformed by the labours of Sir Christopher Sykes, into the possession of whose family it had passed, and concerning whose skill in laying out his estate more than one remarkable tribute has been paid. Opposite the entrance to the park in which Sledmere House is situated there is an ornamental well, circular in shape, ornamented by a dome over which is a weather-cock in the form of a fox. On the frieze appears the following inscription:—"This edifice was erected by Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., to the memory of his father, Sir Christopher Sykes, Bart., who by assiduity and perseverance in building, planting, and enclosing on the Yorkshire Wolds, in the short space of thirty years set such an example to other owners of land as has caused what once was a bleak and barren tract of country to become now one of the most productive and best cultivated districts in the county of York." Hinderwell, the historian of Scarborough, remarking on the improvements made by Sir Christopher Sykes at Sledmere, observes in his best reflective vein:—"The pages of history have blazoned the deeds of heroes who, in the career of ambition and conquest, have subdued and desolated the fertile provinces; but how much more dignified in character, in the eye of reason, is he who clothes the land with the beauties of a new creation, converts the barren waste into a fertile region, and diffuses peace, plenty, and cheerfulness through an extensive district!" Sir Christopher Sykes appears to have been decidedly a man of parts, for he not only effected the marvellous transformation of the district surrounding Sledmere, but designed his own house and superintended its erection. It is built in

somewhat plain style, without pretension to great architectural beauty, but it contains one magnificent apartment, used as a library, which is over 150 feet in length and is superbly decorated. There is a fine collection of books here, and the pictures include examples by some of the greatest masters. The name of Sykes is naturally a great power in the land hereabouts, and there are few persons who are not familiar with the stories told of the famous Sir Tatton Sykes, a prince of Yorkshiremen and a lover of the good old ways, who carried his affection for ancient custom to such a zealous extent that long after railways had come into being he rode or drove all the way to Epsom to see the Derby run. In honour of him there stands on an eminence between Sledmere and Garton a pillar 120 feet in height, but he will probably live in the hearts and affections of Yorkshiremen long after this memorial has crumbled into dust.

The country-side round about Sledmere is full of interesting places and things. At Towthorpe there are numerous tumuli, which have been excavated at various times, and at Burdale there is a curious declivity and some stones of odd shape. From South Wold (808 feet) there is a magnificent prospect of the valley of the Derwent as that river winds towards Malton, and of the vale of York, stretching for mile after mile to the westward. There is another magnificent view of the surrounding country from Acklam Wold, and Acklam itself, a quaint little place, is well worthy of more than a casual visit. On Acklam Wold, in 1850, several tumuli were opened under the auspices of the Yorkshire Antiquarian Club, and yielded some valuable results illustrating the burial practices of the early inhabitants of these districts. "Two remarkable bone needles of great length (one was nine inches long) were found," observes Professor Phillips, "and several urns, all of rude construction; not made by help of the potter's wheel, but ornamented by the point of a stick. Some of these urns contained the ashes of burnt human bodies and the bones of small animals; but others were placed in the earth either empty or filled with perishable matter—perhaps food. In one tumulus we had a buried skeleton and burnt remains, so placed that the contemporaneity of cremation and burial is certainly proved." All about Acklam, and about the neighbouring villages of Leavening, Birdsall, Langton (where there is a famous training establishment for race-horses), Wharram Percy, and Fridaythorpe, intrenchments and tumuli are seen on every side. It is interesting to know that the tumuli of this district, as of the whole of Yorkshire, have, when opened, almost entirely yielded purely British remains. According to Phillips, no Roman tumuli had been discovered in the county up to his time; a few of the sepulchral mounds opened were of Anglian origin, but the greater part proved when examined to be the last homes of the early British.

III

The market-town of Great Driffield, lying a little to the east of the Wold district, is possessed of a good deal of interest to the archæologist, and is one of the most notable of the smaller market-towns of Yorkshire. It is well built and well arranged, and stands on an expanse of level ground watered by a stream which runs into the river Hull, after having been expanded into a very useful canal during the last stretches of its journey. Like Pocklington and Market Weighton it is a purely agricultural centre, and has always been famous as a corn-market. It possesses some good buildings, and its main street is of a praiseworthy breadth. At its smaller member, Little Driffield, a mile to the westward, there is said to have been a palace of the Kings of Northumbria, whereat died Ælfred the virtuous, who had repaired thither after being wounded at the fight at Ebberston, on the north bank of the Derwent, in 705. In the church there is a tablet which thus commemorates the event :—

Here lies the body of ALFRED, King of Northumberland, who
departed this life January 19th, A.D. 705, in the
xxth year of his reign.

Statutum est omnibus semel mori.

Cooke in his Topographical Description of Yorkshire (1812) gives a curious account of some proceedings at Little Driffield in 1784, wherefrom it would appear that certain learned gentlemen of that day had hopelessly confused their brains over the separate identities of Ælfred the Great and Ælfred, King of Northumbria. "In 1784," he says, "the Society of Antiquarians, having had undoubted information that the remains of King Alfred the Great, who died in the year 901, were deposited in the parish church of Little Driffield, about four miles west from hence, deputed two of that learned body (accompanied by some other gentlemen) to take up and examine the same: accordingly, on Tuesday the 20th of September 1784, the above gentlemen, with proper assistants, entered the church for that purpose, to be directed to the identical spot by a secret history. After digging some time they found a stone coffin, and on opening the same, discovered the entire skeleton of that great and pious prince, together with most part of his steel armour, the remainder of which had probably corroded by rust and length of time. After satisfying their curiosity the coffin was closed, as well as the grave, that everything might remain in the same state as when found. In the history above alluded to," continues Cooke, evidently quite unconscious that he was writing mere rubbish, "it appears that King Alfred, being wounded in the battle of Stanford Briggs, returned to Driffield, where he languished of his wounds twenty days, and then expired, and was interred in the parish church thereof. During his

sickness he chartered four fairs, which are now annually held." Cooke then quotes the inscription on the tablet in the church, giving the date, 705, quite correctly, and passes cheerfully on to his next subject, apparently unconscious that within one brief paragraph he had slain his subject in 1066, chronicled his death in 901, and interred him in 905.

Whether Ælfred really died and was buried at Driffield (and it must be noted that there is no satisfactory evidence to show that he was), and if the place was at that time a fortified stronghold of the Northumbrian kings, is a matter which must be left to conjecture. The presence in its midst of a Moot-hill, or law place, shows that it was of some importance previous to the Norman invasion. It was given by Henry III. to his sister Joan as a marriage portion when she espoused the King of Scots, and from her descendants it subsequently passed into the hands of the Baliols, by whom it was held during several successions. It appears to have had a market-charter from a very early period, and its four annual fairs for the sale of horses, horned cattle, and sheep seem to have been held from the time when the Baliols were in possession of town and manor.

The parish church of Great Driffield is connected by legend with the family of Hotham. It is said that one of the members of that family being grievously sick made a solemn vow to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Recovering, he was either disinclined to fulfil his vow or found himself unable to perform it, wherefore in satisfaction he caused to be erected in Great Driffield a church of some size and beauty. Whether this be mere legend or not it is certain that the edifice (which has been recently restored in very good and fitting style) can boast a respectable antiquity, since it was given to Gerard Archbishop of York (1101-1108) by Henry I. As it stands at present it consists of nave, aisles, chancel, south porch, and west tower, the latter very massive and lofty, with buttresses, battlements, and pinnacles, and a fine niche over the west window. The doorway of the south porch is plain Norman, and is

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spoiled by the porch itself. A smaller doorway, apparently of the same period, and ornamented with foliated capitals to its columns, opens into the south wall of the chancel. A pointed arch separates the latter from the nave, which is divided from the aisles by circular arches. Over the east window of the south aisle there is a figure which is held by some persons to be that of Paulinus, who, if all that is said of him be true, must have used considerable ingenuity in contriving to visit so many places in days when means of transit were at least elementary. There are no monuments of particular interest.

Like almost every other place in the wold district Great Driffield is surrounded by evidences of the early British days. Tumuli are spread thickly all over the adjacent country and have yielded some of the most interesting finds of the century. Flint and bronze, glass, jet, and amber, urns, drinking-vessels, and rude implements have been found buried with the bones of long-dead folk. In 1851, by the desire of the Earl of Lonsborough, Mr. Bowman undertook the excavation of several tumuli in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. "In a pasture called King's Mill," says Professor Phillips, "two skeletons and several flint spear-heads were found. In a field near Allamanwath Bridge, a high tumulus covered an irregular vault, 4 or 5 feet long, 3 feet broad, and 2½ feet deep. It was formed of untooled slabs on the sides and ends, covered with another slab, and paved with smaller stones. In it was a large skeleton with the legs drawn up, the head placed towards the east; near the knees was a fine urn, with the usual zig-zag British ornament. Near the right arm was an unique object—a piece of bone six inches long, squared at the ends, with four golden rivets, two at each end. In the vault were a bronze dagger, three large beads of amber, bone, and stone, the upper part of a hawk's beak, a piece of woollen stuff, or leather, and a buckle. *No trace* of iron in the tumulus. On every side of this vault were found skeletons buried with little symmetry or ceremony. Marks of much cremation; some charcoal, half-burned human bones, and reddened soil. Flint spear-heads were found, and fragments of urns, some British, others Anglo-Saxon. The mound was probably used for burials long after the central hero was laid to rest."

A few miles to the north-east of Great Driffield there is an interesting village named Kilham, which was once upon a time a much more important market-town than Great Driffield is now. It lies in a picturesque situation in a valley half hidden at the foot of the Wolds, and is mainly noticeable for its long main street, which runs from east to west for a distance of over a mile. According to the people of Kilham the population of the village was once much more considerable in numbers than it is now, and the place took rank before either Great Driffield or Bridlington as a trading centre. The size of the parish church lends some colour to this theory; it is an exceedingly spacious edifice of the Early English period,

and possesses a fine Norman doorway and some interesting details, and its lofty tower forms a conspicuous landmark to the surrounding district. There is a grammar-school here which was founded early in the reign of Charles I. by one of the Darcys of Aston. Cooke records of Kilham that during the days of the Commonwealth all marriage banns of the parish were published during the holding of market, for three successive market-days, the ceremonies being subsequently solemnized by the magistrates. The market-days of Kilham, however, are now shorn of their ancient glory: Bridlington on one hand, and Great Driffeld on the other, have robbed their smaller neighbour of her once considerable business, and what was once a busy market-town is now a sleepy Wold village.

Of the villages on the east and north-east of Great Driffeld none are more interesting than that of Harpham, lying a little way to the southward of the highroad which connects the former town with Bridlington. Here the traveller is placed in touch with much history and legend. Held previous to the Norman invasion by Morkere, the manor, after the Conquest, fell into the hands of Robert de Brus and became ere long the property of the Norman family of St. Quintin, of whom Sir Herbert St.



Quintin is said to have come over in the personal service of the Conqueror. With the name of St. Quintin Harpham is closely connected. The ancient parish church is full of memorials of the family—brasses, monuments, effigies, stained-glass windows and the like; and in the north aisle is the family burying-place, wherein sleep generation upon generation of dead and gone knights, baronets, and ladies. The font in this church is of curious shape and workmanship, and the priest's door is ornamented by the inscription in

Norman-French: "*Dieu temple y aide et garde de royne.*" Harpham is further celebrated as the birthplace of St. John of Beverley, and though the legend that the saint was born here has been disputed, there are good grounds for believing that he was. Within the parish there is a spring called St. John's Well, in honour of the saint, the waters of which were at one time reported to possess miraculous powers. William of Malmesbury gravely relates that this water was so efficacious in curbing naughty tempers that the fiercest bull brought to it assumed the gentle manners of a lamb. There is another well in the neighbourhood concerning which a very curious legend is told. It is said that one of the former lords of the manor killed a drummer boy—why or wherefore the chroniclers do not say—and that since then the sound of a drum proceeds from the bottom of the well whenever a member of the family is to die.

A little way north-east of Harpham there is another village of great interest in Burton Agnes, which possesses a very fine hall—the seat of the family of Boynton—and a well-built church, full of notable monuments. The hall, an Elizabethan edifice of considerable size, is built in a commanding situation, overlooking a fine stretch of country lying to the southward, and is said to be the work of Inigo Jones, though Mr. Wheeler questions this, while admitting that great architect's share in the elaborate decorations. The church, which consists of nave, aisles, chancel, and chapel, with an embattled and pinnacled tower, contains several monuments to members of the Boynton family, and others in commemoration of members of the families of St. Quintin, Somerville and Griffiths. Of these the most notable is one in memory of Sir Walter Griffith and his lady, a magnificent sarcophagus of alabaster in the north aisle. The knight—vested in his armour—and his lady repose, with clasped hands, on the upper slab; the sides and ends of the sarcophagus are decorated with niches, seven at each side and two at each end, wherein are crowned and mitred figures. The church also contains a fine Norman font, removed from the rectory garden to its proper place by Archdeacon Wilberforce, who was incumbent of the parish for some time and made considerable improvements in the internal state of the edifice.

Lowthorpe, a village lying at the foot of the Wolds between Burton Agnes and Great Driffeld, is full of interest, and has, like Harpham and Burton Agnes, considerable associations with the family of St. Quintin. Mr. Wheeler considers that here, on the circular mound locally known as Fox Hill (*i.e.* Folk's Hill), the rulers of the Hundred of Burton held their annual Folk-Mote. The surroundings of Lowthorpe church possess many features of note. During the eighteenth century it underwent a curious dual process of dismemberment and of so-called restoration, with the result that while the nave was retained for divine service, the chancel was stripped of its roof and allowed to fall a prey to the weather and to the ravages of time. Trees rose within its crumbling walls, over which

ivy grew profusely, and weeds and grass gradually covered the monuments of the pious folk who had desired to be interred near the altar. Some record of the history of this church is given in the following inscription taken from a stone on the north wall :—

The Collegiate Church of Lowthorpe was an ancient rectory, dedicated to St. Martin. A.D. 1333 it was endowed by Sir John de Heslaton, who founded in it six perpetual chantries. A.D. 1364 Sir Thomas de Heslaton added another chantry, for the souls of himself and Alice his wife. He endowed the church with the manor of Lowthorpe and the manor-house. A.D. 1777 the church was paved and pewed, and the chancel contracted and painted by Sir William St. Quintin, Bart., lord of the manor and patron of the living, who descended from the family of the De Heslatons, by the marriage of Sir William St. Quintin, to Constance, daughter of the above-named Sir John de Heslaton, A.D. 1336.

Mr. Wheeler says that the church thus made collegiate supported a rector, six chaplains, and three clerks. Strangely enough the names of the rectors have vanished into obscurity. There is a curious decorated stone in the churchyard here which bears the effigies of a man and woman and is clasped by the root of a tree in very fantastic fashion.

About six miles southward of Great Driffeld, on the highway leading from that town to Beverley, the traveller will find all that now remains of Watton Abbey, which as a religious foundation ranks with the oldest ecclesiastical houses in the county. According to Bede there was a nunnery in existence at this place before the beginning of the eighth century. St. John of Beverley is said to have visited it and to have performed one of his notable miracles upon one of its inmates, a nun who had been reduced to a very low state of health in consequence of having been bled on the fourth day of the new moon. That interesting and veracious story duly chronicled, there is no more to be heard of Watton Abbey, or nunnery, until the middle of the twelfth century, when Eustace Fitz-John, who, according to the chroniclers, had been a doughty wrong-doer and the committer of many heinous crimes, re-established it as a house of Gilbertine monks and nuns in expiation of his sins—Murdac, Archbishop of York, having suggested this method of propitiation as being graceful and suitable. Eustace Fitz-John, having set about cleansing his soul in this manner, appears to have done things in thorough and even generous fashion, whereby one gathers that he was as great in piety as in crime. He gave to the community of Watton all the lordship of that place, good lands and waste lands, meadows and marshes, and all its appurtenances, within and without, in free and perpetual alms for ever and a day, apparently never dreaming that Henry VIII. and the time-spirit were lying in wait for such as he, and asked nothing in return but that the good brothers and sisters should duly pray for the good estate of his much-stained soul and for the souls of

his wife, his parents, his brothers and sisters, his sons and daughters, his friends and his servants for ever and ever—all of which duties the community doubtless performed with zeal and devotion, thanking God that Archbishop Murdac had disposed the founder's naughty soul to a final deed of righteousness.

Grange, in his account of the abbeys and priories of Yorkshire, gives some exceedingly interesting details concerning the community of Watton. Originally intended to support thirteen canons and thirty-six nuns of the order of St. Gilbert of Sempringham—who of all monastic founders seems to have seen no difficulties about monks and nuns living in closely adjacent quarters—the house of Watton speedily became a favourite resort of piously-disposed ladies, and there is record that William de Melton, Arch-

bishop of York, consecrated no less than fifty-three new sisters on one occasion in the year 1326. It is somewhat sad to relate that as time drew near to the Dissolution, there was a good deal said in local circles which was not complimentary to the community. That, however, matters nothing at this time—the picturesqueness of the place and of its life is much more interesting than the raking-up of old scandals. There were some very elaborate rules for the guidance of the nuns. The whole substance of the house was under their care. The nuns kept the common seal, tithed



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the lambs, cut and distributed the cloth, and generally supervised the domestic arrangements. All washing, patching, and mending of clothes was done by them. As regarded their safety the rules were stringent. They were enclosed by a high wall, strengthened by a ditch. The monks were prohibited from entering the court. The nuns were not allowed to receive letters or presents, and the canons were forbidden to converse with

them or to beg fire from them at night. The canons were not to enter the nuns' quarters save in numbers, and even then they were not to see, or be seen. If the grand prior entered, several nuns were to surround the unfortunate ecclesiastic at once—certainly not less than three or four, says the chronicler—and he was never to be alone with one of them, save for the purposes of confession, and even that sacred rite was to be performed in the presence of others. As regards clothing the inmates of this religious house appear to have been well off. The canons had three tunics, a coat of full-grown lamb skins, a furred white cloak, a lambskin-lined hood, two pairs of stockings and a pair of woollen socks, day shoes of red leather, and night slippers, a linen cloak and a white scapulary. The nuns had five tunics, three for work and two for prayer and recreation, and a scapulary for labour of the sterner sort. They wore black linen caps, lambskin coats, and black veils, and if they would they might have a shift of coarse cloth. They were commanded to wash their own hoods seven times a year, but—here one loses one's respect for St. Gilbert of Sempringham—they were strictly forbidden to indulge in the bath.

When the house of Watton came to an end at the Dissolution, its value, according to Speed, was £453, 7s. 8d. Dugdale, however, gives it at £360, 16s. 10½d. The site passed into the hands of the Earl of Warwick, and after being possessed by various persons, eventually became merged in the estates of the well-known East Riding family of Bethell. There is now next to nothing of the earlier house left; the present remains—which were some time ago converted into a dwelling-house—are probably all that is left of a rebuilding of brick and stone during the Tudor period. During the seventeenth century the place seems to have been regarded as a quarry, large quantities of stone and material having been carted away from it to Beverley, where it was used in the repairs of the minster; nevertheless, there are still many features of the Tudor building which are worthy of careful examination. There are two legends connected with the place which are interesting and perhaps amusing. "About the year 1790," says Oliver, in his history of Beverley, "as the Rev. Francis Lundy of Lockington was sitting at dinner with the late William Bethell, Esq., at Watton Abbey, they were surprised by an extraordinary noise beneath the dining-table for which they could not account, and at length they were so much annoyed by it that they sent for a workman to take up the floor, when to their great astonishment they found that an otter, which inhabited the moat underneath the abbey, had established her nest beneath the boards of the floor, and had there deposited her litter of young ones, by whose uncouth cries it was that the dinner-party had been disturbed." The other story has reference to a chamber in the house which is said to have been the scene of a peculiarly brutal murder, and to be haunted in consequence. This chamber, panelled throughout in oak, possessed a secret door, communicating by a secret staircase with the moat which was beneath the house. Here, during the Civil War,

a lady hid herself with her infant child and a quantity of jewels, which fact becoming known to a party of soldiers in the neighbourhood, they stole upon her at midnight, slew her and her child, hid the bodies in the moat, and decamped with their booty. Since then the murdered woman, always minus her head, has appeared in this room from time to time, bearing the child in her arms and constituting a terrifying and notable apparition.

The villages and hamlets southward and westward of Great Driffeld are typical of the Wolds—quiet centres of agricultural life, each redolent of the soil, and each with some characteristic of its own. Leckonfield, once, according to Mr. Wheeler, a haunt of the Druids, has many historic associations through its connection with the Bras family, the Archbishop of York, who had a palace here, and the Percy family, whose castle of Leconfield was visited by Henry VIII. in 1541. Scarborough, close by, was, according to the same authority, a fortified stronghold in Angle times. Everywhere in this part of Yorkshire there are links with the past similar to those which characterise these two villages. Hereabouts, as elsewhere in the East Riding, tumuli, intrenchments, and barrows are frequently met with, and it is impossible in wandering about the fertile meadows and corn-lands to avoid the consciousness that one is walking at every step across the graves of races who once lived a savage life in these solitudes. Another feature of the district which must needs arouse the attention of the traveller is the advanced condition of the agriculture hereabouts. Marshall in his curious and interesting work on the Rural Economy of Yorkshire, published in 1788, speaks in the course of an exhaustive chapter on the Wold district of their somewhat uncultivated character and of the lack of woods and trees. During the past century a vast improvement has been made in the cultivation of the land and in afforestation, the example of Sir Christopher Sykes a century ago having been largely followed by other proprietors. All over the country-side, indeed, there is abundant evidence of prosperity arising from an intelligent use of a fertile land, and to the lover of nature there can be few prospects more pleasing than those obtainable from any of the rounded heights of this corner of Yorkshire, whereto manufactures have not penetrated and where rural life is still seen in its primitive forms.



John Symonds
The Hodder
Dunmow.




CHAPTER LV

The Ribble from Sawley to Settle

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE RIBBLE—PROFESSOR PHILLIPS ON ITS GEOLOGICAL SURROUNDINGS—SACRED CHARACTER OF THE RIBBLE—THE HODDER AND THE RIBBLE AS BOUNDARIES BETWEEN YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE—BOWLAND FOREST AND ITS SCENERY—SLAIDBURN—BROWSHOLME AND THE SEAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH—SAWLEY ABBEY—COMPOTUS OR HOUSE-BOOK OF SAWLEY ABBEY—BOLTON-BY-BOWLAND—ASSOCIATIONS WITH HENRY VI.—TOMBS IN BOLTON CHURCH—GISBURN—HELLIFIELD PEEL—PASTORAL SURROUNDINGS OF THE RIBBLE BETWEEN HELLIFIELD AND SETTLE—SETTLE—GIGGLESWICK AND ITS GRAMMAR SCHOOL—SCENERY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SETTLE.

I

LTHOUGH the river Ribble is in certain respects more associated with Lancashire than with Yorkshire, the fact that it rises in the broad-acred county and flows through it for a considerable portion of its lengthy course, entitles it to a place amongst the more important Yorkshire waterways. Like its more famous sisters, the Wharfe and the Aire, it finds its first sources in the neighbourhood of the north-western mountains. Various small streams springing from the sides of Whernside, Cam Fell, and Ingleborough, at altitudes varying from 1100 to 1300 feet, contribute their waters to the first making of the Ribble, which at Ribble-head begins its definite career to the Irish Sea from a height of quite 1000 feet above sea-level. The first course of the river is almost due south, and passes through some of the most impressive scenery in the western marches of the county. Hills and fells rise above its banks on both sides the stream, which for a considerable portion of its course vies with any of the Yorkshire rivers in respect of charm and beauty, and has a proud pre-eminence over all in the fact that it is a noted breeding ground for salmon. In the midst of the delightful scenery round about Settle, the Ribble increases in force and volume, and becomes a river

of some size. Here, too, the valley through which it winds widens considerably, and as the course is deflected to the south-west the higher mountains disappear and give place to pastoral hills and to green undulations famous for the freshness and richness of their pasture-lands. Drawing still nearer to the Lancashire border the Ribble gathers in width, and by the time it is lost to Yorkshire has become chiefly, by means of its junction with the Hodder—a minor stream running down the western border of the county from the heart of Bowland, or Bolland Forest—a river of more than average width. It rapidly increases in volume as it winds across Lancashire, and by the time it reaches Preston has become almost estuary-like in size. At all stages of its course the Ribble is surrounded by interesting scenery, in the midst of which the traveller will meet with many places of historical association, and a journey along its course within the borders of Yorkshire cannot fail to afford a vast amount of pleasure, not merely to lovers of natural beauty but to persons interested in the things and affairs of the past. There is at least one ancient religious house on its banks which can claim to rank with the more important abbeys and priories of Yorkshire; its villages and hamlets are picturesque and not devoid of association; its principal town is one of the most charming places in the county; and the country through which it flows, from the grandeur of the mountains to the fertile plains near its junction with the Hodder, is never without features and aspects of note and interest.

To the geologist the surroundings of the Ribble during almost the whole of its course through Yorkshire must always afford particular interest and delight. Phillips, in his "Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire," has a good many observations to make on the geological phenomena exhibited on either bank of the river. After drawing attention to the singular band of slaty Silurian rocks lying under the Craven limestone, and of the "swallow-holes" (cavernous openings in the limestone) which abound in vast numbers throughout Ribblesdale proper, he goes on to say: "Geologists will be rewarded for inquiring into the remarkable distribution, over limited breadths, and to elevations somewhat exceeding 1200 feet, of blocks of the slaty and calliard masses which fill a large space about Horton-in-Ribblesdale, and between this place and the village of Austwick. Here they are *in situ*, occupying what, with reference to the limestone hills around, may be regarded on the whole as a hollow space between two elevated ranges of limestone; of which the northern is the higher: that on the south being depressed by the Craven Fault. From this hollow, regarded in a general sense, masses of the slaty rocks have been drifted by some force of water to the south-west, south, and south-east, not merely or even mainly by the valleys, but over the high ground—so as to rest on the high hills above Ingleborough House and Austwick, on the elevated ridges of Fezier, on the summit of Giggleswick Scar, and at still greater heights on the rugged mountain over Stainforth, Langcliffe, and Settle, and eastward of this place

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toward the summit of the road to Malham Cove. The greatest elevation reached by the slaty rock *in situ* in the district, is about 1160 feet in Moughton Fell, the limestone there rising over it to the height of 1404 feet. It is at about the same height under the bare limestone of Long Scar. The hills on to which it has been drifted southward do not in general rise so high as this; but Fezier is about 30 feet higher, and the point on the hills over Settle which is reached by the blocks, in considerable number and of great magnitude, is not less than 1350 feet—nearly 200 feet above the highest part of the native rock. Still more singular is the fact that the limestone of Long Scar, the hill which rises over the slate to a height nearly the same as that of Moughton Fell, is covered by very many of these blocks brought from below, and scattered on the surface to a height of not less than 1200 feet. The blocks are very often perched; show no marks of abrasion; no other drift matter is with them; they are collected sometimes into small groups; and they may be regarded as uplifted and floated by ice, and dropped on surfaces which had been swept by currents clear of other loose matter. In the lower ground, to the southward, westward, and eastward, the slaty blocks have been carried very much farther; in this case they are no longer solitary, but mixed with other sorts of detrital matter, and occasionally show marks of attrition in water—which they never do on the high limestone hills." Phillips also draws special attention to the singular drop in the limestone rock at Settle, which is so marked a feature in the scenery thereabouts that it cannot fail to excite the attention of even the unscientific observer.

According to Mr. M'Kay, the author of a considerable work on the



Slaidburn

history and literature of the country surrounding Pendle Hill, an eminence overlooking the valley of the Ribble from the Lancashire side of the border, the Ribble was in far-off times the sacred river of the folk who inhabited these regions long before Cæsar and his followers set foot on the southern shores of the island. He agrees with other authors that the people living hereabouts in pre-historic times were a mixed race composed of Britons, Phœnicians, and Armenians, and that the Ribble was in their day a stream sacred to the worship of Baal, whose priests lighted their fires on the summit of Pendle Hill. Moon-worship appears to have been firmly established along its banks in pre-historic days, and there is good evidence that the Romans accorded divine honours to it, or to its tutelary goddess, under the title of Minerva Belisama. According to the same writer Baal-worship existed in a modified form until comparatively recent times, what were called *Bel-tein* fires being lighted on the slopes of Pendle Hill, overlooking the river, by the folk living in this district. At Ribchester, close by, where the Romans founded their famous station of *Bremetonacum*—much written about by famous antiquarians like Whitaker—there was a temple in honour of Minerva Belisama which is supposed to have been closely connected with the river, and there seems little reason to doubt that the latter, from a period long vanished amongst the mists of ages, has been regarded by those living on its banks with superstition and veneration.

At the point where the Ribble forsakes Yorkshire for Lancashire it is joined by the Hodder, a stream which flows from the heart of the wild, hilly country on the Lancashire border, and after passing through Bowland Forest forms for many miles a natural boundary between the two counties. Bowland, or as some writers call it, Bolland, Forest is a district which is little known to the tourist in Yorkshire, and which is somewhat inaccessible, seeing that it lies far out of the track of the railway-engine, and has no high-road transecting it. It is rather a land of moor than of mountains, but its principal hills, Burn Moor, Wolf-Hole Crag, Bowland Knott, and Botton Head vary from 1300 feet to 1700 feet in altitude. Little known as the district is save to those who have carefully explored its undoubted charms, some rumour of its interest has reached the outside world. One writer speaks of it as being Alpine in character, and possessing a population not unlike the folk of the Alps in their general characteristics. Phillips speaks of observing a curious phenomena in Bowland Forest. "On the northward slope of Bolland Knotts, looking toward Ingleborough, many fragments of trees appear rooted below, or lying prostrate in the peat, especially in situations where water might stagnate, at elevations and in aspects where now the utmost art and care fail to raise oaks or pines, or indeed any tall trees. This is one of many examples spread over the British Isles and Northern Europe, for which no satisfactory explanation can be given by climatal variation of merely local character." According to Mr. Wheeler there were wild deer in this district as recently as 1812, and the same writer says



VIEW ON THE HODDER

that the Parkers of Browsholme, hereditary foresters of Bowland, were appointed to their duties as far back as the fourteenth century, when this part of the country belonged to the powerful Norman house of De Lacy. Of the villages in the district the most important is Slaidburn, where there is an interesting church containing a fine old screen of Jacobean work, and which is surrounded by picturesque scenery. Hereabouts, according to various authoritative writers on the subject, there is quite a wealth of material and interest for the enthusiastic botanist; to the brain-weary man the district possesses a greater charm in its quietude—few corners of the county are so free of the presence of the time-spirit as this is. The scenery all along the Hodder is picturesque and refreshing, and the windings of the river, which from near New Hey to Great Mitton serves to separate the two counties, lead the traveller past several places and scenes of interest. It is crossed at one point by the ancient Roman road which leads from Ribchester towards the mountains, and which at this point preserves all the character of the highways fashioned by Roman engineers. A short distance off this road stands Browsholme Hall, an ancient house famous for its antiquities, amongst which is the original seal of the Commonwealth, fashioned in silver, and ornamented by two branches of palm, supporting a Bible.

II

From the point of its junction with the Hodder, near Great Mitton—a village justly praised for its beauty of situation by those close observers of natural scenery, William and Mary Howitt—the Ribble divides Yorkshire from Lancashire for some miles ere it turns definitely into the larger county near the ruins of Sawley Abbey. At this stretch of its career it is dominated by Pendle Hill, the huge bulk of which towers high above the fertile plains at its feet, and acts as a landmark over hundreds of miles of square country in both counties. What is now left of Sawley Abbey is discovered amidst pleasant surroundings, but, according to the monkish chroniclers, the first enthusiasts who began the religious life here found the neighbourhood anything but comfortable to live in. The story of Sawley and its first inhabitants somewhat resembles that of Fountains and its original monks as respects hardship and poverty. Oddly enough it was from Fountains that the founders of Sawley came. On New Year's Day, 1147, Benedict, one of the monks of Fountains, set out from the house on the banks of the Ure in company with twelve other members of the community and ten lay-brothers, and came plodding across the wild moorlands of Pateley and Embsay to this out-of-the-way spot on the extreme border of the county. One suspects that the weather that week was forbearingly mild and pleasant, for Abbot Benedict and his monks appear to have come across country fairly quickly, since it is recorded that they formally set up the new house of Sawley on the 7th January, which was also on the

first day of the new moon. The house did not start out badly as regards possessions, for William de Percy gave the community lands in Sawley, Dudeland (thus spelled by Grainge), Elwinsthorpe, and Rivington, subsequently confirming the gift anew and adding more land in Crocum and Stainton. The church and usual buildings were built in due course, but the community did not prosper, and there were frequent complaints about



The Ribble. Sawley.

cold and rain and the unproductive character of the surrounding land. Eventually there was talk of either breaking up the establishment altogether or removing it elsewhere, and this seems likely to have happened had not Matilda de Percy very piously come to the relief of its inhabitants, who, like most of us, only needed a little more money in order to gain much more happiness. Matilda, bearing in mind what her father, William, had done for the monks of Sawley, and being moved to pity at the recital of their sufferings, gave them some exceedingly handsome donations—to wit, the church of Tadcaster, the chapel of Hazlewood, a yearly pension or charge from the church of Newton, and a carucate of land at Catton. This munificence was supported by Agnes, Matilda's sister, who added to her relative's gifts two plough lands at Litton and the right of grazing six hundred sheep at the same place. Later on, Henry de Percy gave the monks of Sawley the church, revenues, and all appurtenances of Gargrave—a very handsome gift which, one would have thought, should have secured them

from want for ever. They sent a petition to Rome, asking for the papal confirmation of this gift, and putting their own distress in very plain fashion before the Pope's eyes. They told his Holiness that Sawley was situate in "the most castaway and remote parts of all our kingdom, towards the Irish sea ; and moreover in a country wonderfully hilly," and that because of storms, and barren acres, and the maraudings of the evil-disposed Scots, they, poor men, had been sore put to it to preserve body and soul, and had certainly been able to do little, if anything, for the poor of Christ's flock who had knocked, being grievous hungry, at their gates. And the Pope, being moved with compassion, granted their prayer, and William, Archbishop of York, confirmed the church of Gargrave to them in 1321. They had other gifts in years to come, and appear to have lost their original leanness long before the time of the Dissolution came. The family of Percy gave them various little matters and perquisites, and there is record of the Abbot of Sawley holding the manor of Gisburn in Craven, with market and fair rights, and of having free warren in Sawley, High Grange,



The Arches Sawley Abbey

Gisburn, Elwinsthorpe, Fulden, Stainton, Langcliffe, and Bolton. One Sir Augeus, who appears to have known how to bargain with spiritual authorities, gave half a carucate of land in Orton, which he held of the Earl of Warwick, to the monks of Sawley on condition that if he ever desired it they would receive him into their community, and that on his death they would do as much for him as they would for a monk. One Robert Coe

made a similar bargain, making a quit-claim of Crocum to the Sawley establishment, on condition that the monks would treat him as one of themselves in the matter of burial whenever his time for quitting this world should come.

In the Register of Sawley Abbey, to which Dugdale refers in his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, there are entries which show that the community possessed lands and privileges in no less than thirty-eight places, most of which were in Yorkshire, and that the house must at some period prior to the Dissolution have been in a prosperous condition, despite its early struggles with poverty. Whitaker, in his History of Craven, gives a curious account of the *Compotus*, or house-book of Sawley Abbey in 1381, wherefrom one learns that in that year the receipts had been £347, 14s. 7½d., and the expenditure £355, 13s. 10½d., the balance unfortunately being on the wrong side. The tithes of Gargrave yielded £52, 7s. 8d. that year, and it is interesting to note that the parish is stated to have then contained 10,420 statute acres. There are some valuable particulars as to the prices of produce and food. Wheat was 6s. 8d. per quarter; barley, 4s.; beans about 4s.; and oats, 2s. Wool sold at 2s. per stone. The community used 155 quarters of corn for bread; its horses consumed 139 quarters of oats. One entry is exceptionally curious, and has probably arisen from some error. It records that 255 quarters of malted oats and barley were brewed into ale, which, as Grainge points out, would mean that each inmate of the place (reckoning their number at 70 and the yield in gallons of liquor at 60 per quarter) would consume 300 gallons of ale per annum—a somewhat large allowance for pious and sober monks. Milk seems to have been very cheap, a record showing that one Thomas Boulton received 24s. for the year's milk of 24 cows. The community does not appear to have had any great belief in charity, seeing that its total expenditure in this manner amounted to 5s. 8d. There are records of the wages of 45 servants, of whom the prior's chamberlain received £6; the convent cook, 14s. 8d.; the tailor, 10s.; and the poultry-keeper, 2s. per annum each; the total cost of the entire staff being well under £30. The community appears to have owned some 70 cattle, 30 milch cows, and 35 horses. When the Dissolution came to end all, its gross revenues were returned at £221, 15s. 8d., and the net at £147, 3s. 10d., which would seem to show that it had suffered a decline in its fortunes. It was somewhat unfortunate that its last abbot, William Trafford, twenty-third in succession, should have come to a violent end. He was convicted of complicity in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and was hanged at Lancaster in the spring of 1537.

After the Dissolution Sawley Abbey came, by grant of Henry VIII., into the possession of Sir Arthur Darcy, whose autograph, according to Grainge, appears in the "Register" which Dugdale refers to in the *Monasticon*. The inscription is somewhat quaint: "Thys booke aperteinethe to Arthur Darcy, Knyght, of Salley. Whosoever finds ytt shall have Xs. so he

bryng ytt agayn to hym, and God's blessyn." The manor and lands were still in the hands of the successors of this Darcy in Elizabeth's time, but during the reign of James I. they were in possession of James Hay, who was created Baron of Salley and afterwards Earl of Carlisle. They were subsequently held by the Earls of Warwick, through the marriage of one of the latter with the grand-daughter of James Hay, and later by the family of Weddell, from whom they passed to Lord Grantham, afterwards Earl de Grey. During the present century a good deal has been done to clear the ruins and site of the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and what is left of Sawley Abbey has thus been preserved for the pleasure and instruction of folk who love to wander about the remains of ancient religious houses. The ruins stand close to the river and to the village of Sawley, and though much less extensive than those of the better known abbeys and priories of Yorkshire, contain a great deal that is interesting. The principal matter of interest is, without doubt, the ground-plan of the abbey church, which is still plainly distinguishable. It consisted of a choir, with aisles, a transept, and a nave, and the traveller will at once be struck by the inferior dimensions of the latter, though the disparity in size between nave and chancel is by no means uncommon in churches built under the auspices of the Cistercian Order. Grainge gives the dimensions of this church as follows: Entire length from east to west, 185 feet; length of choir, 116 feet; length of nave, 40 feet; width of choir, 62 feet; width of nave, 30 feet; length of transept, 125 feet; width of transept, 40 feet. The east side of the transept contains six chantry chapels, each with an altar and piscina, in the most northerly of which is the tomb of Robert of Clyderhow (which obviously means Clitheroe, a Lancashire town just across the border), who appears to have been incumbent of Wigan during the fourteenth century. The tomb is a slab let into the floor of the chantry, and has at some time been ornamented by a monumental brass, but this has disappeared long since, though the inscription on the margin of the slab is still traceable. The inscription is thus rendered by Mr. Harland, a well-known antiquary and author of a history of Sawley Abbey, and is held by him to be in Norman-French or Anglo-Norman:—

"SIR ROBERT DE CLYDERHOW, PERSONE DE WYGAN, GIST ICI :
DIEU DE SA ALME EYT VERRAY MERCI"

(Sir Robert de Clyderhow, parson of Wigan, lies here. God on his soul have mercy). Mr. Harland inclined to the opinion that the above epitaph is a corruption of a common enough jingle, which ran,

"Sire gist ici,
Dieu de sa alme eyt mercy,"

and adduces some ingenious theories as to the interpretation of the word "verray" in Robert de Clyderhow's epitaph. There is the tomb of another

and more celebrated ecclesiastic in the south transept, that of William de Rimington, or Rymington, who was Chancellor of Oxford in 1372, and distinguished himself as the opponent of Wycliffe. It is in the form of a sepulchral slab, with a cross *fleury* within a circle, incised in the stone, and has the following inscription on its margin:—

“*Hic jacet Magister Willelmus de Rymington sacre pagine professor: et prior hujus domus. Ac quondam cancellarius Oxonie. Cujus anime propicietur.*”

There are many features in the remains of the church and in what remains of the cloistral buildings which are worthy of notice. In the chapels of the transept there is a good deal of tessellated pavement, the colour of some portions of which, though considerably faded, is still traceable. There are several slabs, some bearing floriated crosses, in these chapels and in the chapter-house adjoining the church. Persons conversant with the fashion in which the Cistercians built their churches and cloisters will observe some of the usual features in the remains of Sawley—the characteristics of the pent-house cloister running round the quadrangle, the *Domus Conversorum*, and the refectory are all somewhat reminiscent of Fountains. About the scattered remains of the church there are several fine bits of carving and moulding, which seem to show that though the edifice was never of the magnificent order it was not without ornament. There was here at one time a gateway of some elegance, but it has now been transformed into a cottage, and like every other place of its sort the abbey possesses the entrance to an underground passage which is said to have afforded subterranean access to the sister religious establishment of Whalley, situate some seven miles away across the Lancashire border.

On the north bank of the Ribble, a mile or two away from Sawley Abbey, is Bolton Hall, a house of pleasant situation and of much historic interest, with the village of Bolton-by-Bowland lying at its rear. The hall, once the seat of the ancient family of Pudsay, is closely associated with the evil fortunes of the unfortunate Henry VI., who, after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, wandered into this lonely district and lay concealed here and at the neighbouring hall of Waddington for some time, ere he was delivered by treachery into the hands of his enemies. An ancient chronicler, quoted by Mr. McKay, thus relates the manner of the king's betrayal: “Also of the same yere Kinge Henry was taken besyde a house of religione [probably Whalley Abbey] in Lancashyre, by the mene of a black monke of Abyngtone, in a wode called Cletherwode, beside Bungereley Hyppyngstones, by Thomas Talbott, of Bashalle, and Jhon Talbott, his cosyne, of Colebury, with other moo; which discryvide begynge at his dynere at Waddington Hall, and carried to London on horsebacke, and his legges bound to the styropes.” The Talbots here mentioned appear to have received liberal reward from Edward IV. and his successors for their share in this matter. In Whitaker's History of Craven there are some interesting plates of a spoon, a pair of

boots, and a pair of gloves which Henry left behind him at Bolton Hall, and which were jealously preserved by the Pudseys, into whose hands the house and manor had come by the marriage of Sir Ralph Pudsey with the daughter of Sir Thomas Tunstell, a former owner of the place. The boots are described as being of fine brown Spanish leather, lined with deerskin, and tanned with the hair on, and with a thick wadding round the ankles, from which to the knee upwards they are fastened by buttons. The feet are remarkably small and the toes rounded. The gloves are also of Spanish leather of the same material, and reach to the elbow; they are lined with deerskin like the boots, and could only have been worn by a man whose hands were exceedingly small. There is a field in the neighbourhood of Waddington Hall which is still called King Henry's Meadow, but the hall itself has long been converted into a farmstead.

The parish church of Bolton-by-Bowland contains a great deal that is interesting to the archæologist and the antiquarian. It possesses some traces of its Norman origin, but is chiefly remarkable for its monuments to

members of the Pudsey family. Whitaker describes several which have now disappeared, and gives the following account of one still remaining under the Norman arch which divides the chantry chapel of the Pudseys from the chancel. "Under the founder's arch, between this chapel and the choir," he says, "is one of the most extraordinary monuments I have ever seen. Elevated on a basis of plain masonry is a slab of grey Craven limestone, ten feet long, five feet nine inches broad, and nine inches thick, on which are engraven, in relief, the figure of a Pudsey, in armour, with the paternal arms on his breast, and his head resting on two deer. Two wives are on one hand, and a third



Bolton Hall.

on the other, all in mantles reaching down to their heels, and broad square caps. Near the feet of the first are the numerals VI., of the second, II., and the third, XVII., indicating the number of their respective issues. Beneath the parents are the figures of their children, twenty-five in number, of whom the males are represented, some in military habits, and others in those of ecclesiastics. Annexed to each is the name of the person. . . . Among the many singularities of this tomb, it is remarkable that the name of the husband and father of so numerous a family is never mentioned.



Gisburn

But from circumstances it may clearly be proved to belong to Sir Ralph Pudsay, the faithful Lancastrian, who offered a retreat to Henry VI." All over the church there are numerous monuments connected with the Pudseys and with their lineal descendants, the Dawsons and the Little-dales, and on some of the tombs the curious observer will find emblazoned arms which tell of the union of various members of the family with some of the most famous names in history—Scropes, Marmions, St. Quintins, Fitzhughs, and the like.

Gisburn, once a market-town of some note, but now a quiet village, has little to make it famous but its ancient memories and associations, and the undeniable loveliness of its situation and surroundings. Its weekly market, the charter of which was granted by the crown to the Abbot of Sawley in the thirteenth century, was held on Mondays until about a hundred years ago, and it had several fairs during the year, at which horned

and fat cattle and calves were the chief commodities sold. There was here in former days a famous breed of wild, almost white cattle, all trace of which is not yet extinct, and which closely resembles the still more celebrated breed of Chillingham. Here, on an eminence overlooking the meeting of Stock-beck and the Ribble, is the seat of the Earl of Ribblesdale, one of the finest mansions in the county, situate in an extensive park, the principal entrance to which was designed by a former proprietor, and forms a notable piece of ornamental architecture. There is here a collection of portraits of some importance, including one of Oliver Cromwell by Sir Peter Lely, concerning which Whitaker remarks that "it gives a truer, that is a worse idea of the man than any other portrait of him." All the warts, scars, protuberances, and other disfiguring blemishes which marked the Lord Protector's countenance are here faithfully depicted, and this fact has inclined various authorities to the belief that this is the actual painting which Cromwell caused Lely to make of him with the strict injunction that he should show him as he really was. There are some monuments of interest in the church of Gisburn, and at a little distance from the village is a barrow which was opened about a century ago and found to contain an urn of very early date.

Between Gisburn and Settle the Ribble winds through scenes of quiet, pastoral beauty which are not unlike those through which its neighbour, the Aire, passes as it flows away from the hills to the rich, fertile meadows about Skipton. Between the Aire and the Ribble, at this point but a few miles apart, there are indeed many resemblances, each intersecting a stretch of country peculiarly noticeable for the richness of its pasture lands and the vast numbers of sheep and cattle which are seen on every side. There is little corn land in this part of Yorkshire, but the grazing land is particularly good in quality and is probably superior to that of any other agri-



The Ribble Near Gisburn

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cultural district in the three Ridings. All along the banks of the Ribble on either side the traveller meets with substantial farmsteads, solidly fashioned against the winds which not seldom sweep down these valleys from the mountainous country that closes them in, and usually isolated, often at some distance from the nearest villages. As the river passes Hellifield, now an important railway junction, whereat the screaming voice of the modern locomotive is perpetually heard, and where there was once a Peel, or stronghold, built originally in Saxon times and subsequently enlarged and strengthened by the Hamertons, the scenery on either side becomes bolder. To the west the hills and fells which fringe the eastern edge of the Forest of Bowland rise to considerable heights; to the east the high ground which separates Ribblesdale from Airedale gradually gains in height as it draws nearer to Settle and the mountainous country beyond. Between Hellifield and Settle the traveller will find an interesting and picturesque village in Long Preston, which possesses a fine old church and has the site of a Roman camp in its immediate neighbourhood. On the hill sides to the westward of the valley there are several small villages and hamlets occupying romantic situations, and it is well worth the time of the leisured man to explore some of the numerous ravines and defiles hereabouts, or to follow some of the small streams and beckes which pay tribute to the Ribble, or to climb to the summit of the hill called Whelp Stone Crag and from thence, at an altitude of over 1200 feet, look westward over the wild land of the Lancashire border.

III

The town of Settle, lying on the east bank of the Ribble, enjoys without doubt one of the finest situations in Yorkshire. It lies low down in the valley, certainly, but few towns or villages in the county are surrounded by such a wealth of colouring or by such suggestions of romance. Itself a quiet, somewhat old-world place, where the evidences of modernity are not sufficiently obtrusive to spoil the general attitude of quaintness, it is framed in an amphitheatre of hills of considerable height, and has for its immediate background a vast mass of limestone rock, called Castleberg, which rises above it to a height of over 300 feet. In brilliant weather the colouring of this rock and of the hills which rise beyond it is remarkably impressive as viewed from the high ground on the west of the town. There are few records of its early history, but it was in the hands of the de Percys early in the fourteenth century, and its market charter was granted by Henry III. It has been a considerable trading centre in agricultural produce for some centuries, and its fairs for the sale of lean and fat cattle have long been famous throughout the North-West Riding. It had a trade in cotton at one time, and still carries on the manufacture of thread in some degree of importance, and during the present century it has increased in population and has added some new public buildings to



CASTLEBERG, SETTLE

those which it already possessed. Its market-place is quaint and picturesque, and the town contains several old houses which are reminiscent of previous centuries, but its church and town-hall are modern. As a centre for the exploration of the surrounding district it provides great advantages for the traveller, and it must always possess a great charm in the beauty of the wide views of hill and valley, some of them of great loveliness, others of wild and gloomy sternness, which may be obtained from the high ground that rises above the town.

The present church at Settle was built about sixty years ago, but the parish church is still that of Giggleswick, as it has been for several centuries. According to some authorities Giggleswick was a market-town of importance when Settle was a mere village; nowadays the two places are so closely connected in various ways as to practically form one town, though they have their geographical division and retain their separate identities. Like Settle, Giggleswick is a place of conspicuous and handsome appearance, delightfully situated on the slope of the valley, and enjoying wide and magnificent prospects of the surrounding scenery. Its church, which consists of nave, chancel, transept, porch, and tower, dates from the early Tudor period, and is spacious and lofty; but its monuments are not particularly interesting, though it contains the remains of Dr. Paley, father of the famous Archdeacon Paley, and has a fourteenth century cross adjoining the churchyard, which is of some note.

Giggleswick, as a place, is chiefly remarkable for its school, which was originally founded during the last years of the reign of Henry VII., and now ranks as one of the public schools of England. According to an interesting account of its history which appeared in a recent number of the school magazine, the Prior and Convent of Durham in November 1507 granted out of their church land at Giggleswick half an acre of land, near the churchyard, to one James Carr, on condition that he should enclose it, and at his own proper cost build upon it and keep up "one gramer scole." This school appears to have existed until 1786, and was depicted in an engraving in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. When Carr died he founded and endowed with lands of the annual value of £6, 1s. the Chantry of the Holy Rood in the Parish Church ostensibly for the double purpose of providing a chaplain and schoolmaster. In 1546 one Thomas Husteler was incumbent of the Chantry, and seems also to have been master of the school, as he was described by Henry VIII.'s commissioners as a man "sufficientlie sene in playnsonge and gramer." When Edward VI.'s commissioners visited Giggleswick they found Rychard Carr acting as chaplain and schoolmaster, and seem to have formed a good opinion of his powers. The yearly value of the land left by James Carr was still £6, 1s., and this the commissioners confiscated, under the provisions of the Chantries Act. John Malhome and Thomas Husteler, however, had made provision for the due carrying on of the school, and Thomas Iveson kept it up until it

was refounded and endowed by Edward VI. The original charter of the school is still preserved there, and is in excellent condition. It bears the great seal of the school, and gives full power to the governors to appoint masters and to make ordinances for its government, and is dated May 26, 1553.

There is little known of the early history of the school for nearly half a century after its reconstruction, but in 1592 Christopher Shute, Vicar of Giggleswick, was in chief authority, and with other governors exhibited to the Archbishop of York certain ordinances and statutes which serve to show what was then being done there. The master was not to speak to scholars of riper years save in the Latin, Greek, or Hebrew languages; the school-hours were from 6.30 to 11 o'clock in the morning, and from 1 to 5 in the afternoon; incapable scholars were to be sent back to their homes; and if the master and usher happened to be away, the boys were to obey two præpositors duly appointed by the master. Shute appears to have raised the standard of the school to a high level; it is said to have flourished greatly during his reign, and to have had many important benefactions conferred upon it. Shute's own family conferred distinction upon the place. Fuller, in his "English Worthies," speaks of five of them as being "All great (though not equal) Lights, set up in fair Candlesticks." Of these five, Josias Shute went from Giggleswick to Trinity College, Cambridge, took his Bachelor's degree in 1605, was renowned for his piety, eloquence, and learning, and was chaplain to the East India Company and Archdeacon of Colchester. He left land for the maintenance, at either of the Universities, of a poor scholar from his old school. There is a curious inscription on his monument, which serves to show in what estimation he was held by his contemporaries:—

*Heer's y' wise Charmer whose Sweet Ayres to Hear
Each Soule delighted so to dwell i' th' Eare :
Whose Life and Doctrine's Combin'd Harmony
Familiarized St. Paul's Extasy :
But now (from growing Evills) mounted high
(Change but the Soule her Seat from Ear to th' Ey)
This bright Starr still doth Lead wise men to Christ
Through this dark Bochim, and aegyptian Myst
Nay heer (what himself doth in Heav'n behoulde)
Ev'n Blessed visions doth his Booke unfoulde.*

One of the most important periods in the history of Giggleswick School was that of the head-mastership of William Paley, who was in chief authority from 1744 to 1799. His most famous pupil was his own son, William, who, after being educated at Giggleswick, went into residence at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1759, and was elected Scholar shortly afterwards. In 1763, being then in his twenty-first year, he came out

Senior Wrangler, and in 1766 he was elected Fellow of his college. He was Whitehall Preacher from 1771 to 1776, was appointed Archdeacon of Carlisle 1782, and Chancellor of the same diocese in 1785, and in 1795 he became Sub-Dean of Lincoln, having in the previous year published his famous work on the Evidences of Christianity. His father not only lived to see all these brilliant successes, but to witness a rebuilding of the school and some important modifications and changes in its statutes. Another famous pupil of Paley's was Thomas Proctor, historical painter and sculptor, who exhibited several notable works at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Paley's successor, the Rev. Rowland Ingram, held office from 1799 to 1844, and had more than one pupil who afterwards became famous, the best known, perhaps, being the late Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, who was a native of Giggleswick and who took a Double First at Cambridge. Ingram was succeeded by Dr. Buttston (1846-1859), during whose term of office the school was rebuilt in 1851, from the plans of Mr. Ely Paley, grandson of the famous Archdeacon. The school was again rebuilt, or rather very considerably added to in 1870, soon after the advent of the present headmaster, the Rev. G. Style, and is now the chief feature of Giggleswick. The first school—1512-1786—was a mere cottage; the present is a magnificent pile of buildings, to which there has recently been added a very fine school chapel, the gift of Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P. for the Skipton Division of Yorkshire, an old scholar, who chose this method of commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and of doing his old school a service. The foundation-stone of the chapel, the site of which is peculiarly well chosen and which was designed by Mr. Jackson, was laid by the Duke of Devonshire in October 1897. The chapel is particularly noticeable for its fine dome, a feature of its architecture which was especially desired by Mr. Morrison, and which is almost unique amongst the ecclesiastical buildings of the county.

The country round about Settle and Giggleswick is not only extremely beautiful as regards its natural features, but is full of scenes and places of great interest in several ways. To the lover of colour and tone in landscape the surroundings of these picturesquely situated towns must needs possess a never-failing charm—the grey tints of the limestone, the fresh green of the luxuriant meadows and hillsides, and the half-purple, half-blue of the great fells and mountains which enclose them combine to make a rare picture. This feature of the surroundings of Settle and Giggleswick has been noted and praised by every topographer, and can scarcely fail to be observed by the most careless observer who sees this part of Ribblesdale for the first time under a sunny sky. The mass of rock to the east of Settle, Castleberg, forms a prominent object in the general scheme of colour, its grey ridges and bold outlines showing clearly against the broad expanse of fellside beyond. Whitaker was of opinion that this rock had at one time been crowned by a fortification, and further observes that its summit “once

formed the gnomon of a rude, but magnificent sun-dial, the shadow of which, passing over some grey soft stone upon its side, marked the progress of time to the inhabitants of ~~the town~~ beneath. An instrument certainly more ancient in itself, and possibly as old in its application, as the dial of Ahaz itself. But the hour marks have long been removed, and few remember the history of this old benefactor, whose shadow now takes its daily tour unobserved." At a little distance from Giggleswick, along the highroad leading to Clapham and Ingleton, the traveller will meet with some extremely fine rock scenery in the long escarpment known as Giggleswick Scar, where precipitous cliffs of limestone rise to a considerable height above the roadway. Phillips considered Giggleswick Scar the most remarkable of the various displacements of the Craven Fault, and it is still a source of wonder and of interest to the geologist, but perhaps still more so to the unlearned traveller because of its colouring and wildness of scenery. At the foot of the Scar, and on the side of the highway, is a famous well which ebbs and flows at irregular intervals. Drayton, describing it in his *Polyolbion*, says that the ebbing and flowing takes place eight times a day. Mr. Wheeler speaks of an occasional rise and fall of every six minutes; several writers speak of four times a day as being the general rule. More than one curious observer, however, has visited the well and remained at its side for a good many hours without perceiving that its surface was lowered or heightened. "Variable pressure on the water," says Phillips, "derived from a curved or siphonal passage underground, is the principle on which explanations have been offered for this and other such springs by Gough and other writers, and the effect may be copied by artificial experiments." Whatever may be the scientific reason of this uncommon phenomenon, it is quite certain that the behaviour of the well is influenced or regulated by the weather. The ebbing and flowing is most regular in normal weather—during very wet seasons or in a particularly dry one the rise and fall of the surface is either very irregular or ceases entirely.

The neighbourhood of Settle is particularly rich in crags, caves, forces or waterfalls, and in evidences of an early occupation of the surrounding country. A little way beyond the village of Langcliffe, just outside Settle, there is another fine example of the displacements of the Craven Fault in Attermire Crags, which form an imposing amphitheatre of limestone rocks, in which are huge rents and fissures. Here, again, the colouring of the rock scenery forms the most conspicuous feature of the picture presented to the traveller. At the foot of these crags is the cave discovered on the Coronation Day of the present sovereign, and therefore called Victoria Cave. It contained numerous evidences of the Roman occupation of this district in the shape of coins, pottery, and implements, several examples of which were removed from it to the museum at Giggleswick School. Here too were found the bones of various animals, and notably of the rhinoceros and the hyena, and according to some authorities who

examined the results of the examination to which the cave was subjected on discovery, there were also brought to light some human bones, which, however, were so strangely shaped that other competent persons stamped them as those of animals. In a smaller cave in these rocks a discovery of Roman remains was made some time ago, and these facts and the presence of encampments undoubtedly of Roman origin in the immediate neighbourhood of Settle serves to show that the district was visited by the Roman legions at an early period. Roman coins, chiefly of the Constantines, have been found near Giggleswick at various times. There was a Roman camp on the high land above Stainforth, north of Settle, where the principal object of interest nowadays is a fine waterfall called Stainforth Force. About a mile away, in a romantic defile through which a mountain stream runs to meet the Ribble, is another force, that of Catterick, which has a fall of fifty feet. In the neighbourhood of the Ribble at this point, and along the streams and becks which pour their waters into it from both sides of the valley, the scenery is extremely interesting, varying from great wildness and boldness to the most charming of pastoral landscapes. Everything is naturally dominated by the presence of the great mountains which close in the prospect as the river's course advances to the northward, Ingleborough on one side and Pen-y-ghent on the other acting as sentinels over moor and meadow, village and hamlet. It is a land in which no cut-and-dried excursion is possible, and concerning which mere details are unnecessary—the only way to see it and understand it is to turn aside as fancy or caprice prompts, leaving the influence of hill, sky, and the countryside to do the rest.

CHAPTER LVI

Round about Ingleborough

GENERAL ASPECTS OF THE COUNTRY IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDING INGLEBOROUGH—ADVANTAGE OF A CIRCUIT ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—INGLETON—INGLETON CHURCH—THORNTON BECK AND INGLETON BECK—THE WATERFALLS AND FORCES AT INGLETON—ASCENT OF INGLEBOROUGH—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT—THORNTON-IN-LONSDALE CHURCH—YORDAS CAVE—WHERNSIDE—INGLETON FELS—GINGLEPOT—WEATHERCOTE CAVE—SOUTHEY AND CHAPEL-LE-DALE—RIBBLE-HEAD—GEARSTONES—SELSIDE—ALUM POT—HELN POT—HUNT POT—PEN-Y-GHENT—HORTON-IN-RIBBLES DALE—INGLEBOROUGH CAVE—GAPING GILL HOLE—CLAPDALE—CLAPHAM—BENTHAM—THE RIVER WENNING.

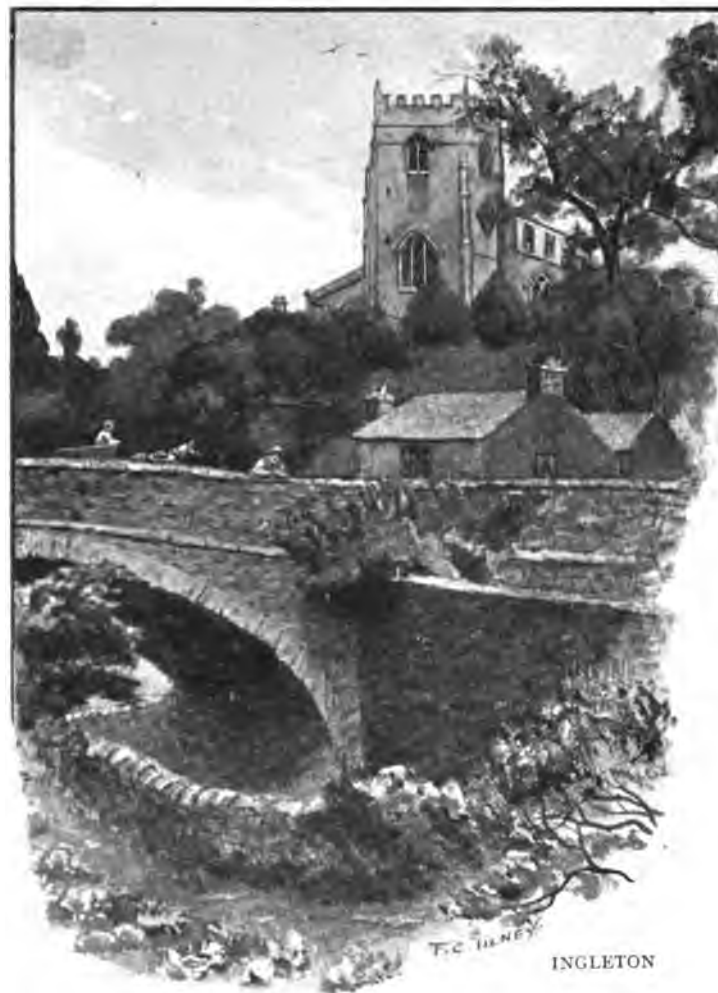


AS the traveller follows the valley of the Ribble to the northward, beyond Settle, he will find the country on each bank of the river becoming wilder and more mountainous. On the east rises Pen-y-ghent, on the west Ingleborough, both of them eminences of considerably over 2000 feet in height, and each so situated as to give one the impression that they are entitled to rank in respect of altitude with mountains like Snowdon, Scaw Fell, and Skiddaw. It may have been this misleading sense of height which led some of the ancient topographers to fall into curious mistakes respecting Ingleborough, Pen-y-ghent, and Whernside. Cooke gravely asserts that these mountains "are the highest in South Britain," and says that "the most correct statement of their elevation" is that of Jefferies, according to whom the height of Whernside was 5340 feet; of Ingleborough, 5280 feet; and of Pen-y-ghent, 5220 feet. Bigland, however, gets somewhat nearer the truth, though he, too, mentions Jefferies' statement, and some others of conflicting opinion. He records that "Mr. Ewart, a skilful mathematician of Lancaster, found the height of Ingleborough to be, by barometrical measurement, 2375 feet, by trigonometrical measurement, 2380½ feet." This measurement is almost entirely accurate—the height of Ingle-

borough, as given in the most dependable charts, is 2373 feet. It is said to be a prominent object from the Irish Sea, the coast of which is, at its nearest point, about twenty-five miles distant, and its base is of vast extent. Although not quite so high as its neighbour, Whernside (2414 feet), Ingleborough is without doubt the best known of the West Yorkshire hills, and is visited by lovers of mountain scenery in great numbers. It forms the centre-point of a most interesting tract of land—a tract which for diversity of scenery is perhaps the most remarkable in the county. Villages lying in romantic and picturesque situations; magnificent waterfalls, forces, and cascades; delightful views and glimpses of fell-sides, of river scenery, and of mountain rivulets; vast caverns filled with stalactites and stalagmites; curious cavities in the ground; rich opportunities for the scientist, and especially for the student of geology—these are the chief characteristics of the district immediately surrounding Ingleborough. The traveller who desires to form a general acquaintance with them could scarcely achieve the desire of his heart in a more agreeable fashion than by following something like a circular route—from the strict line of which deviations could be made as expedience or caprice prompted—all round the base of the mountain. For such a route, Ingleton, the village on the south-west of Ingleborough, forms a capital starting-out place. From it the numerous waterfalls and becks of the neighbourhood may be inspected, and Ingleborough itself ascended. From Ingleton the traveller may go on through Thornton-in-Lonsdale to Rowten Pot and Yordas Cave and thence across the fell-sides, under the shadow of Whernside (in climbing which there is nothing to gain—Ingleborough having been once climbed) to Chapel-le-Dale and the neighbouring Weathercote Cave. From this point he may go north-east as far as Newby Head, if he pleases, but certainly to Gearstones, whence he should turn southward once more and follow the Ribble, under the shadow of Pen-y-ghent, and noting the various “pots” named respectively Alum, Heln, and Hunt, until he reaches Horton-in-Ribblesdale. From thence he may strike across the fells to Ingleborough Cave, and after examining its wonders, descend to the delightful picturesqueness of Clapham, which, like Ingleton, forms a very convenient centre from which to explore the district. Within the irregular circuit thus specified, the traveller will find much to interest him, especially if he is a lover of mountains and of waterfalls, if he cares to explore cavernous recesses and to peer into the depths of awful chasms, and he will not fail to observe that the air in this elevated district is peculiarly invigorating and in welcome contrast to the heated atmosphere of cities. To the lover of solitude and of silence the hillsides must needs be as temples of perfect contentment and peace, for there are wide stretches of them where no sound is ever heard save the bleating of the sheep who pasture there, or the voice of a solitary shepherd calling to his dog.

I

According to most of the recognised guide-book authorities, there is very little in Ingleton itself which is likely to attract the seeker after picturesque effects or interesting matters, but that, after all, is a question of pure and simple taste. Most people, having regard to the situation and surroundings of the village which acts as capital to the hill country, will feel disposed to say that it is interesting because it is picturesque. Without any pretensions to architectural beauty it occupies a position at the foot of Ingleborough which confers upon it a distinct charm. A place lying at the base of one mountain and overshadowed by two others; intersected by two streams of romantic character, along which are numerous waterfalls and forces; which possesses a wealth of rare ferns and a rich gradation of colour



INGLETON

in its limestone rocks, can scarcely be said to be either uninteresting or lacking in picturesque features. As regards its historical record, Ingleton has certainly little to boast of, so little indeed, that local guide-book makers keep a general silence as to how and when it began to be a place at all. It appears to have been the centre of a hunting district in Norman times, and Mr. Wheeler records the fact that Roger de

Mowbray secured the rights from Adam de Stavely in 1203, and that in 1255 Thomas of Oterington and his son Adam had a dispute with Henry Fitz-Ranulph and others respecting the right of common pasture in the village. That there was a church here in Norman times is evident from the presence of

man font in the What was being during the cen- elapsed between these nobody At the beginning there was a in cotton yarn and the place scribed as being tolerably built was not until coming into this shire — at that by numerous "Trip to the was annually and more fash- Ingleton de- It is no more sized village its possession of stations serves waterfalls and number of visi-

great manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and to give it all the characteristics of a popular holiday resort.

The parish church of Ingleton stands on a species of cliff which overlooks the waters of Ingleton Beck, and with the exception of the tower, has been rebuilt within the last twenty years. The tower is a plain, battlemented one of the thirteenth century, and probably fixes the original date of the first edifice. There is nothing particularly interesting about the church save a very fine and notable circular font of the late Norman period, which is elaborately decorated by an interlaced arcade divided into fourteen semi-compartments. In these compartments are sculptures illustrating various incidents connected with the earlier life of our Lord—the Virgin and Child, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Purification of the Virgin, and similar subjects. There are some traces of ancient fresco work in the church, and the reredos has

a very fine Nor- present church. done at Ingleton turies which those days and seems to know. of the century fairly good trade carried on here, was then de- "a large and village," but it tourists began part of York- time identified writers with the Lakes" which becoming more ionable—that veloped in size. than a large- nowadays, but two railway to bring to its caves a vast tors from the



FONT AT INGLETON



INGLETON FROM THE QUARRY

a rather good copy of Vinci's "Last Supper," which is much more pleasant to contemplate than the east window directly above it.

Most persons who visit Ingleton spend little time in the village itself : its surroundings have a fascination which speedily draw the pedestrian away from the slate roofs and grey walls to the becks, caverns, and waterfalls. Two streams, coming from the high land to the northward, under the respective titles of Thornton and Ingleton Becks, unite in close proximity to the village, and are much frequented by tourists, whose usual method of examining their beauties is to go outward from Ingleton by the banks of the latter, and return, after crossing an expanse of moorland known as Twistleton Scar End, by the side of the former. The character of the scenery along these becks is quite different to anything to be found in any other part of Yorkshire. From the junction of the two becks onwards along either the eye is continually amazed by the plenitude of waterfalls, deep, black pools, vast masses of limestone rocks, richness of trees and shrubs, and such a wealth of ferns and mosses, as must needs give delight to the most *blasé* botanist. Those lovers of Nature, however, who are enamoured of quiet streams with peaceful surroundings, must not expect to find the desire of their hearts gratified along the banks of these becks. Here the water comes swirling along with the force and

agitation of mountain torrents, never preserving a uniform appearance or a dead level for long together. Sometimes it plunges over abrupt shelves of rock with a thunderous roaring, sometimes disappears into pools so deeply hidden by the overhanging limestone as to be invisible even in broadest daylight, and sometimes lashes itself into fury over rocks and boulders in the midst of exceedingly narrow channels. In some respects there is a slight similarity between the scenery of these two becks and that surrounding the Strid at Bolton Priory, but it is only slight—in its main features the Ingleton river scenery is quite unique.

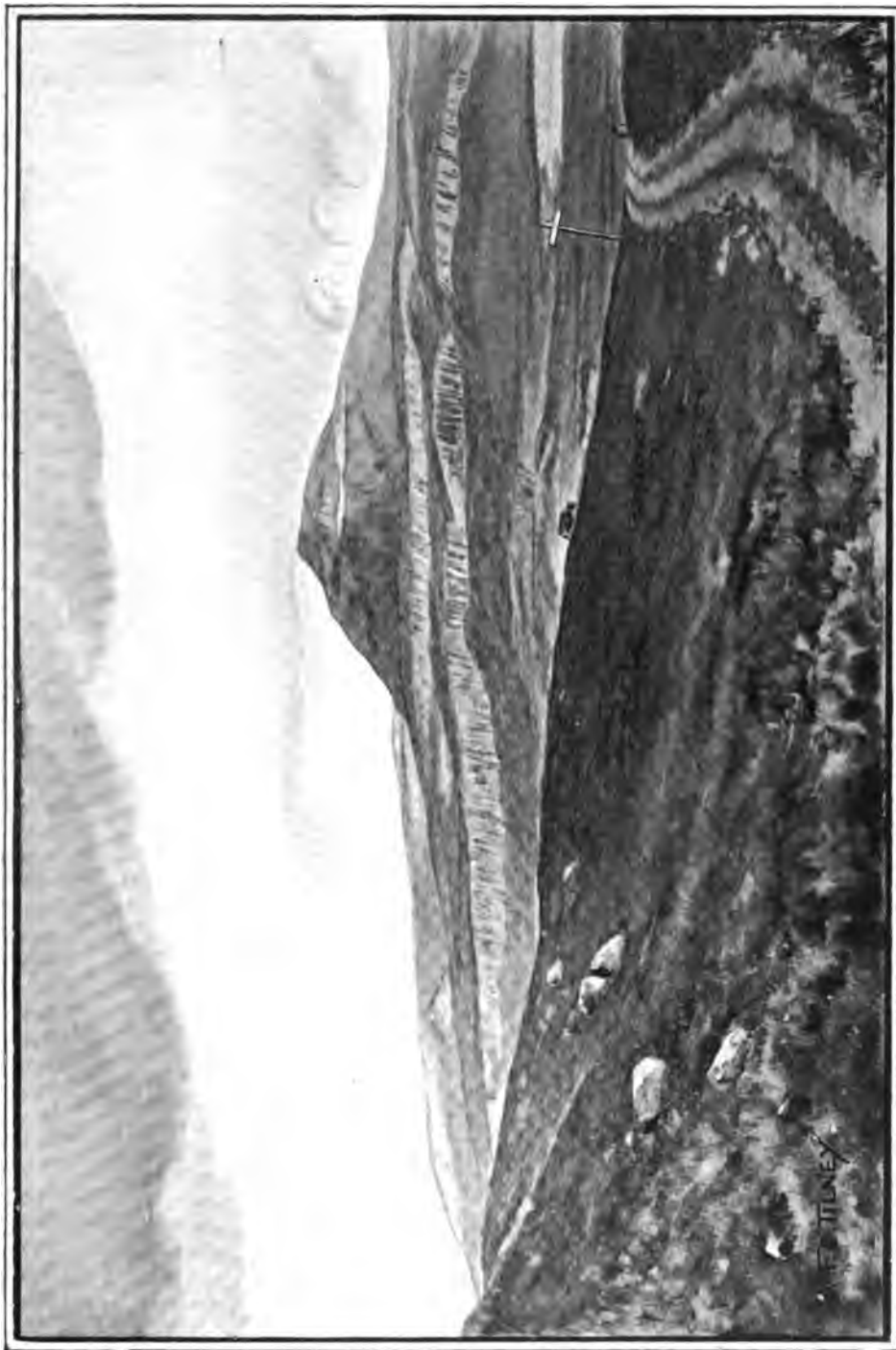
It is scarcely possible to attempt any description in words of the waterfalls, forces, and cataracts, great and little, which are met with in following the usual tourist route up Ingleton Beck and down Thornton Beck. The path which leads along the western side of the former passes through comparatively tame scenery until the narrow defile known as Baxengill Gorge is reached. There the stream sweeps through great masses of dark, overhanging rock, which in some places are so close together that it seems quite possible to leap from one side to the other. Trees crown the rocks; far beneath them the water swirls along, scarce seen in the semi-darkness. Here is a fall known as the Snow Fall, from a bridge near which there is a delightful view of wood, water, and rock. Beyond it the beck opens out somewhat, and its waters come pouring over a succession of ledges of rock, huge boulders, and through narrow chasms, until the ear grows distracted by its violent thunderings, which are added to by the roar of Beezley Fall, the principal cataract along this beck. Here the water pours over a mass of rock some fifteen feet in height, at the foot of which is one of the deep quiet-surfaced pools which form such remarkable contrasts to the roar and hurry of the streams in other parts of their course. It is usual to turn aside at this point and to cross the moorland known as Twistleton Scar End in order to return to Ingleton by way of Thornton Beck. From the high ground above Beezley Farm and Twistleton Hall Farm there are magnificent views of the surrounding country, and especially of Ingleborough, rising high above the valley through which Ingleton Beck winds. Thornton Beck is reached near a vast mass of rock called Raven Ray, which is locally reputed to have been at one time the abiding-place of a great number of ravens. A little distance from it is the most notable of the Ingleton waterfalls, Thornton Force, where the stream pours over the rock in such fierce fashion as to finally project itself in an arch into a deep pool below. The total fall of the stream here is sixty feet, of the final fall thirty feet, and it is quite possible to stand under the latter and see the water shooting out above one's head in a mighty curve. There are abundant evidences here that the waters have gradually eaten their way through the limestone, and that the process is still going on steadily, and the same geological fact is further evidenced at the next series of cataracts, Pecca Falls, where the stream pours itself over several cascades and plunges

into another pool of great depth. When the beck is in flood it is somewhat dangerous to approach too near to these falls, for the swirl of the water and the roar of the cascades is discomposing to the strongest minded. There is an instance quoted in the local guide-books of a lady who fell into the pool at the foot of Pecca Falls and was drowned in sight of her husband and friends, who were quite unable to afford her assistance. Below Pecca Falls the stream hurries into the romantic defile known as Swillabottom, and pours along, with ever-increasing roar, between vast overhanging walls crowned by trees and shrubs, so thickly leaved in summer as to shut out all sunlight from the water. It is somewhat in the nature of a relief to emerge from this defile into the peacefulness of the meadow-lands through which the beck passes immediately before reaching Ingleton again, for the roar of the water, vigorously making its way over and past continuous obstacles, and the gloom of the deep channel through which that way is made, tend to inspire feelings of awe and amazement rather than those calmer sensations of delight which one derives from the contemplation of less wild and striking surroundings.

"How few of those Yorkshiremen who glory in their county have set foot on the rocky summit of Ingleborough!" says Professor Phillips. To

any one staying even a short time in the neighbourhood of the great mountain it must needs seem the most obvious thing to do, but there are doubtless many travellers through this part of the county who remain contented with a view of Ingleborough from the plains and valleys beneath it, and cherish something of a pitying contempt for folk who climb to the plateau which crowns it. To visit the north-western hills and not to climb it, however, were more than a pity. Less known than the greater hills of Westmorland and Cumberland, Ingleborough possesses several distinguishing qualities which are peculiarly its own. To the geologist it is particularly





INGLEBOROUGH

interesting. "Its conical mass," says Phillips, "is crowned by a nearly flat cap of millstone grit, and is founded on a vast tabular surface of time-worn limestone rocks, these being in their turn supported by huge cliffs of massive and slaty Silurian strata. Magnificent caverns penetrate into the substance of Ingleborough, and on every side large cavities swallow up the moisture collected about the summit. Purified by trickling through the subterranean clefts of rocks, the water issues from the clearest of fountains with a constant temperature, often depositing on the surface the calcareous earth which it had dissolved in its passage, and had refused to give up to the stalactites which are always growing in the caverns." Then again, Ingleborough possesses vast interest to the archæologist in its possession of a camp which eminent authorities declare to have been a mountain fastness of the early Britons, and of which clear and abundant traces still remain. Finally, if the traveller should be fortunate enough to climb to its summit on a clear day, he will be rewarded by a magnificent view of the surrounding country—a view which is certainly equal to any of the prospects obtainable from Snowdon, or Scaw Fell, or Skiddaw. A clear day is, of course, a strict necessity—the experience which Mr. Bigland had on July 8, 1811, is one which has been shared in by the present writer on more than one occasion, and by most people who have kept a warm corner in their hearts for the great hill which forms such a conspicuous feature of the scenery hereabouts. Unfortunate Mr. Bigland wrote of his experience somewhat pathetically:—"The day," he says, "was fine and clear below ; but the mountain was from time to time covered with clouds, which often poured over the top like the smoke of furnaces. While ascending, however, all appeared clear, and he (the writer) seemed to have met with a favourable moment ; but when he reached the summit, a cloud was approaching from the west, which precluded his view of the Irish Sea. In the space of a few minutes, not only the distant mountains, but even Wharfedale and Pennine, disappeared ; Ingleborough was enveloped in a tremendous storm of wind and hazy rain, accompanied with a surprising degree of cold, and a darkness almost equal to that of night ; the winds, in the meanwhile, underwent no alteration below, but continued, all the day, warm, pleasant, and clear." This curious contrast between the climatic conditions of the summit of Ingleborough and those of its base are frequently noticed and often deter people from attempting the ascent. "I had planned to ascend and cross Ingleborough and drop down upon Clapham from its southern side," says Mr. Walter White in his delightful book, "A Month in Yorkshire," "but when a hill is half buried in mist, and furious scuds fly across its brow, it is best to be content with the valley."

To those who are willing to defy anything which weather can present in the shape of deterring influence, the way to the summit of Ingleborough will easily be found. Every guide-book authority agrees that the best route from Ingleton is to follow the main street of the village and the

Hawes road for a few hundred yards until a rough track is encountered on the right hand. This eventually merges into a narrow lane which at a distance of about two miles from the village leads to an interesting little deflection in the moorland called Crina Bottom. High above this, crowned by a belt of firs, an escarpment of limestone, called White Scars, rises out of the heather-clad hillside to the west ; eastward the formidable plateau of Ingleborough comes into full view. It is not a particularly entertaining or diverting climb to the extreme summit, but there is a certain compensation to be had by pausing occasionally to admire the ever-widening view. Once at the top the plateau of Ingleborough is seen to be of considerable extent—most authorities concur in computing its circumference at about a mile—and to possess several matters of interest to the archæologist in the shape of earthworks and remains of very early settlers in these mountainous regions. But most folk will care little for these things : the first sensation on reaching the summit of Ingleborough is one of pure delight at the vastness of the prospects obtainable from the edges of the plateau—prospects which extend from the mountains of the Lake District to the level meadows of Craven lying at the foot of Pendle Hill, and from the Irish Sea to the high lands of Wharfedale and Nidderdale. Perhaps the most pleasing prospect is that of the delightful valley in which lies Chapel-le-Dale—a tiny hamlet nestling amidst a wealth of green foliage—while the boldest is that of Pen-y-ghent, rising six miles away to the eastward. There is probably no mountain summit in England so full of interest as this of Ingleborough, which in times long past was undoubtedly the abode of a primitive tribe who here kept up some species of beacon-fire, and whose dwellings are still in evidence. Of their precise value and importance to the archæologist and lover of antiquities, Phillips gives the following deeply interesting account :—

“Ingleborough, on all sides girt with a rocky edge, is most abrupt to the north and the west ; drier on the summit than most of the Yorkshire fells ; and exposed in a remarkable degree to violent ‘north-westers.’ How strange to find this commanding height encircled by a thick and strong wall, and within this wall the unmistakable foundations of ancient habitations ! When resident many years since at Kirkby Lonsdale, it was for me an easy morning’s walk to the summit of Ingleborough ; and some traces have always been in my memory of some kind of wall round it, mingled with incredible traditions of ‘Roman camps’ on the top. But in 1851 the Rev. Robert Cooke, looking on this old wall, with a knowledge of similar structures in North Wales, came to a conclusion which appears to me sound, that Ingleborough was a great hill-fort of the Britons, defended by a wall constructed like others known in Wales, and furnished with houses like the ‘Cyttiau’ of Gwynedd. It is but a slight objection to this view that the enclosure contains no spring ; the same defect is observed on the Herefordshire Beacon, and in many other cases ; there is

indeed a very small spring on the west side about 50 feet below the summit, and what seems like a covered way leading down to it.

"The area enclosed by the walls of the camp on Ingleborough is ascertained from Mr. Farrer's Plans to be 15 acres, 1 rood, 37 perches. The figure is irregular, and parallel in a general sense to the outline of the precipitous gritstone brow of the hill, so that between the wall and this brow there are generally a few yards of clear ground. If we disregard the small irregularities, the figure may be described as quadrilateral; the face presented to the north-north-west is something less than 400 yards long, that opposite to it is about 250 yards; the face which looks to the south-west is about 270 yards, and that which fronts the west about 220. There are three openings through the wall; one at the south-west corner seems to be connected with a covered way down the steep brow; another in the middle of the east face admits the present, which was probably also the ancient track; a third, on the northern face, leads to a tremendous precipice. Each of the two last-named openings is 50 feet wide. The wall is remarkably low for about thirty yards at the north-west corner, and there the hill runs out into a sort of natural bastion.

"The wall is constructed after a regular plan, which seems to be substantially that of the large cairns which have been opened on the north-western moorlands, as, for example, Obtrush Roque, near Kirkby Moorside. There is along the inner side a series of broad, thin gritstones, set upright, edge to edge, so as to make a thin vertical face wall or limit. From these at right angles proceed outward many other such rows of broad stone, also set on edge, forming 'throughs' at intervals of six feet; the intervening spaces being filled in with a dry built wall. There is no outer face wall; but the openings already described are thus faced; there are no buttresses. The enclosed area is generally and remarkably bare and dry, and shows the millstone grit at the surface frequently. In this space are nineteen horse-shoe-shaped low wall foundations, about 30 feet in diameter, each ring-like foundation having only one opening, which is always on the side looking toward the south-east. They are evidently the foundations of ancient huts (Cyttiau) probably designed to bear conical or dome-shaped roofs of heath or sod—*congestum cæspite culmen*—which is the quarter for violent wind and snowstorms. No traces of fire have yet been found in any of these areas. The place for a beacon on Ingleborough is clearly the site of the present 'Man.'"

In Phillips's opinion, Ingleborough as a geological study is worthy of particular attention. "Ingleborough," he says, "has attractions for the geologist of no ordinary kind. To reach the summit from Ingleton Beck we pass over four groups of rocks, each full of interest; and these rocks are cut off toward the south by one of the most magnificent dislocations in England, the Craven Fault. For the effect of this Fault is to throw down to the south, as much as 3000 feet, the strata of Ingleborough,

so as to bury its highest rock below the thick group of Coal Measures which are worked below Ingleton. The lowest of the four groups of rocks is the slate rock worked in large quarries in the valley above Ingleton; the vertical cleavage planes of this slate appear in singular contrast with the level limestone beds which cover them on the north, and the highly inclined portions of the same calcareous rock on the south. The lowest of these limestone beds contain pebbles of that older slate rock, which is thus proved to have been consolidated before the formation of the limestone. At some very early period it had been thrown into great disorder; then worn down by watery agitation to a nearly level surface; and in this state sealed down as it were by the level beds of limestone. These limestone beds contain a good series of fossils in some places; and amount to 500 or 600 feet in thickness. Over them rises the great mound of Ingleborough, composed of the shales and limestones with some beds of sandstone, the whole capped by thick beds of millstone grit."

To the lover of nature the geological value of Ingleborough is not so important as its grandeur and beauty as a mountain. It is sufficient to such a one to look at its giant bulk in silence and almost in wonder. There are few sights in a country of this character finer than that of a great hill whose summit is wrapped by the white, fleecy mists of early morning, while its sides are dark with the brown and purple of the heather. The mists seem to float around the topmost peak of the hill as if they were spirit-shapes guarding some holy shrine. The man who has never seen this or that particular hill before, wonders what it is that these floating draperies guard so zealously. He is almost prepared to find some magic form seated on the summit when the mists finally clear away. As the sun mounts higher and higher in the east, and sends shafts of quivering light athwart the expectant landscape, the mists begin to curl and shrink and draw nearer and nearer to the mountain top as soldiers rally round the standard when the crisis comes. It is little they can do against the sun's fresh light, and moment by moment they fade and die, until at last their faintest vestige is swept away, and the mountain top stands out against the clear blue heavens beyond, dark, solemn, and almost eternal in its impassive strength.

It is wonderful in climbing a hill like this to find how solitary, how full of loneliness, its wide expanse of moorlands are, and yet how full of most active life! As you go forward, always getting higher and higher, you hear no sound save that made by your own feet in brushing the heather that grows over the edges of the sheep-track. But when you pause, say, to rest on some grey, lichened boulder that suddenly starts up from the heather, you find that there are sounds even in this wilderness of solitude. The faint cry of the grouse steals to your ears, the bleating of the mountain sheep on the grass below follows it, and from the sheep-fold in the valley comes the faint barking of a sheep dog following his

master. Nor are these sounds the only evidences of life which present themselves to your notice. Tiny birds, with whose names you are utterly unfamiliar, so different are they to the birds of the lowlands, hop about in the heather or linger on the grey boulders that begin to present themselves more frequently as you draw nearer to the top of the hill. Now and then, too, a lonely sheep, gaining a scanty meal amongst the heather, comes in your way, and, startled at your unexpected presence, utters a quivering "baa-a-a" as it bounds away towards the valley.

It is a stiff pull, and makes strong demands upon lungs and legs, that final climb to the top of the hill. But when it is once over, and you have come to the great cairn of stones which marks the highest point, you feel that you are well rewarded for whatever exertions you have made. Below and around you lies one of the most beautiful and romantic prospects which ever blessed the eyes of man. To the north and west rise the eternal hills, massive, rugged, full of suggestive power. They are broken into ridges and groups; here one rises sharply to a veritable peak: there one rounds itself gracefully like a dome. Nearer lies the valley, thickly wooded, dotted with wide expanses of green meadow which from this height look like garden plots, but which you know to be scores of acres in extent. Between them wind the beck, full of suggestion for painter and poet. Their banks, seen in the fairy light of the morning sun, seem well calculated to be the abode of fairies, and the scenes of those dreams which imaginative folk weave in these romantic neighbourhoods. The houses and cottages peeping out through the trees, with their walls almost washed by the swirling river; the quaint white-walled inn by the river-side, the grey farm-houses dotted here and there in the meadows and on the hill-sides—all these help to make a picture of pastoral loveliness which can rarely be equalled and never excelled. It is well worth the exertion of climbing the hill to find out how beautiful Nature shows herself in the valley.

II

In following a circuitous route round about the base of Ingleborough—a base, be it remembered, which is at least twenty miles in circumference—the traveller will do well to turn northward from Ingleton by a footpath which at a short distance from the village leads into the high road running along Kingsdale and beneath the slopes of Whermside in the direction of Dent. On each side of this road there are several scenes and objects of interest, and the views of the neighbouring hills and fells from every point are exceedingly fine. Somewhat south-west of it there is a picturesque village in Burton-in-Lonsdale, which is situated in close proximity to the Lancashire border. About a mile from Ingleton along the Dent road is the village of Thornton-in-Lonsdale, which possesses a church and an inn of more than ordinary interest. There are three very fine bays



Gregory.

of Norman work in the church, and its fourteenth-century tower has trefoil-headed niches. The old inn, dating from 1679, is quaint and picturesque. Close by it stands one of the few remaining stocks wherein evil-doers were set as an example or a punishment. Beyond Thornton the road runs alongside the murmuring Kingsdale Beck—a continuation of the stream known nearer Ingleton as Thornton Beck—and gradually rises in altitude as it intersects the valley lying between Scales Moor and Keld Head Scar. At about four miles' distance from Ingleton the traveller comes into the region of the curious natural phenomena known as "Pots," and into close neighbourhood with some of the most famous of the numerous caves for which the district is celebrated. Here, in close proximity to each other, are several "Pots," and also the far-renowned Yordas Cave: the equally notable "Pots" of Hurtle and Gingle and the more famous cave of Weathercote lies a mile or two away to the eastward across Scales Moor. The "Pots" are curious rents, gaps, or fissures, in the hillsides, and each

hassomeunique characteristic of its own. "These 'holes,' 'pots,' or 'coves,' as they are often called(probably from the Cymric Ogof)," says Phillips, ". . . betray, by actual pools, or by abundance of pebbles heaped on the floor, the powerful agencyof water. The drainage of the valley, in fact, passes through these and other undiscovered subterranean passages, and only in great floods are they so gorged as to run over." It



is said that black trout are found in the pool at the foot of Hurtle Pot ; in Gingle Pot there are heaps upon heaps of water-worn pebbles ; and in all of these curious chasms there is an abundance of luxurious vegetation in the shape of ferns and plants.

On the west side of Kingsdale, in a delightfully wooded ravine, is the famous cavity known as Yordas Cave. It is said to have been at one time the abode of a giant named Yordas, who here made habitation for himself, by excavating the solid limestone, but it is much more probable that Mr. Wheater's suggested derivation (the Earth-House Cave = Norse, *hus*, house; *jörd*, earth) is the correct explanation of the name Yordas. The mouth of this cave is 8 feet wide and 7 feet high, and its walls are chiefly of a rich black marble, veined in red and white. Soon after the entrance is passed, the cave opens out into a magnificent chamber-like cavern which is nearly 200 feet in length, by about 50 feet in breadth. The height varies considerably ; in some parts of the cavern it is 36 feet, in others from 70 to 80 feet. The whole place is thick with stalactites, which here assume strange and fantastic shapes, and have accordingly been separately named, sometimes with more imagination than truth. One is known as "The Bishop's Throne" ; another as "The Ram's Head" ; a third as "The Brown Bear" ; others again as "The Coat of Mail," "The Flitch of Bacon," and "The Belfry." At the extremity of the cavern is a smaller cave known as "The Chapter House," which closely resembles ecclesiastical architecture, and through which pours a cascade having a fall of nearly 60 feet. In winter and the rainy seasons this stream frequently floods the whole cave.

Between Yordas Cave and the caves and pots in the immediate neighbourhood of Chapel-le-Dale there is a stretch of about three miles of moorland, from almost any point of which the traveller may amuse and interest himself by reflecting upon the vagaries of Nature in throwing up such enormous masses of hill and fell as here present themselves to the eye in every direction. To persons unfamiliar with mountainous scenery, there must needs be something puzzling in the fashion in which hills and valleys are here intermingled. In a charming little book by Mr. P. H. Lockwood, entitled "Storm and Sunshine in the Dales," there is a *naïf* story which illustrates the wonder of a dweller in the flat regions of Lincolnshire or Cambridge on finding himself amongst the mountains :— "A farmer from the Fen district came to visit his daughter here, who had married one of our dalesmen. On the morning after his arrival she asked him how he liked her new home. 'It's verra nice, ma lass,' replied her parent, 'but,' he added, 'what lots o' land ye've got round here!' 'How so?' queried his daughter. 'Why, ye're not content with havin' it laid straight out like we are, ye've got it piled up in heaps and mounds all over!'" "Piled up" is a good term to use in connection with the hills hereabouts. Whernside, akin to Ingleborough in its geologic formation,



WHERNSIDE

and like it capped by millstone grit, superimposed upon a mass of limestone, is the highest of the group of mountains to which it gives its name, and overtops its namesake, Great Whernside, rising several miles away to the eastward by over a hundred feet. According to Phillips, its name was originally Quernside, and he appears to argue that the name was derived from the practice of the country people in cutting their querns or hand-mills from the millstone grit at the summit of the mountain. All round about Whernside are peaks and eminences of heights varying from 1000 to well over 2000 feet. Mr. Wheeler considers that the view of the mountains of this district which may be had from Storr's Common, near Ingleton, is unparalleled in Yorkshire for its extent, and there are indeed few points of vantage which can show so wide-spreading a panorama. But from almost any point hereabouts, from the high land above Yordas Cave, from the slopes of Gragreth—the hill whose name gave such trouble to itinerant topographers in former days—from Ingleton Fells and from the moorlands lying between them and Ingleborough, there are views and prospects which are always wonderful and delightful.

The three miles' walk across the moorland from Yordas Cave to its more famous neighbour of Weathercote, brings the traveller to the Ingleton and Hawes highroad at Chapel-le-Dale, a tiny hamlet whose church, one of the smallest in Yorkshire, was long since made famous by Southey in a

much-quoted passage which will bear a good many reprintings. In his novel of "The Doctor" he thus describes the little church wherein Daniel Dove's people had practised their religion for long generations :—

"The little church called Chapel-le-Dale stands about a bowshot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and later they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth, they had been consigned there for so many generations that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting-place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground than to enclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook, whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Weathercote Cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash-trees as the wind had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half-cultivation which gives a human character to solitude; on the south, on the other side of the brook, the common with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

"The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which has been placed there, were now themselves half buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung."

Chapel-le-Dale still preserves its primitive simplicity—far away (for a few miles' space makes a great difference in these solitudes) from railway lines and great towns, it has all the appearance of one of those very small pastoral communities which one somehow associates with the peaceful life which English farmer-folk and peasants lived in the last century. Its church (from near which there is a fine view of Whernside) is very small, and only affords accommodation for about eighty people, but evidences of population are scanty hereabouts, save when travellers and tourists pass along on their way to Hawes or Ingleton, or come here for the special purpose of seeing the three show-places of the dale—Weathercote Cave, Gingle Pot, and Hurtle Pot. The latter, a little way out of the hamlet on the west bank of Dale Beck (the same stream as that known as Ingleton Beck lower down) is a cavern of some size and of very gloomy aspect,

and like all the fissures and cavities hereabouts, has its mouth overhung with rich vegetation. It is possible to descend to the bottom, where there is a pool which is so deep that no perceptible heightening of its waters takes place when huge boulders or rocks are rolled into it. Here are found black trout—black, one imagines, because of the gloominess of their surroundings. Hurtle Pot is said to be haunted by a ghost, or boggart, whose practice is to decoy victims to its cavernous depths and then to drown them in the deep waters of the pool.

Gingle Pot is said to derive its name from the jingling sound made by stones which fall or are thrown into it, but this derivation is probably false, and springs from mere local tradition. It is usually computed to be 80 feet in depth, and the fissure at the top is about 30 feet in length. Mr. White in his "A Month in Yorkshire," records a curious incident respecting this chasm. "Mr. Metcalfe (a yeoman of the neighbourhood) had let himself down into the Pot by a rope two days before my arrival," says Mr. White, "to look for a young cow that had fallen in while on the gad, and disappeared in the lowest hole. He saw the animal dead, and so tightly wedged in under the rock, that there he left it. This was his second descent. The first was made in winter some years ago to rescue his ducks, which, perhaps deceived by the dark crevice that looked like a deep narrow pond when all the ground was white with snow, took all together a sudden flight to settle on it, and of course went to the bottom. Mr. Metcalfe was driving them home at the time; he looked over the edge of the Pot, and invited the silly birds to fly out. But no, they would not be persuaded to use their wings, and remained crowded together on the highest point of the slope, stretching their necks upwards. So there was nothing for it but to fetch them out. Their owner let himself down; yet after all his trouble the ungrateful creatures refused as long as possible to be put into the bag."

Weathercote Cave, considered by several authorities to be one of the most interesting caverns in England, principally because of its possession of a cascade 80 feet in height, is situate a little to the left of the Hawes road, near the Hill Inn, and at an altitude of nearly 1000 feet above sea-level. It is of interest in seeing it, and in considering it in the light of a natural phenomenon to compare descriptions of it made many years ago with its appearance of to-day. In Houseman's interesting "Tours to the Lakes" it is thus described:—

"Weathercote Cave is situated in a low field, where no such phenomenon is expected, and where no rude strokes of nature indicate anything extraordinary. The green turf is only interrupted by some stone walls, bordering a grove of small trees and shrubs, from whence issues the deep-toned hollow sound of a tremendous cataract. The door of the cave is no sooner thrown open than we see, through a grotesque arch of rugged rocks, a large body of water, rushing from a square hole, and dashing down among the rocks at the bottom of a vast craggy basin, about 60 feet perpendicular,

with a roar that astonishes the most intrepid. This furious river, as if ashamed of exposing its streams to the open day, no sooner makes this frightful leap, than in a moment it disappears ; when running underground for about a mile, it again shows itself on the surface in a more calm and peaceful state. From the gate at the entrance we descend about fifteen yards along a rocky steep.

A little to the right there is a cavity of about twenty yards in length, with a low roof, in which there is a petrifying spring, and a natural seat and table where the philosopher, the recluse, or the poet may study without interruption.

"The rocky walls of this cave, which are almost perpendicular, and on the north side upwards of 100 feet high, are covered with a black moss. The lowest and largest part, and where the water falls, is somewhat circular, and quite open at the top. One of the most striking features of this surprising scene is the stone of an enormous magnitude, suspended over the hole from whence the water issues by its opposite angles touching the sides of a crevice. This stone has certainly remained in its present

situation for ages, and however it may threaten the astonished spectators with impending danger, may probably continue till the end of time."

A further excellent notion of the appearance of Weathercote Cave is thus put into words by Mr. White, whose descriptive account of his journeyings during a month's tour in Yorkshire has already been referred to:—"A singularly striking scene awaits you," says Mr. White. "The rocks are thickly covered in places with ferns and mosses, and are broken up by crevices into a diversity of forms, rugged as chaos. A few feet down, and you see a beautiful crystalline spring in a cleft on the right, and the

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WEATHERCOTE CAVE

water turning the moss to stone as it trickles down. A few feet lower and you pass under a natural bridge formed by huge fallen blocks. The stair gets rougher, twisting among the big damp lumps of limestone, when suddenly your guide points to the fall at the farther extremity of the chasm. The rocks are black, the place is gloomy, imparting thereby a surprising effect to the whole rushing column of water. A beck running down the hill finds its way into a crevice in the cliffs, from which it leaps in one great fall of more than eighty feet, roaring loudly. Look up! the chasm is so narrow that the trees and bushes overhang and meet overhead; and what with the subdued light and mixture of crags and verdure, and the impressive aspect of the place altogether, you will be lost in admiration."

The examination of Weathercote Cave as it presents itself to the view of the admiring traveller of to-day begins in somewhat prosaic and matter-of-fact fashion by paying an admission fee to the person who guards the portals which British love of profit have duly set up before this very wonderful natural curiosity. If you desire to see the cave unaccompanied by any person save the guide, you pay a shilling for the privilege of doing so; if you resort to it as one of a company of sightseers you will be admitted at a somewhat reduced fee. The local guide-books lay stress on the fact that the sights of Weathercote Cave are cheap at a shilling, and no one who sees them will dispute it—the enterprising business man, indeed, will probably feel inclined to withdraw himself from their fascinations and weep in the meadow outside because this great phenomenon is not situated in the heart of London. The noise of the thundering cataract is heard before you enter the cave, and produces an awe-compelling effect on the ear which is much deepened when the entrance is thrown open. The first sight of the interior is certainly striking, and the roar of the falling waters is at some periods of the year absolutely deafening. It pours through an opening in the rock some eighty feet above the rough boulders on which spectators find a precarious foothold, and varies in its force and in its curve according to the season. Mr. White mentions that he buttoned his overcoat to his chin and rushed behind the vast, curving, seething mass, only to find that the clouds of spray were quite sufficient to soak a man's clothing through and through. Most people will content themselves with a front view of the waterfall, and with wondering at the massive rocks which surround it. Immediately above the opening in the rocks from which the cataract pours forth there is a curious boulder or fragment of rock called Mahomet's Coffin, which is wedged in between the walls on either side, and will apparently never be moved until the whole of this mighty cavern is broken up in some natural upheaval. The waters which rush from beneath the coffin and dash themselves upon the stones and rocks, lying eighty feet below, immediately disappear on reaching the latter, and are carried underground for about a mile, reappearing below the church, and meanwhile traversing the caves known as Gingle Pot and Hurtle Pot

during their subterranean course. If the traveller visits Weathercote Cave about noon on a sunlit day he will be favoured by the sight of another unique natural phenomenon—the cave's own special rainbow, which is produced by the action of the sunlight upon the spray which rises up like a cloud from the thundering waters. The cave is indeed a marvellous thing in many ways, and well deserving of the encomiums passed upon it by every itinerant topographer, and by such eminent scientists as Sidgwick and Phillips, who appear to have considered it the finest cascade-possessing cavern in the country. It is quite true that Mr. Bigland, with commendable prudence, took great care to point out to his readers that "this cave, though much spoken of, will not bear any comparison with that at Castleton in Derbyshire," but this remark was quite unnecessary and gratuitous, seeing that it is quite impossible to form any comparison between the two caverns, and that in Mr. Bigland's day nobody was likely to spend any time in satisfying himself or herself in deciding whether that gentleman's ideas on the respective merits of caves were right or wrong.

III

A little distance north-east of Weathercote Cave is Hill Inn, very pleasantly situated between the Ingleton Fells and Park Fell, and at no great distance along the road leading to Hawes are two other inns, Ribble Head Inn and Gearstones Inn, both situated in close proximity to the sources of the Ribble, and each guarded by Whernside on the west and Cam Fell on the east. Hereabouts the scenery is wild and solitary in the extreme. There are no villages or hamlets, unless one dignifies the two or three cottages cowering timorously together here and there by the latter name, and there are times when the traveller might well wonder if there are any people living in the world besides himself, so utterly lonely are some stretches of the highway between Ingleton and Hawes. But this overwhelming sense of loneliness only serves to add a deepened and heightened attraction to the roadside inns hereabouts, most, if not all, of which are still old-world enough in their appearance, and in the customs which obtain within their walls, to make them delightful resting places. Mr. P. H. Lockwood gives the following charming and faithful word-picture of an inn of their description in his "Sunshine and Storm in the Dales," a little work which is admirable as a faithful transcript of nature, and of life in this corner of the county:—" . . . An old inn at the head of one of the dales; beyond stretched the wild and higher moors that spread over the backbone of England, and form the watershed between the east and west of the island. A highroad passed the inn door, and could be traced upward and onward for miles towards the east. This western side is steeper and wilder than the more gentle slope on the east, and when once the pass is turned coming westward, the valleys are steeper, and the hills

seem to crowd closer upon you, and rise almost directly from the river beds at their base. The inn is undoubtedly old, and has probably stood three hundred years where it now is. No two rooms are on the same level, or of the same size, a step up or a step down leads from one to another. The walls are of great thickness, and of that substantial type which builders of those days usually adopted. The windows, too, are very small and have rounded tops, mostly of one single stone scooped out. All the beams, flooring, and fittings are of old oak, and, if not removed, seem likely to last several generations yet. The lintel of the entrance is composed of one large stone, on which are roughly carved the initials of the probable builder; but in this case no date is added, as was often the custom. The man who built the house was gone, but not his home."

One of the great charms of these roadside inns is the strange and curious variety of persons met within their shelter by the traveller who breaks his journey at their doors for a night's rest. This charm is all the greater if the inn is of the simple primitive type, and if its kitchen acts as parlour, dining-room, and smoking-room all in one. Around its hearth, usually well-warmed and lighted by a roaring fire, assembles at times as strange a company as the most fastidious lover of the *bizarre* could desire to find. The landlord himself—much more of mine host than the proprietors of portentous modern hotels!—is usually ready enough to join in conversation, and is not seldom a treasure-house of learning and information when local matters come to be discussed. Side by side with some young collegian, tramping the hills and dales with a treasured classic in one pocket and a sketch-book in the other, may be found a travelling draper, one of the last of the old race of packmen who carried their goods on their backs as they wandered from one village to another; cheek by jowl with some famous landscape painter may be seen a rustic whose chief marvel is that his neighbour has travelled so far in order to make a picture of the old sheepfold which is such a familiar object to his own eyes. There may be a drover or two amongst the company, or a groom who has stayed to refresh himself and rest his horse; there may be men from town seeking rest for tired brains and weary eyes, and mingling with them a shepherd or two, already grown sleepy from the effects of the long day in the fresh air. Folk who know nothing of the primitive life of these wildernesses would marvel how quickly time slips away amongst such company as the traveller may meet in a wayside inn amongst the mountains, where the evening is a blissful ending to the day and the prelude to a night of dreamless, perfect sleep.

Between Gearstones and Horton-in-Ribblesdale, further southward along the valley of the Ribble, there are several more "pots" and holes which those who love such things may probably turn aside to see. Road, river, and railway run in parallel lines down Ribblesdale at this point, and the pedestrian will find various matters of interest on each side of the



PEN-Y-GHENT

former. At Newby Head, a little to the north-east of Gearstones, is an inn which is said to rank amongst the five highest licensed houses in England, and which looks down the pass between Cam Fell and Whernside from an altitude of nearly 1500 feet above sea-level. Near Gearstones there is a subterranean passage of some size known as Catknot Cave ; further southward, near Selside, is Alum or Heln Pot, an opening in the limestone said to be 250 feet in depth, walled round and bridged over, and altogether one of the most remarkable of the numerous cavities in the district. On the opposite side of the valley there are other cavities and pots on the slopes of Pen-y-ghent, which here towers above Horton-in-Ribblesdale, and confronts the more bulky form of Ingleborough rising on the west side of the river. Pen-y-ghent (2273 feet) may be easily ascended from Horton, but the traveller who has already explored the heights of Ingleborough will find little to reward him for the trouble involved in climbing its slopes. Like Ingleborough and Whernside, Pen-y-ghent is a limestone mountain, permeated with caverns and swallow-holes, of which Hull Pot and Hunt Pot, situate on its north side, are the most remarkable. The outline of Pen-y-ghent is somewhat bolder than that of either Ingleborough or Whernside, and its crown is a conspicuous landmark from the high



HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE

ground to the east and south-east, where the Nidd, the Wharfe, and the Aire have their respective beginnings. Opposite it, and overlooking Horton from the west side of the valley, is Moughton Fell, where the geologist will find a peculiarly beautiful slate locally known as Moughton whetstone, the groundwork of which is a delicate pink in colour, relieved by lines and traceries of deep red. Horton, lying between the fell and the mountain, at an altitude of several hundred feet above sea-level, is a quiet little town, which from its possession of a church of the Norman period appears to have had an existence at the time of the Norman Conquest. There are some good specimens of zig-zag work in the arches and columns of the interior. The manor was at one time in possession of the abbot and monks of Jervaulx, and was the occasion of a somewhat bitter dispute between them and Edward I. There are here some comfortable inns, and the traveller who desires to ascend Pen-y-ghent and view the land on the east side of that mountain will be wise in making the little town his headquarters until his desire has been accomplished.

One feature of the slopes of Ingleborough on almost every side of its giant bulk is the wealth of its botanical specimens. In Pennant's curious and amusing account of his journey from Downing in Cheshire to Alston Moor in Cumberland, performed in 1773, there occurs the following quaint remarks on his botanical discoveries in this neighbourhood :—

" Among the plants the Botanist will find the *Salix herbacea* and the *S. reticulata*, or *Wrinkled Willow*. The sweet plant the *Rhodiola rosea*, or *Rosewort*, grows here ; useful to the *Greenlanders* for food ; to the natives of the *Feroe Isles* in the scurvy ; the first roots, applied in form of a cataplasm, are said to relieve the headache, and to heal malignant ulcers : a water fragrant as that of roses may be distilled from them. Those elegant plants, the *saxifraga oppositifolia* and *autumnalis*, are to be met with here, and the *Actæa spicata*, spoken of before. My friend met with here the *Epilobium angustifolium*, or *Rosebay Willow Herb*, a flowering plant worthy of our gardens. We have of late discovered that the down of the seeds has been manufactured with cotton, or beaver's hair, into stockings, filletings, bindings, &c. The down is obtained by drying the seed-vessels in an oven, then thrashing and riddling the seeds from the down, which is carded with the cotton or fur. The beastly *Kamtschadales* breed a sort of ale from the pith, and have inserted an intoxicating liquor from the infusion of the leaves ; they also eat the young shoots which trail beneath the ground. To these plants I must add the *Ophrys cordata*, or *Heart-shaped Tway-blade* ; the *Sedum villosum*, or *Marsh Stonecrop* ; and the *Lichen aphthosus*, or *Green-ground Liverwort*. It takes its trivial name from the use made of it by the people of *Upland* in *Sweden*, who, in cases of the aptha or thrush in children, give them an infusion of this plant in milk. A decoction of it in water is besides used in *Sweden*, which operates as a purge and vomit and is efficacious in worm complaints. The *Lycopodium alpinum* and *Selago* are common amidst these hills ; the last is a most valuable plant in the northern regions. The *Swedes* make of it coarse mats ; the *Russians* use the powder of the capsules to heal galls in children, chopped skins, or other sores ; the *Poles* with a decoction of it foment the heads of those afflicted with the filthy disorder of their country, the *Plica polonica*, and, as is said, effect the cure. It is observed that the capsules emit a light yellow powder, which flashes with a small explosion at the flame of a candle. Even this has been turned to use, and serves to make artificial lightning at theatrical entertainments. About the town of *Ingleton* are also a few scarce plants, such as the *Serapias latifolia* and *S. longifolia*, the *White Hellebore*, and the *Heesewort* of *Gerard* ; and to conclude the list, that rare and singular flower, the *Cypripedium calceolus*, or *calceolus Dnæ Mariæ*, or our *Lady's slipper* of old *Gerard*, so named from its form, is sparingly met with in a wood adjoining to this place, and again near *Clapham*. The oddity of this plant has increased the passion of Botanists for the possession, which has rendered it still more difficult to be met with."

From *Horton-in-Ribblesdale* the traveller may cross the moors on the south-east slopes of *Ingleborough* to the famous cave which lies underneath the mountain, and which is without doubt one of the most wonderful caverns in England. The entrance to *Ingleborough Cave* is situated in a romantic defile or ravine known as *Clapdale*, at the height of about

1000 feet above sea-level, and therefore about 1300 feet below the head of the mountain. As it is at present it was discovered about sixty years ago, but the folk of the locality had long known that there was a cavity in their mountain, which extended into its inner depths for several hundreds of feet. It is now explored to a length of about 3000 feet, and is certainly a most awe-inspiring place into which timid folk should have some delicate scruples about entering. In order to explore its mysteries it is necessary to go down the hillside to the village of Clapham, and there go through the usual preliminaries of paying a fee for admission—half-a-crown if one would have the place all to oneself; a shilling if one is a unit amongst others—and of finding a guide learned in the various passages of the cavern. Once within the mouth of the cave, the timid may experience a



ON CLAPHAM BECK

strong desire to turn back—the feeling that one is about to enter the bowels of a great mountain whose summit is so many hundreds of feet above one is calculated to arouse thoughts of fear and trembling.

Of the history and scientific importance of this remarkable cave, Phillips gives the following account,—an account which should certainly be read before the cave is explored, and which is perhaps the most comprehensive statement of its precise geological value yet written :—

"From Mr. Farrer's plan and description, as given in the *Proceedings of the Geological Society*, June 14, 1848, and from information since obligingly communicated to me, a clear notion of the history of this most instructive spar grotto may be formed. For about eighty yards from the entrance the cave has been known immemorially. At this point Josiah Harrison, a gardener in Mr. Farrer's service, broke through a stalagmitical barrier which the water had formed, and obtained access to a series of expanded cavities and contracted passages, stretching first to the north, then to the north-west, afterwards to the north and north-east, and finally to the east, till after two years spent in the interesting toil of discovery, at a distance of 702 yards from the mouth, the explorers rested from their labours in a large and lofty irregular grotto, in which they heard the sound of water falling in a still more advanced subterranean recess. It has been ascertained, at no inconsiderable personal risk, that this water falls into a deep pool or linn at a lower level, beyond which further progress appears to be impracticable. In fact, Mr. James Farrer explored this dark lake by swimming—a candle in his cap, and a rope round his body.

"In this long and winding gallery, fashioned by nature in the marble heart of the mountain, floor, roof, and sides are everywhere intersected by fissures which were formed in the consolidation of the stone. To these fissures and the water which has passed down them we owe the foundation of the cave and its rich furniture of stalactites. The direction of the most marked fissures is almost invariably north-west and south-east, and where certain of these (which in my geological works I have called 'master fissures') occur, the roof of the cave is usually more elevated, the sides spread out right and left, and often ribs and pendants of brilliant stalactite, placed at regular distances, convert the rude fissure into a beautiful aisle of primæval architecture. Below most of the smaller fissures hang multitudes of delicate translucent tubules, each giving passage to drops of water. Splitting the rock above, these fissures admit or formerly admitted dropping water. Continued through the floor, the larger rifts permit or formerly permitted water to enter or flow out of the cave; by this passage of water, continued for ages on ages, the original fissure was in the first instance enlarged by the corrosive action of streams of acidulated water; by the withdrawal of the streams to other fissures, a different process was called into operation. The fissure was bathed by drops instead of streams of water, and these drops, exposed to air currents and evaporation, yielded up the free carbonic acid to the air and the salt of lime to the rock. Every line of drip became the axis of a stalactitical pipe from the roof, every surface bathed by thin films of liquid became a sheet of sparry deposit. The floor grew up under the droppings into fantastic heaps of stalagmite, which, sometimes reaching the pipes, united roof and floor by pillars of exquisite beauty.

"To a marvellous specimen of this kind, the 'Pillar Hall' owes its name.

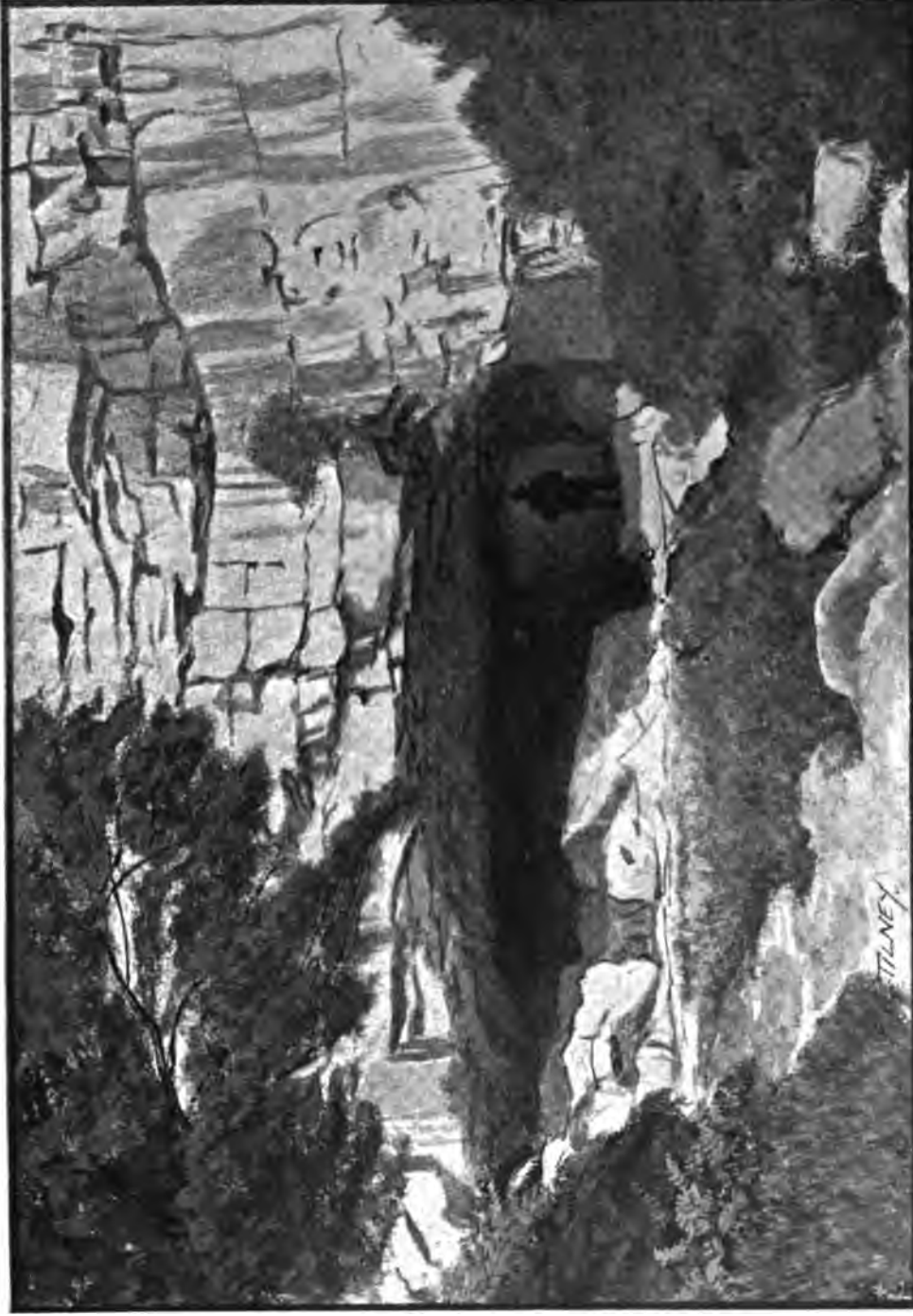
When the cave was opened, its floor was very uneven, and many pools were found in hollows of the rock or in basins, guarded by walls of stalagmite. These pools remain as they were found. The sides of these basins are usually undulated stalagmite, and there is often a bright sheet of this sparry deposit spreading widely from the side over the surface of the water, like a sheet of snowy ice or the leaf of a crystal plant, narrowing the area of these fairy lakes. The explanation of this is simple. The water charged with calcareous matter, and trickling down the stalagmitic sides of the cave, is sufficiently freed from carbonic acid when it reaches the level of the water to deposit the earth, and thus by continual accretion the edge spreads out into a surface, and the sheet of spar appears to float on the water. Below the surface of the water the aggregation goes on in corolloidal or botryoidal masses, which are coherent, but much less solid than the subaërial deposit.

"The calcareous sheet which is at the surface of the water ceases to flow over it, and it is observed in many other places that the beauty of the surface is soon injured when it is exposed to constant or long-continued dryness.

"The surface of stalagmite is generally undulated or excavated in little nests, of which the floor is formed by little bushes of calcareous spar, and the edges are crusted with that substance. This partly arises from the dropping, but is more dependent on the rippling of the thin films of water which readily yield up their earth to prominent points and ridges—smooth the larger, but augment the smaller inequalities of surface. In the small hollows the crystallisation is less rapid and more individualised. The stalactites and pillars show usually a spirality of structure; this is probably the effect of the air-currents.

"In the course of the cave are only two places where the roof descends so low as to compel the visitor to unusual stooping. In the first of these passages it was found necessary to blast the solid rock in order to let off the water from the gallery beyond this low part of the cave, and persons of moderate stature can easily pass through by stooping. In one part where the line of the cave crosses the direction of the fissures, the passage is like a tunnel; it is, in fact, *bored out* by the water, which here crosses from one fissure to another. Following, probably, some transverse rent, and aided by sand of which abundance appears on the floor, the water escaping from great pressure has worked for itself an evenly-arched passage free from stalagmite, except where great fissures cross it. Sand is not the only grinding material—pebbles derived from the hills above lie plentifully in certain parts of the cave, and particular chambers were once filled with them to certain levels where some of them still remain attached to the sides by stalagmitic incrustations formed at the thin level of the water.

"What is the source of the water which flows through the cave? whence came those heaps of sand and pebbles? what other opening can be traced



ENTRANCE TO INGLEBOROUGH CAVE

to the surface? To answer these questions we must return to the upper air and ascend the slope of Ingleborough. Above the cave in all its length is a thick scar of limestone, which by absorbing the rains may contribute to swell the little underground river. On much lighter ground we may see many small rills collected into a considerable beck—not devoid of finny life (trout). The beck, extremely variable with season and weather, is swallowed up by a large and deep cavity or pithole in the great Scar limestone, called Gaping Gill (ghyll). This hole is an enlargement of the natural fissures of the limestone which here and in the cave range nearly north-west. The stream in times of flood transports plenty of sand and sandstone pebbles from the upper slopes of the hill, and pours them into this gulf of about 150 feet in depth. There is no other known opening to the cave from the upper ground, nor any other great efflux of water which can be supposed to be fed from Gaping Gill than that which is seen near the cave mouth. In floods, this opening, a broad depressed cavern, called in the country 'Little Beck Lead,' is not sufficiently large for the body of water, which rushes from the hills above through the fissures and hollow interior windings in the rock; and it then forces itself a passage through the larger (supposed to be the original) mouth." Phillips further confesses himself unable to say through what periods of time the excavation of limestone and formation of stalactite have been continued, but adduces certain arguments and figures which serve to prove that one of the most famous stalagmites of the cave, known as the Jockey's Cap, has required two hundred and sixty years for its formation.

The entrance to Ingleborough Cave is at the foot of a limestone cliff 70 feet in height, and at its first opening forms a natural arch of some height and width. This gradually narrows for several yards, and eventually leads to a gate which is kept as securely fastened as the doors of a theatre. Once within the portal the wonders of the cave begin to make themselves manifest. The light of day soon vanishes, and what is to be seen must be seen with the aid of artificial light. There is a certain weird fascination in watching the entrance of a group of sightseers, each armed with a spluttering tallow-candle, into the cave—the flame of each daring adventurer's simple torch dances and flickers in the gloom and soon appears to be swallowed up in the mighty shadows of this subterranean palace. The wonders of the cave begin almost at once—ere the light of day has well disappeared the traveller finds himself gazing at the Inverted Forest, wherein trees appear to be hanging head downward from the roof. One of the first surprising features of the place is the extraordinary whiteness of the stalagmites and stalactites which shine in the candle-light as if they were formed of glittering snow. Some very curious effects are seen in the formation of these results of the continuous dropping of centuries. One formation is said to resemble the head of an elephant; another, a bride's cake; a third, a beehive, and so on, according to the united efforts of fact and imagina-

tion. That resembling a jockey's cap is most interesting as having formed the basis of a scientific inquiry into the growth of the stalagmites in this cave. In a wider part of the cave known as the Pillar Hall the stalactites and stalagmites meet and form columns of great beauty which, when sharply struck with a hammer or mallet, give forth clear musical notes varying in scale from a shrill to a deep sonorous tone. Beyond the Pillar Hall it is necessary to creep along on hands and knees for some little distance, a mighty bed of rock meanwhile hanging a few inches above the traveller's back and causing him to wonder what would happen if it should suddenly fall after he has passed it or while he is crawling beneath it. In the Giant's Hall there are more remarkable formations, one resembling a flitch of bacon, another a coffee-pot, a third a mass of beautifully disposed drapery. Here the traveller comes to the end of the cavern. In the Giant's Hall he is standing in the heart of Ingleborough, and daylight shines over a thousand yards in his rear.

The opening out of this very remarkable cave, and the preservation of the curious matters within its gloomy recesses, are largely due to the generosity and enterprise of the family of Farrer, of Ingleborough Hall, on whose estate it is situated. One of the members of this family developed the cavern from its original length to the present, and made the interesting calculation which has given geologists some accurate idea as to the length of time occupied in the formation of the stalagmites with which it abounds. Another, when the cave had been opened out as far as Giant's Hall, exposed himself in the interests of science to an adventure which few men, however intrepid, would willingly face. This, briefly touched upon by Phillips in the passage just quoted, was as follows:—When the cave had been explored to its present termination, two cavities were discovered on one side of Giant's Hall which led to another cave, evidently at a lower level, wherein was plainly heard the sound of falling water. Into this lower cave Mr. James Farrer and his fellow-explorer courageously descended, though utterly ignorant of where they might be going. Coming to a ledge of rock, they found themselves standing at the edge of a dark pool, of a size considerable enough to prevent them from seeing across it. Mr. Farrer determined to explore this subterranean lake, and with a light fixed in his cap, and a rope secured about his waist, he entered the water, which is described as being of a deep blackness and is probably of vast depth, and swam boldly into the unknown regions beyond. He found himself impeded from further progress by a mighty barrier of limestone. Beyond that no one has ever penetrated further into the heart of the mountain. Into Ingleborough Cave as it is at present—and with the exception of better provision for paths and for preserving order and dry feet, it has changed little during the last half-century—numerous tourists and sightseers crowd at various seasons of the year, some to take a hurried glance at its wonders and regain the open air with undisguised relief, others



to linger as long as possible and go away regretfully. There are two matters in connection with the cave which are specially noteworthy—one the extraordinary freshness of the air within it; the other the purity of the water which is found in some of the basins formed by the stalagmitic growths. The purity of the air, indeed, is a sure proof that between the mouth of the cave in Clapdale and the slopes of Ingleborough high above the Giant's Hall there is a through communication, but it is extremely improbable that this will ever be opened out. Up the side of Ingleborough, at an altitude of about 1400 feet above sea-level, there is a mysterious cavity called Gaping-Ghyll Hole, where the united waters of several mountain streams descending from Simon Fell, Clapham Bents, and other parts, suddenly disappear from sight, and it is conjectured that they supply the stream which runs through the cave. Gaping-Ghyll Hole, which may be reached by ascending the slopes of the mountain by way of a romantic ravine called Trow Gill, is a fearsome and awe-compelling spot, and is well worthy of a visit, in spite of the advice of some of the guide-book writers. It is a deep, gloomy hole, apparently going far down into the brow of the mountain, and is said to be known to be 350 feet in depth. A French explorer, M. Martel, made some investigation of it a few years ago, and was lowered by ropes into its blackness for a considerable depth. What lies deep down at the foot of this chasm no one probably will ever know; but lovers of the awful and the mysterious may gain a momentary



BENTHAM

pleasure from seeing its dark mouth opening in the midst of the heather, and watching the steamy spray rising from the water-worn rocks which form its sides, and down whose polished ledges the mountain streams have poured for long centuries.

There are few more delightful prospects in this part of Yorkshire than that which the traveller will find stretched out before him as he descends from the slopes of Ingleborough by way of Clapdale to the village of Clapham, which is certainly one of the most charmingly situated places in the county. There is everything in Clapham which one expects to find in the typical English village—a stream meandering through its midst, ancient trees, a quiet church, picturesque cottages and farmsteads, the ancestral hall and the country mansion, the stretches of green turf and wealth of flowers, and above everything—as far as the traveller is concerned—the village inn with its low-ceilinged rooms and air of comfort. Since the railway folk began conveying so many tourists to Clapham in order to explore the wonders of Ingleborough and its surroundings, the inns there have become somewhat modernised, and are a little different to what the *Bull and Cave* was when Mr. White visited it half a century ago, and found in its parlour a rustic who considered that it was scarcely worth while making the ascent of Ingleborough, because “if a man gets on a high place, he isn’t

satisfied then ; he wants to get higher." Nevertheless, despite the annual incursion of sightseers, Clapham is still in possession of its ancient charms, and many folk whose lot it is to spend the greater part of their lives in cities would give a good deal to settle down for ever amidst its pastoral quietudes. Its greatest attraction, perhaps, lies in the view which one gets of it from the railway line, from whose formal preciseness it is conveniently set apart. Over it towers the giant bulk of Ingleborough ; all about it are woods and groves and trees, peculiarly suited, as Cooke remarks, with a due appreciation of the fitness of things, to form the surroundings of "the seats of gentlemen," and not the less suitable to shelter the humbler dwellings of other folk of less degree. A streamlet or beck flows through Clapham from the slopes of Ingleborough and joins the little river Wenning a mile or two south of the village. Along the Wenning—a stream which eventually flows into the Lune near Hornby Castle—there is some delightful river scenery of a quiet nature, and two villages, Upper and Lower Bentham, of picturesque quality and situation. At the latter the traveller comes in touch with the border-land again—a mile outside its boundary, road, river, and rail—constantly found running in a strict proximity in these parts—forsake Yorkshire for Lancashire and the valley of the Lune, over which Ingleborough, still pre-eminent, keeps watch like a steadfast sentinel.

CHAPTER LVII

Dentdale, Sedbergh, and Garsdale

PIERCING THE HILLS AND FELS—DENT STATION—DESCENT INTO DENTDALE—THE RIVER DEE—DENT VILLAGE—THE BIRTHPLACE OF PROFESSOR ADAM SEDGWICK—BORDER AND RIVER SCENERY—SEDBERGH—SEDBERGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ITS HISTORY—INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM THE SCHOOL REGISTER—CURIOUS LETTERS OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SCHOOLBOYS—SEDBERGH CHURCH—CASTLE HOW—THE RIVER RAWTHEY—ASCENT OF THE CALF MOUNTAIN—CAUTLEY SPOUT—BAUGH FELL—GARSDALE—THE DALES IN WINTER.



HE extreme north-west corner of the West Riding is almost of the shape of a triangle, having Gragreth at one end of its base, Baugh Fell at the other, and the town of Sedbergh at its apex. Within this triangle, or just outside its lines, the traveller will find some of the wildest scenery in the county, and also some of the most unapproachable. It is essentially a land of hill and dale, of rocks, crags, bogs, waterfalls, and ravines. This bit of Yorkshire, which seems, geographically considered, to belong to Lancashire rather than to

the broad-acred county, can only be explored by folk whose legs are stout and lungs sound, and who are, moreover, possessed of a rare fund of endurance. It is easy enough to approach its very portals, for there are railways on each side of it, running through or over a land which George Stephenson himself, one must needs think, would never have dreamed of invading. There is, perhaps, no district in England wherein engineering difficulties have been so successfully triumphed over as in this. On one side this last nook of the West Riding the line of the Midland Railway Company pierces hill and fell with almost contemptuous ease; on the other that of the London and North-Western resolutely climbs the long ascent to Shap with which few English travellers are unfamiliar. To pierce into the district thus enclosed it is best for the traveller who has made Settle his headquarters to travel along the Midland line to Dent Station, thence to walk down into Dentdale (which is, as will be seen, a vastly different matter to walking up from Dentdale to the station!), and on to Sedbergh, whence a return to the railway at Hawes Junction may be made by way of Garsdale, under the protecting shadow of Baugh Fell. Such an excursion is fraught with novelty and delight from its first stages. The railway closely follows the windings of the Ribble as it flows between Ingleborough on the west and Pen-y-ghent on the east, and gives the traveller wild and awe-striking views of the great, lonely fells from many advantageous points. At Ribblehead the scenery becomes even wilder—a great viaduct carries the line over a ravine; Whernside, with its vast, crag-strewn stretches, rises up on one side, and Cam Fell on the other, and the unaccustomed traveller may be forgiven if he fancies that he will never see the haunts of men again. At a height of 1600 feet above sea-level the railway line is carried under the mountain for some distance—well over a mile at least—by the tunnel called Blea Moor, and the north-east corner and slope of Whernside have yet to be rounded ere Dentdale comes into welcome view on the left. But the view when it is reached compensates for the savage grandeur of the fells, and is all the more striking because of the sharp contrast between its character and that of the scenery through which the railway line pierces on its way from Settle northwards to Dent station.

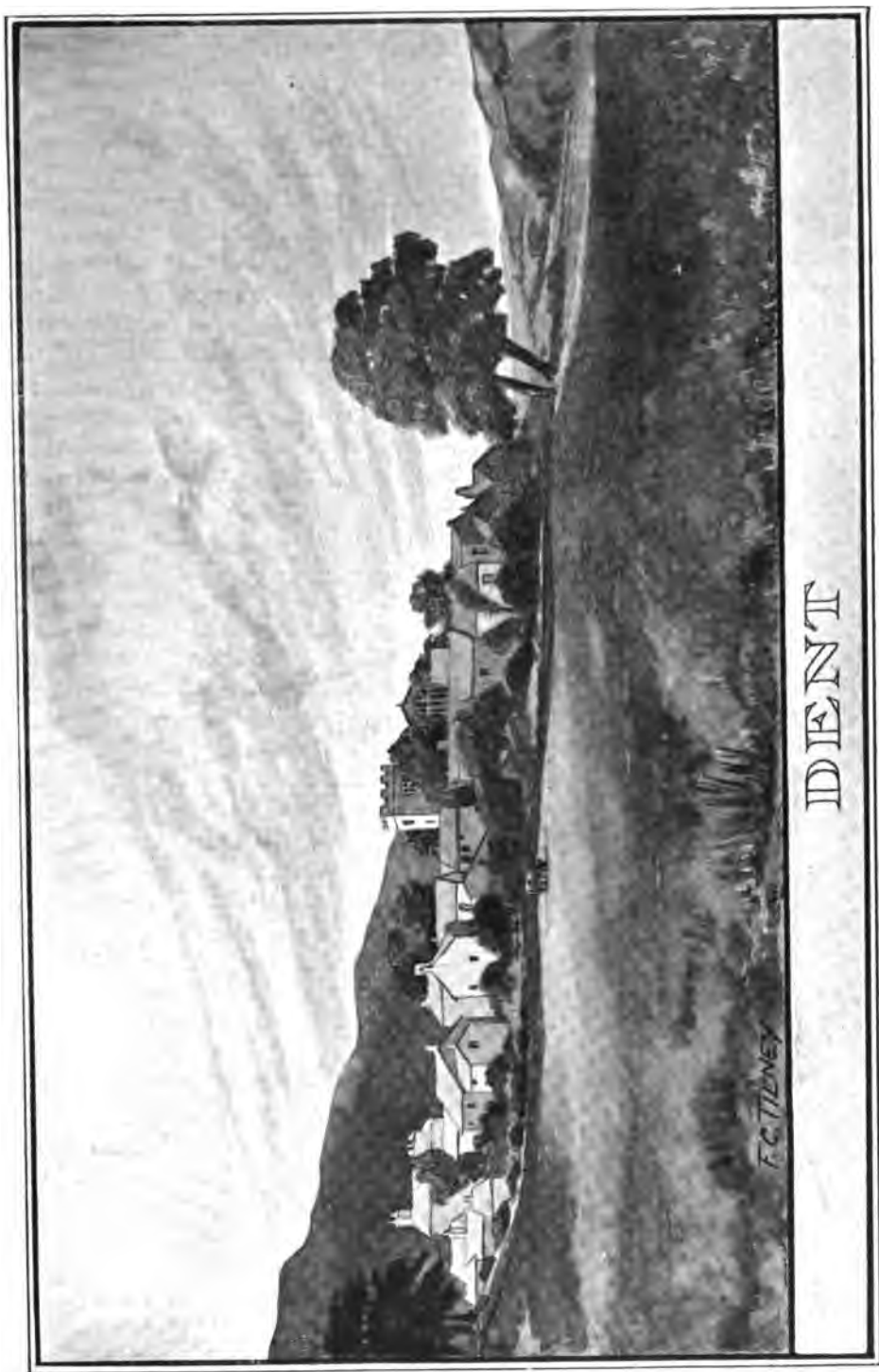
From the viaduct which carries the line over the valley at Dent Head, there is a magnificent prospect of Dentdale stretching far down to the westward, and a similar view is obtainable from the station of Dent (which, be it remembered, is a considerable distance from the village), where the traveller on stepping from the train finds himself at an altitude of over 1000 feet above sea-level. Few, if any, of the minor Yorkshire valleys are so delightfully situated as Dentdale, which runs, intersected by the little river Dee, from east to west for a distance of about ten miles, the stream eventually emptying itself, in conjunction with the Rawthey, into the Lune near Sedbergh. It is about two miles in width, and is surrounded on all sides



RIBBLEHEAD

in its various curvings—for it describes almost a semicircle ere it terminates below Sedbergh—by fells of great height, dominated by Whernside as chief in altitude and importance. From Dent station the descent into the dale is remarkably sudden—so sudden, indeed, that no pedestrian can fail to feel thankful if his arrangements do not include a climb back from the level of the valley to its head—and is accompanied by rapidly changing and expanding views of delightful pastoral scenery, in the midst of which the village of Dent is seen lying on the banks of the Dee, immediately beneath the foot of the northern slopes of Gragreth. The road runs along the side of the river for most of the way between the station and the village, and at a little distance before the latter is reached crosses the foot of a romantic glen called Deepdale, in which is a beck formed by two streams which run down from the high land between Gragreth and Whernside, and unite at some height above the valley. On the north side of the Dee above High Chapel the fells rise to heights of well over 1600 feet, and shut out Garsdale, lying between them and the mass of Baugh Fell.

The village of Dent is a quaint, peaceful little place, nestling snugly in the heart of the valley and the shelter of the surrounding hills, and presenting itself to the traveller's first critical inspection as a collection of roofs, gables, and chimneys of more or less old-world fashion grouped about the square, embattled tower of its church, and plentifully shaded by trees and foliage. For the beauty and charm of its situation Dent has



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always been plentifully praised. Mr. Brown, the author of a work on the Agriculture of the West Riding of Yorkshire, published about a century ago, described the village and its surroundings as the picture of a terrestrial paradise, while Mr. Bigland, not to be outdone, remarked of it that its secluded and delightful situation must needs excite in the mind of the tourist an idea of the happy valley of the Abyssinian prince Rasselas. Whether the scenery of the Abyssinian prince Rasselas's happy valley was at all akin in character and feature to that of Dentdale one need not now stop to inquire—it is quite sufficient for plain folk to praise it modestly by affirming it to be one of the most charming pastoral dales in the north country. The village itself is quiet enough ; there is little doing in its cobble-paved streets, and life appears to flow smoothly and easily for its inhabitants. There used to be a considerable number of stockings manufactured here for sale at the Kendal markets, and there is a valuable commodity in the neighbourhood in the shape of black marble. Dent appears to have had a market charter from an early period of its existence, and it had at one time a fortnightly succession of fairs for the sale of horned cattle, beginning in February and lasting until May. Like many another old market-town, it is now in reality no more than a village, and apart from its beauty of situation, its great claim to note lies in the fact that it was the birthplace of Adam Sedgwick, the famous geologist, to whose memory and its own credit it has caused to be set up a worthy memorial in the shape of a huge boulder of granite, which no one who passes through the place can conveniently fail to observe.

The course of the Dee between Dent and Sedbergh is almost parallel with that of the highroad connecting the two places. All along the dale the scenery retains its charm and beauty. The fells rise up grandly on either side ; the river winds and murmurs between meadows of refreshing greenness ; here and there some variation is made in the shape of the junction of some tiny hill-born rivulet with the wider stream of the valley. About half-way between Dent and Sedbergh there is a fine fall called Brackensgill, which descends to the Dee through a romantic and well-wooded ravine in the side of Holme Fell. Here the traveller is almost on the very borders of the county ; from the fell tops on this side of Dentdale a few steps would carry him into Westmorland. But by the time he has passed the little village of Milthrop and crossed the Rawthey into Sedbergh, he is well within Yorkshire, and may safely feel proud of Yorkshire's associations with the Grammar School which here lies so far out of the world. There is not very much in Sedbergh to attract attention save the Grammar School ; it is a town of one street, like many another in Yorkshire, and has little pretension to grandeur or beauty of architecture, or to glory of any kind, always excepting its share in the fame of its great public school and its possession of a setting of rare beauty. Of the school the town and its folk have rare and good reason to be proud. It was founded

early in the sixteenth century, by Dr. Roger Lupton, who in his day was Fellow and Provost of Eton and Canon of Windsor, and who is believed on very excellent grounds to have been a native of Sedbergh. His project for establishing a school in the town is first mentioned in a deed drawn up on August 12, 1527 (19 Henry VIII.), and signed by the Abbot of Coverham, the Archdeacon of Richmond, and the Vicar of Sedbergh ; but there is some probability that the institution had already been in active operation for some years previously. A Royal Charter was granted to



OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, SEDBERGH

the school in 1552, and for a century it appears to have flourished, but it underwent sore times about the middle of the seventeenth century, when its then master, one Jackson, caused grievous scandal by his drunken habits. Another hundred years of prosperity followed, and then came changes which, carried on at various intervals during yet another century, saw the school transformed into a modern educational establishment of the highest class. It is now one of the most famous of the public schools of the North, is conducted on the house system, and has a very large staff ; and instead of confining its teaching operations to the scant space of the old school-house has developed magnificent new buildings which, with the various masters' houses, are certainly the chief features of Sedbergh.

In the *Sedbergh School Register*, edited by Mr. B. Wilson, one of the house-masters, and published by Mr. Jackson of Leeds, himself an old Sedberghian, in 1895, there is a very full and interesting list of men who have passed through the school. The following extracts from its pages afford some idea of what "viri" Sedbergh has turned out at various times :—

LOWTHER, GERARD ; born in Westmorland. Entered St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1552. He was almost certainly the second son of Hugh Lowther, of Lowther, his mother being Dorothy, daughter of Henry Lord Clifford, Wordsworth's "Shepherd Earl." It was to his elder brother Richard that Mary Queen of Scots wrote after her defeat at Langside in 1568, asking for his protection. He lodged her safely in Carlisle Castle, and allowed the Duke of Norfolk to visit her, for which he was heavily fined. Both brothers were deeply involved in the "Rising of the North," and a warrant was issued for Gerard's apprehension ; but he contrived to escape, mainly through the influence of his wife, Lucy Dudley, second cousin to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The two were again concerned in the plot headed by the Duke of Norfolk in 1571, for which the Duke was executed in the following year, but contrived once more to extricate themselves. Gerard was an eminent Counsel and Benchman of Lincoln's Inn, and High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1592. He died about 1596. He built the house at Penrith, which is now the "Two Lions Inn." By his grandfather's will, he appears to have become life owner of the manor of Sedbergh. "I will y^e Jarrard Lowther shall have Soulbie and Settbarre during his lifetime."

BRIAN MELLBANKE ; born in Yorkshire. Entered St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1574 ; B.A., 1579. He was an euphuistic writer, and the author of a rare work, "Philotimus ; or The War betwixt Nature and Fortune." There are many quaint proverbs and verses scattered up and down the volume, and mention is made in it of the story of Romeo and Juliet as being well known at the time. It is dedicated to Philip, Earl of Arundel, and is a close imitation of Lyly's "Euphues." It also contains some eulogistic verses by George Wastnes, who calls the author of "Philotimus" "a mirror of a man," and of "learning rare," and addresses him as "my sugred darling boy." Mellbanke describes himself as a student at Gray's Inn, and there is the entry of his marriage in the Registers of St. Olave's, Southwark, June 3, 1583.

BARWICK, JOHN ; born at Witherslack, Westmorland, in 1612. One of Sedbergh's most noted divines. He entered St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1631, and became Fellow in 1636. It is related that while an undergraduate, he was unfortunate enough to break the collar-bone of a fellow-student at football, after which he could never be prevailed upon to play football again. When the Civil War broke out he rendered the most signal services to the royal cause. He was the means of conveying money and plate to the king, which so incensed the Parliament that they sent a body of troops to ravage the University. This called forth two remonstrances, in both of which Barwick had the chief hand. This being known, he had to leave the University, and took up his quarters in London with his patron, Bishop Morton of Durham, where he continued to be a valuable ally to the king's party. After the death of Charles I., he at once transferred his active allegiance to Charles II. His secret correspondence, however, led to his betrayal by a post-office official, and he was committed to the Tower. There his

health, which had previously been much shattered, was completely restored, though, or perhaps because, his diet was of the meagrest kind. He was released after more than two years' imprisonment, and took up his abode in his brother Peter's house in St. Paul's Churchyard, conducting the royal correspondence in the same manner as before. At the Restoration, he was pressed to become a Bishop, but he contented himself with the Deanery of Durham, which he shortly exchanged for that of St. Paul's. He did a great deal of good work at Durham, restoring the Cathedral services, repairing the fabric, and erecting a grammar school. His health gave way in 1662, and he died in London after an illness of three days, October 22, 1664. He left £40 to Sedbergh School, to be spent in "good usefull scholebooks," and £300 to St. John's College. His life was written in Latin by his brother, Fellow of St. John's College.

OTWAY, JOHN, born at "Sedborough," eldest son of Roger Otway, who died at Ingmire, February 10, 1648, aged 88. He entered St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1636, and was elected a Fellow on the Lupton Foundation in 1639. He was ejected in March 1643, for refusing the Solemn League and Covenant, his name appearing second on the ejected list out of the whole number of Fellows. He must have soon after joined the royal army, and "did not show less courage in the field against the sworn enemies of the kingdom than he had formerly done in the University." He was the bosom friend of John Barwick, whose *Life* is practically Otway's biography also; and it was with the latter's help that Barwick had provided himself with a burying-place, when he believed himself to be on the point of death, before his imprisonment. The two friends exerted themselves, after Barwick's release, to win over two distinguished Parliamentary officers, Colonel Cloberry and Colonel Redman, both of them brothers-in-law of Otway. This they at last succeeded in doing, and each officer rendered a signal service to Charles II.'s cause: the one by using his influence with General Monk, the other by inducing the Irish troops under General Lambert to revolt; thus making General Monk's final march to London easier, the sequel to which was Charles's Restoration. For his services, Otway was knighted on June 20th, 1673, made a King's Counsel, and received the office of Vice-Chancellor of the County of Durham. He was also member for Preston in 1677 and 1679. He died October 15th, 1693, and there is a tablet to his memory in Sedbergh Church. His mother was a daughter of John Mayer, Head-Master of the School. He was twice married: first to Mary Rigg, of Winchester; secondly to Elizabeth Brathwaite, of Ambleside, whose son Brathwaite succeeded to the estates, and dying unmarried, was succeeded by his sister, Catharine, who married Mr. William Upton, the ancestor of the present owner of Ingmire.

GIBSON, GEORGE, son of John Gibson, of Aycliff, Durham. Entered St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1690, age 18; B.A., 1693. He was the first Vicar of Stockton-on-Tees. The following extract is taken from the journal of Rev. T. Thompson, a dissenting minister:—"Mr. Gibson, y^e first Vicar of Stockton, after it was a separate parish, died in a fever on June 17th, 1714. He came but at May last past. The Lord pity his family, wife and six children (all daughters), and provide well for the parish." He is the only Vicar of Stockton who has died there; hence the saying that the Vicar of Stockton never dies.

SEDGWICK, ADAM, son of Rev. Richard Sedgwick, of Dent. Entered Trinity Coll., Cambridge, in 1803, age 19; B.A., Fifth Wrangler, 1808; elected a Fellow of the College in 1810; ordained in 1817; appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology in 1818.

He became Canon of Norwich in 1834, and Vice-Master of Trinity College in 1845. He was President of the Geological Society, and one of the founders of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He was a prominent figure and speaker at all the meetings of the British Association. Much of his geological work was done in company with Murchison, resulting in joint papers, such as those on the *Silurian and Cambrian Systems, A Classification of the old Slate Rocks of North Devonshire, &c.* An estrangement, however, unfortunately took place between the two friends on the question of the nomenclature of the Silurian and Cambrian rocks of North Wales, which also led to strained relations, for a time at least, between Sedgwick and the Geological Society. He was a great favourite at Court, a fact which was at the bottom of the amusing incident of Cowgill *v.* Kirkthwaite. Cowgill Chapel, a few miles beyond Dent, had had a district allotted to it by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who were allowed, or perhaps encouraged, by the then curate, to substitute the name Kirkthwaite, wherein the Chapel lies, for Cowgill. Upon this the Professor published a *Memorial*, in which he vigorously protested against the change, at the same time allowing his pen to wander off into a general view of the history, traditions, manners, and customs of his native valley. The Queen got to hear of it, and had a copy sent to her, and it ended in a bill being introduced into Parliament, with ministerial support, whereby the objectionable name of Kirkthwaite disappeared for ever. An "Appendix" to the *Memorial* was circulated among the inhabitants of the dale, which is highly prized by its possessors. Professor Sedgwick was far from being a mere votary of science. He was a keen politician, an omnivorous reader of general literature, a metaphysician whose capacity was fully acknowledged by Whewell himself, and a lover of archæology and architecture. He was an eloquent speaker, and a most brilliant conversationalist. His writings are almost entirely in the form of papers for societies and journals. He was never married, and died at Cambridge, January 27th, 1873.

In the same work the editor gives a deeply interesting correspondence which took place towards the end of the seventeenth century between some youthful members of the family of Fleming (of Rydal in Westmorland) and their father, Sir Daniel Fleming. The following extracts from it are significantly characteristic, and show that the schoolboy of that age differed little in his thoughts and ideas from the schoolboy of to-day—always excepting the important fact that the modern parent is not hailed with such politeness as that shown by George and Richard Fleming in writing to their honoured father :—

I

Ye 18th May, 1686.

SIR,—The time of our breaking up now approaching, we most humbly besiech you to be pleased to send for us if you can convenient upon the 19th of this month. Sir I desire you to send me word what you are pleased that wee should give the two servants, seeing y^t they looked for something when we came to this place, for it is a custom that they alwayes give ye servants something at their first coming, and we were after tould that they are wont to give a shilling apiece to the servants, for every scholar y^t cums. This Sir I writ that you might know better what to give them, seeing we gave them nothing when we came ; and in like manner Sir I stand in great need of a hatt ; for I had none sinse Easter is a twelvemonth, and soe if you please, and that

my brother Daniel cum for us, he may buye me one, and I hope you will lett me have something better than the last that I had, for my brother James was better, and all scoalers have much better, but such a one as shall please you that I should have I shall be glad of. Sir this is all hoping that we shall see you before it is long from

Your most obedient son

Alwayes to command,

G. FLEMING.

II

SEDBURGH, Nov. 11th, 1687.

SIR,—I hope that ye *Ovid* which you writ for arrived safe at y^r hands. As for our showes which you thought fit to have made hear, I have received paying for them 5^s 8^d. Sir I desire you to send for us if you have leasure about 7th of Dec., that being the day our giving over; I hope you will let me know what bookes you think fitting for me to bring home with me, or what other things; Sir there is hear a use that when any goes away to ye College, that he always treats some of the chief of his schoolfellows with a little ale and cakes. This Sir I let you know not being myselfe over desirous of, but that I only might know your pleasure therein.

I rest as I ought to doe,

Your most obedient son,

G. FLEMING.

III

Oct. the 5th, 1688.

SIR,—I send this letter as an humble suter on my behalf (though it doth cause me to weep that I should presume to write in this manner) as to intreat you to put me to another kind of employment, for in this am I not able to undergoe, although I daily strive by my utmost endever, yet the master am I not able to please, but daily jear me saying "what a shame it is for you to let y^r fellows excell you," which increases my sorrow, and alwayes thinking how much I displease both you and my master in this makes me y^r I can scarce tell what to doe, all the paines y^r I take doth not trouble me by halfe so much as it. Therein do I subscribe myself, as in duty am bound,

Y^r most obedient son,

RICH. FLEMING.

More than one volume dealing with Sedbergh School has been published, and each possesses some charm which is scarcely less great to the non-Sedberghian than to the old boy who looks back on his school with affection and pride. The school has its own volume of school-songs, written by one master (Mr. R. St. John Ainslie) and set to music by another, and admirably illustrated by its author with pictures of the surrounding scenery. It has many quaint and curious traditions of its past history, some of which are mentioned in the Register. Here at one time it was usual to pay "cock-penny" to the head-master and usher every Shrove Tuesday, the former receiving a guinea and the latter half that amount. This custom originated from the practice of cock-fighting, which evidently went on here in the early days of the school with the sanction of the authorities. The cocks were regarded as the masters' perquisites, and thus

when cock-fighting went out of fashion "cock-penny" came in as substitute. Outdoor games have always been a great feature of the modern life of Sedbergh School, and the boys have invariably been encouraged to make themselves acquainted with the beauties of the surrounding country, and to explore its hills, valleys, and rivers to their heart's content. Sedbergh naturally possesses a great charm for its old scholars; to the lover of literature it has a still further interest in the fact that Hartley Coleridge was head-master of the school for a short time, and provided much amusement to the practical jokers amongst his pupils, who used to pin his long coat tails together and bedeck the ends with adornments cut out of paper.

Although Sedbergh is not particularly or even commonly beautiful in its architectural features it possesses an interesting parish church in which there are decided traces of its Norman origin. Its prevalent style is of the perpendicular period, but the piers which support the round-headed arches are plainly Norman. A notable feature of the interior is the use made of the black marble which is found in Dentdale. The font is fashioned from it; so are many of the monuments on the wall; and it is used in relief in the chancel floor. There are several monuments of interest; particularly one in memory of John Dawson, a famous mathematical tutor, who is said to have trained eleven Senior Wranglers. In the churchyard outside two yew trees mark the spot where George Fox, the Quaker, preached to the folk of Sedbergh while the parson addressed an empty church. Than the church and churchyard there is little more in Sedbergh that one need linger over. A little way out of the town there is an eminence called Castle How, which some authorities believe to have been a Saxon stockade, but which is now only noticeable as affording a good vantage-ground for obtaining a wide-spreading view of the surrounding scenery.

The surroundings of Sedbergh are full of wild beauty. On the Lune—here separating Yorkshire from Lancashire—on the Dee, and on the Rawthey, there are "bits" of river and rock scenery which will fill the heart of the lover of nature with delight and rapture. Not very far away is Black Force, a sombre, rock-bound defile, through which the Lune pours its earlier stream; along the Rawthey are numerous spots where the traveller will willingly linger; at Milthrop Bridge there is a combination of river, rock, and mountain scenery which is full of charm and beauty; and on the fell sides which rise above the town are wide stretches of moorland over which solitude reigns supreme. Somewhat to the north-east of Sedbergh rises the Calf Mountain (2220 feet), from the summit of which there is a magnificent view of the hills of Westmorland and Cumberland, and below which, on the very border of the county, are Cautley Craggs and Cautley Spout—the latter a high fell between narrow rocks, very bare and wild in its surroundings. For such folk as care not to venture into these wildernesses there are more peaceful adventures to be had




BAUGH FELL

along Garsdale, the valley which runs, intersected by the little river Clough, under the shadow of Baugh Fell, to its bend near Hawes Junction. Garsdale is not so pretty or charming in character as Dentdale, and it has no village in its midst to remind one of a terrestrial paradise, or of the happy valley in which the Abyssinian Prince Rasselas resided. But it has its feature in the presence of Baugh Fell (2230 feet), from the summit of which, if the traveller will climb to it from the valley far below, there are mighty prospects of the hundred-and-one peaks, cores, and mountain tops of every varying shape which kiss the sky in this wild corner of the land. But let such a one do his climbing and, indeed, his explorations of this district in summer rather than in winter. Only those who have had experience of these dales and fells in the days when snow lies thick and frost bites keen can picture them as they really are at that period of the year, or estimate the dangers which would attend any man who dared to go a-mountaineering up the hillsides or a-wandering along the valleys below in winter. There are times when the stoutest of stout railway-engines, armed at all points and fortified with the strength of the steam-giant, shrink like whimpering children before the fierceness of the storms which sweep over the hills and down the dales, and cover everything with a vast white mantle which clothes but cannot hide their wondrous beauty.

CHAPTER LVIII

The River Greta

CHARACTER, COURSE, AND ASSOCIATIONS OF THE GRETA—THE YORKSHIRE AND WESTMORLAND BORDER—STAINMORE FOREST—REY CROSS—BOWES MOOR—SPITAL INN—LEGEND OF THE HAND OF GLORY—BOWES : THE ROMAN "LAVATRAE"—BOWES CASTLE—MALLET'S BALLAD OF "EDWIN AND EMMA"—CHARLES DICKENS AND DOTHEBOYS HALL—BRIGNALL BANKS AND SIR WALTER SCOTT—BRIGNALL—SCARGILL CASTLE—BARNINGHAM—GRETA BRIDGE—AN OLD COACHING HOUSE—ROMAN CAMP AT GRETA BRIDGE—ROKEBY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE MORTHAM TOWER AT Rokeby—LEGEND OF THE FELON SOW—MEETING OF THE GRETA AND THE TEES.

N some respects the river Greta, which in strict geographical parlance is a tributary of the Tees, has a value altogether incommensurate with its comparatively brief course. It is not only a stream of great beauty, most romantically surrounded, but it possesses associations of rare interest and value. The country which serves as environment for its last stretches is full of memories of Sir Walter Scott, of Charles Dickens, and of J. M. W. Turner, and to the lover of literature and of art there is perhaps no other corner of Yorkshire in which he would rather find himself. As one wanders along the banks of this picturesque river, one's head is full of the romantic lines of Rokeby and of the lyrics which occur here and there amongst them, and one ceases to wonder that the Wizard of the North should have praised this bit of English land with the same fervour which he showed in describing and singing the glories of his own country. One remembers, too, the opening chapters of Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," and wonders where the exact spot was on which at one time stood the wonderful and fascinating Mr. Squeers's torture-house for unfortunate youth. These things, and the sight of the picturesque scenes which Turner's brush was often employed in immortalising, serve to give an added interest to the mere geographical distinctions of the Greta. But the river possesses still further claims on the

attention of the traveller. It is rich in archæological, historical, and geological interest. One of its principal villages, Bowes, was a Roman station under the name of *Lavatrae*; there was a Roman camp near Greta Bridge; memories of the Wars of the Roses and of the Rising of the North are many throughout the district, and the main road which crosses the Greta at the bridge bearing its name, is a branch of the great highway which transects Yorkshire by way of Doncaster, Boroughbridge, and Scotch Corner. As to its geological value Phillips remarks that "The line of country drained by the Greta deserves the attention of the geologist for another reason—this being the great line of transport of the 'erratic blocks' from the Cumberland Alps toward the eastern parts of the island, one of the strangest phenomena of physical geography. Some of these blocks may in fact be traced from their parent mountains of Shap and Carrock, across Edendale to Brough, and up the slope toward the summit of Stainmoor. On the eastern side of the summit they follow radiating lines toward Romaldkirk, Cotherstone, Barnard Castle, and Brignall, and are scattered over many parts of the vales of Cleveland and York, the sides of Eskdale, the cliffs of Scarborough, Flamborough, and Holderness." But interesting as the Greta is because of its literary, archæological, and geological associations and importance, the lover of the picturesque will feel its greatest value to lie in the romantic scenery which lies along its banks, between the point where it meets the Tees and that where it swirls beneath the overhanging woods of Brignall, and will be tempted to ignore all else because of the beauty of its surroundings.

I

The Greta rises on the high ground which separates Yorkshire from Westmorland, and is formed by the union of several small rivulets or becks which descend into the valley lying between Bowes Moor and Stainmore Forest. All along the northern bank of the river runs a highway which probably follows the exact line of the road which the Romans constructed between the Westmorland Hills and the banks of the Tees near Piercebridge, and their station at Catterick. The first surroundings of the Greta are wild, bleak, and lonely in the extreme; hills and fells, usually rising to a height of 1400 to 1600 feet above sea-level, look down upon vast expanses of solitary moorland, where few sounds save the bleating of sheep or crying of birds are ever heard. Almost on the exact borders of the two counties, and at an altitude of nearly 1400 feet, stands an ancient pillar called Rey Cross, which was originally surrounded, evidently for purposes of defence, by an entrenchment, a circumstance which suggests that it was at one time regarded as an important landmark, and which in 1887 was mounted upon a new base, and railed off for future security. Some writers state it to have been the boundary stone between England and Scotland in the days when

the northern kingdom's southern boundary came nearer the heart of the Saxon's land, but there appears to be faint historical evidence for this supposition. On each side of the Greta at this point, draining Stainmore Forest on the south and Bowes Moor on the north, are numerous becks flowing with murmuring voices through the heather. The solitude in summer is profound ; in winter awful in its intensity ; and the few folks who live hereabouts might as well reside on a lonely island in the Pacific for all that they seem likely to see of the world outside them.

Along the highroad between Rey Cross and Bowes, and in one of its loneliest parts, is the Spital Inn, a hostelry which has replaced an ancient



house of call of the same name. Concerning the former house there is a strange story told in these parts in connection with the ancient legend of the Hand of Glory. The Hand of Glory was the hand of an executed criminal which had been duly preserved by pickling, and in which was placed a candle, made also of the fat of a hung man. This grisly thing was supposed to possess certain powers of great use to felons, and it is said to have been employed in an attempt upon the Spital Inn about a century ago. Mrs. Macquoid, in her work "About Yorkshire," gives the following interesting version of what happened there on this occasion :—

"This inn of Spital on Stanmore was kept, in the year 1797, by one George Alderson. He, his wife, and son managed the business of this lonely hostel themselves with the help of a maid named Bella. The inn was a long, narrow building, and turned one end towards the great high road which crossed Stanmore on its way from York to Carlisle. The lower storey of the house was used as stabling, for the stage-coaches changed horses at the inn and brought all the last news of the day. The upper part of

the solid stone building was reached by a flight of ten or twelve stone steps leading up from the road to a stout oaken door, and the windows, deeply recessed in the thick walls, were strongly barred with iron. One cold October night the red curtains were drawn across the windows, and a huge log-fire spluttered and crackled on the broad hearth, and lighted up the faces of George Alderson and his son as they sat talking of their gains at the fair of Broughton Hill; these gains, representing a large sum of money, being safely stowed away in a cupboard in the landlord's bedroom.

"Mrs. Alderson and Bella sat a little way off spinning by fire-light, for the last coach had gone by and the house door was barred and bolted for the night. Outside the wind and rain were having a battle; there came fierce gusts which made the old casements rattle and stirred the red curtains, and then a torrent of rain swept smartly across the window, striking the glass so angrily that it seemed as if the small panes must shatter under its violence.

"Into the midst of this fitful disturbance, only varied by the men's voices beside the hearth, there came a knock at the door.

"'Open t' door, lass,' said Alderson. 'Ah wadna keep a dog out sik a neet as this.'

"'Eh! best slacken t' chain, lass,' said the more cautious landlady.

"The girl went to the door, but when she saw that the visitor was an old woman, she opened the door wide and bade her come in. There entered a bent figure dressed in a long cloak and hood; this last was drawn over her face; and as she walked feebly to the arm-chair which Alderson pushed forward, the rain streamed from her clothing and made a pool on the oaken floor. She shivered violently, but refused to take off her cloak and have it dried. She also refused the offer of food or a bed. She said she was on her way to the south, and must start as soon as there was daylight. All she wanted was a rest beside the fire: she could get the sleep she needed in her arm-chair.

"The inn-keeper and his wife were well used to wayfarers, and they soon said "Good-night," and went to bed; so did their son. Bella was left alone with the shivering old woman. The girl had kept silence, but now she put her wheel away in its corner and began to talk. She only got surly answers, and although the voice was low and subdued, the girl fancied it did not sound like a woman's. Presently the wayfarer stretched out her feet to warm them, and Bella's quick eyes saw under the hem of the skirt that the stranger wore horseman's gaiters. The girl felt uneasy, and instead of going to bed, she resolved to stay up and watch.

"'Ah'm sleepy,' she said, gaping, but the figure in the chair made no answer.

"Presently Bella lay down on a long settle beyond the range of the firelight and watched the stranger while she pretended to fall asleep. All at once the figure in the chair stirred, raised its head, and listened; then it rose slowly to its feet, no longer bent, but tall and powerful-looking: it stood listening for some time. There was no sound but Bella's heavy breathing and the wind and the rain beating on the windows. Then the woman took from the folds of her cloak a brown withered human hand; next she produced a candle, lit it from the fire, and placed it in the hand. Bella's heart beat so fast that she could hardly keep up the regular deep breathing of pretended sleep; but now she saw the stranger coming towards her with this ghastly chandelier, and she closed her lids tightly. She felt that the woman was bending over her, and

that the light was passed slowly before her eyes, while these words were muttered in the strange masculine voice that had first roused her suspicions :—

“ Let those who rest more deeply sleep ;
Let those awake their vigils keep.”

“ The light moved away, and through her eyelashes Bella saw that the woman’s back was turned to her, and that she was placing the hand in the middle of the long oak table, while she muttered this rhyme :—

“ O hand of glory, shed thy light ;
Direct us to our spoil to-night.”

“ Then she moved a few steps away and undrew the window-curtains. Coming back to the latter she said :—

“ Flash out thy light, O skeleton hand,
And guide the feet of our trusty band.”

At once the light shot up a bright, vivid gleam, and the woman walked to the door ; she took down the bar, drew back the bolts, unfastened the chain, and Bella felt a keen blast of cold night air rush in as the door was flung open. She kept her eyes closed, however, for the woman at that moment looked back at her, and then drawing something from her gown, she blew a long shrill whistle ; she then went out at the door and down a few of the steps, stopped and whistled again, but the next moment a vigorous push sent her spinning down the steps on to the road below. The door was closed, barred, and bolted, and Bella almost flew to her master’s bedroom and tried to wake him. In vain. He and his wife slept on, while their snores sounded loudly through the house. . . . The girl felt frantic. . . . She then tried to rouse young Alderson, but he slept as if in a trance. Now a fierce battery on the door and cries below the windows told that the band had arrived.

“ A new thought came to Bella. She ran back to the kitchen. There was the Hand of Glory, still burning with a wonderful light. The girl caught up a cup of milk that stood on the table, dashed it on the flame and extinguished it. In one moment, as it seemed to her, she heard footsteps coming from the bedrooms, and George Alderson and his son rushed into the room with firearms in their hands.

“ As soon as the robbers heard his voice bidding them depart they summoned the landlord to open his doors and produce his valuables. Meanwhile young Alderson had opened the window, and for answer he fired his blunderbuss down among the men below.

“ There was a groan—a fall—then a pause, and, as it seemed to the besieged, a sort of discussion. Then a voice called out, ‘ Give up the Hand of Glory, and we will not harm you.’

“ For answer, young Alderson fired again, and the party drew off. Seemingly they had trusted entirely to the Hand of Glory, or else they feared a long resistance, for no further attack was made. The withered hand remained in possession of the Aldersons for sixteen years after.

“ This story was told to my informant, Mr. Atkinson, by Bella herself when she was quite an old woman.”

This version of the occurrence at the Spital Inn gains a great deal in value, and is certainly the most accurate and noteworthy of the many

II

“At Bowes, Camden recorded the following inscription, in honour of the Emperor Hadrian; the small letters are supplied:—

VOL. III.

"And another which narrates the reparation of a Bath for the first Thracian Cohort in the time of Severus, by Virius Lupus, Legate and Proprætor of Britain; his agent being Valerius Fronto, Præfect of Horse of the Ala Vettonum (Spanish):—

DAE FORTVNAE
 VIRIVS LVPVS
 LEG AVG PR PR
 BALINEVM VI
 IGNIS EXVST
 VM COH I THR
 ACVM REST
 ITVIT CVRAN
 TE VAL FRON
 TONE PRAEF
 EQ. ALAE VETTO.

"Many altars and inscriptions testify to the occupation of this quarter of Yorkshire by the Romans. One found on the banks of Greta in 1702, a votive offering of two females, appears to have been dedicated to a nymph, Elaune, perhaps the Leine River, distant only a few miles.

DEAE NYMPELAV
 NE INEBRICA ET
 IANVARIA : FIL
 LIBENTES EXVO
 TO SOLVERVNT

"A milestone found by the side of the Roman road is inscribed: To the Emperors. our Lords Gallus and Volusianus (his son); probably A.D. 253 (Gough's "Camden").

IMPP. DD.
 NN. GALLO
 ET VOLV
 SIANO
 AVGG.
 DEO
 MART

occurs on several altars.

"On an altar preserved at Rokeby is the funereal inscription:—

DM
 SALVIA DOM
 IA VIXIT. A MVIII."

Several Roman remains, in the shape of coins of Nero, Severus, Vespasian, and Faustina, medals of Nero and Antoninus Pius, rings, fragments of pottery, and pieces of stonework and tiling, have been found in the immediate neighbourhood at various times.

The Norman castle of Bowes, which, as a matter of strict truth, is the only notable or picturesque thing in the village, so far as architecture is concerned, and in the care of which it would be well to exercise more zeal than has apparently hitherto been shown, was built by Alan, Earl of Richmond, nephew of William the Conqueror, and one of his foremost adherents, on the site of the Roman station, and in all probability out of the materials remaining there. It appears to have lapsed into poor condition as early as the fourteenth century, and all that is now left is a portion of the keep utterly ruinous, but still suggestive enough of its former strength. The fragment remaining is about 50 feet in height, 75 feet long on its east to west side, and a little less in its width from north to south. It appears to be crumbling somewhat rapidly, and will doubtless disappear entirely ere many years are over. There are traces of many interesting things about it—a bit of vaulted roof here; an ornamental pillar there—but its entire appearance speaks eloquently of its descent from



much better days, and few of the ancient strongholds of the north are more pathetic in their desolation. There was originally a deep ditch or moat about this castle, to which the Roman vallum seems to have served as an outwork.

Most of the houses and buildings of Bowes are, in a somewhat less

noticeable degree, as ruinous as the Norman keep which still contrives to lift its old, time-worn head above them, and the entire appearance of the village is one of curiously evident age and decay. The church is not particularly prepossessing in spite of its Norman architecture, but it contains some ancient piscinæ, a few interesting monuments and tombstones, and two or three carvings and sculptures which are worthy of examination. It has a strong interest to the lover of ballad-lore in the fact that in its churchyard are interred the bodies of the two unfortunate lovers, Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, who died on the same day, were buried in the same grave, and supplied Mallet with the theme of "Edwin and Emma." In the registers of the church the following inscription records this strange event :—

"Rodger Wrightson junr. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes. Buried in one grave. He died in a Fever, and upon tolling his passing Bell she cry'd out, 'My heart is broke,' and in a few hours expired purely thro' Love, March 15, 1714."

In 1848 a monument to the memory of these lovers was erected at the west end of the church by Dr. Dinsdale, who, after quoting the above passage, remarks that according to tradition their grave was immediately beneath the bell-turret. Mallet gives their story with substantial accuracy as to the facts. It was by no means an uncommon story: Roger's friends were opposed to his union with Martha, and their obduracy finally threw him into a decline. Martha was barely permitted to say farewell to him on his death-bed, and she had scarcely left it on her way home to her mother's cottage when she heard the death-bell toll and knew that he was dead. Mallet's ballad gives the rest of the sad story with the direct literalness of prose :—

"Just then she reached, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door,
'He's gone!' she cried, 'and I shall see
That angel face no more!

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side'—
From her white arm down sunk her head:
She shivering sighed, and died."

Bowes has attained another and perhaps more interesting literary fame in connection with Charles Dickens and "Nicholas Nickleby." It is now a good many years since popular opinion made up its mind that the famous Dotheboys Hall, "near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire," was one of the houses in the village, and that Mr. Wackford Squeers was drawn in considerable part from one of the persons who there carried on so-called schools, and so far nothing has been adduced to show that public opinion was wrong. Sixty or seventy years ago there were several schools of the sort that

eventually became characterised by the term (used in a contemptuous and condemnatory sense) "Yorkshire" in this neighbourhood. They were places wherein were immured unfortunate boys of various ages, whose parents appear to have been only too pleased to experience an active release from the ordinary duties of fathers and mothers. Boys of tender years were sent to these places and left there in the care, or rather the gaolership, of the proprietors until manhood came to them as it came to Smike. It has often been said that Dickens drew an exaggerated picture of these schools and schoolmasters in Dotheboys Hall and Wackford Squeers, but there is plenty of evidence that the exaggeration was not so great as some people have fancied. It has been clearly proved, more than once, that the fees paid for the board and tuition of these miserable children was ridiculously insufficient, and that in respect to food, clothing, and lodging they must have suffered great privation and discomfort. Mr. Wheater prints an interesting typical advertisement of one of these schools from the issue of the *Norfolk Chronicle* of 29th April 1775:—

"A BOARDING SCHOOL at *Stairforth*, near Barnard Castle, Yorkshire: *Youths* are made proficient in the languages, as well as sciences, by *Warcup Kirkbride* and assistants. The pupils are boarded, cloathed, and supplied with all necessaries at Twelve Pounds per year each. For character and reputation, and usage of the children, enquiry may be made of many genteel families in Norwich, whose children are now educating, several of whose parents have been at the school in person."

Languages, science, food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life for twelve pounds per year! Little wonder that Dickens, having the existence of these pestilent dens brought to his notice, should quickly raise his voice against their further existence! The chief marvel is that the folk who lived near them and who must needs have had some knowledge, however slight, of the cruelties and iniquities practised there, should have permitted them to exist as long as they did.

It was inevitable that a considerable amount of controversy should arise in respect to the particular *locale* of Dotheboys Hall, and as to the personality of Mr. Wackford Squeers, and more than one attempt has been made to show that the school which Dickens had in his mind was not one of the establishments at Bowes, and that the one-eyed schoolmaster was a gross exaggeration. In the spring of 1898 a deeply interesting controversy was held in the columns of the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* in relation to this subject, and though it did not bring forward any great amount of entirely new light on the matter, it yielded several results of great value to the student of Dickens, and to folk interested in the literary associations of places. Mr. Helmer, of Romaldkirk, joined issue with Mr. Harwood Brierley, celebrated throughout Yorkshire for his deep and extensive knowledge of the topography, history, and associations of the county, on the exact question as to the identity of one of the Bowes schools with Dotheboys

Hall. Mr. Helmer's chief arguments were that there were many "Yorkshire" schools in the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle ; that the proprietor of the one in Bowes supposed to be Dotheboys Hall was in strict truth a very different person to the Wackford Squeers pictured by Dickens ; and that in the immediate neighbourhood there was certainly another school and schoolmaster of whom certain facts were known which seemed to connect them more closely with the famous pedagogue and establishment immortalised in "Nicholas Nickleby" than the schoolmaster and school of Bowes could be. In connection with this argument Mr. Helmer printed one or two letters which had a value quite outside the actual points of the controversy. The following, addressed to Mr. Helmer's grandfather by a boy who had just left one of the schools in the neighbourhood of Bowes, shows conclusively what sort of place it was, and is reprinted from Mr. Helmer's contribution to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* of March 5th, 1898 : —

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Agreeable to our promise we have the pleasure of writing a few lines informing you of our journey and safe arrival at home on Wednesday last.

"On leaving —, Mr. — rode in his chaise with a lady and Edwin sitting between them. I and another boy were ordered to run behind the chaise to Bowes, which we did, and were greatly exhausted. Previous to leaving the school I had concealed a piece of the black bread to bring home with me. I put it into my jacket pocket, from which I had occasion to take out my pocket-handkerchief at an inn about thirty miles on the road, and accidentally drew out the bread, which was instantly snatched up by a man at the inn, who, on hearing I was a scholar from Mr. —'s school, refused to return it, saying that he knew Mr. — and would keep it and show it to him. This I presume was one of the school spies, as I had been questioned before on the road by others who I have no doubt were of the same description. The guard of the stage from York to London, who came all the way, was very kind, and in many instances prevented our being imposed upon on the road. We arrived at the inn on Snow Hill with 10s. left, which I delivered to my father, who was there to receive us, and having no boxes or luggage whatever we walked home.

"Since we have been home we find that many things have been sent to us which we never had. A box containing two plum-puddings of about twelve pounds each, with apples, oranges, &c., have been embezzled from us at the school, where they were delivered at Christmas last. Mr. — has also made charges for medical assistance and medicine to a considerable amount which we never had, with various other impositions which I have not room to detail which are by no means creditable, such as stopping great part of our spending money under pretence of paying for garters, braces, slates, pencils, &c., all which it was his place to furnish without any extra charge whatever ; it is a very shabby advantage to take of us who had not the means of helping ourselves.

"Fearing I may tire your patience, I must now conclude by again, &c., &c.

"(Signed) HENRY —."

Turning back to the exact controversy :—A fortnight after Mr. Helmer's contribution to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, in which the above remarkable testimony to the bad character of the schools of this district was quoted, had

appeared, the editor of that journal printed a letter from Mr. F. G. Kitton, the well-known authority on all matters relating to Dickens and his work, which seems to solve the question once and for all as to what school and what schoolmaster it was that the great novelist had in mind when he undertook "Nicholas Nickleby." Mr. Kitton's interesting letter (*Yorkshire Weekly Post*, 19th March 1898) ran as follows:—

"SIR,—I have read with interest an article in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* on the subject of 'Dickens and Dotheboys Hall,' in which the author dilates upon the much-discussed question concerning the prototype of Squeers. As a writer on Dickens and his works, I have paid considerable attention to this matter, endeavouring by means of careful research to obtain trustworthy evidence, and you may possibly think it worth while noting in your columns that quite recently I have succeeded in discovering a very remarkable piece of evidence which seems to me to point conclusively to the fact that, in describing Squeers, Dickens had in his mind, principally, a well-known Yorkshire pedagogue named William Shaw. In the novelist's private diary (now preserved in the Forster collection of MSS., &c., at South Kensington Museum) he has entered, under date February 2nd, 1838, the following memorandum, which I have printed for the first time in 'The Novels of Charles Dickens':—

"Shaw, the schoolmaster we saw to-day, is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since, from gross neglect. The case was tried, and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and 1826. Look this out in the newspapers."

"The 'we' of course refers to Dickens and his illustrator 'Phiz,' who were then carrying on their investigations in Yorkshire respecting the cheap boarding-schools. Sixteen years before 'Nickleby' appeared, several actions were tried before Judge Park, in which the parents of children who had been ill-used at a school evidently kept by this identical Shaw were the plaintiffs, the result of the litigation being that the defendant Shaw was cast in heavy damages.

"There were many cheap boarding-schools existing in Yorkshire at the time 'Nickleby' was written, the proprietors of which (with, perhaps, a few exceptions) bore a strong likeness to Shaw (Squeers). An examination of the London newspapers of that date discloses the fact (as correctly stated by your correspondent) that nearly the whole 'tribe,' when in the Metropolis, took up their quarters in the neighbourhood of Snow Hill. On Shaw's business card, a copy of which I have seen, his address is given as at 'Bowes Academy, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire,' while on the back is printed the statement that he 'attends at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn,' during the three first weeks in the months of January and July. Curiously enough, there appears (on the card referred to) in the handwriting (maybe) of Shaw himself, an intimation that he 'leaves the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, half-past seven o'clock, Thursday morning, 25th July.'

"The novelist's portrait of Squeers (and that by 'Phiz' also) may have too closely resembled the physical peculiarities of Shaw, who consequently became the chief sufferer, and who soon afterwards fell a victim to the obloquy which was due to that type of Yorkshire pedagogues generally. My point is that if Dickens had any single individual in his mind more than another when delineating the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall, the significant entry quoted from his diary sufficiently indicates that Shaw was that person.

"FRED. G. KITTON."

A still further contribution to this controversy was made by Mr. J. K. Jacmar in a letter which appeared in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* on March 26, 1898. Mr. Jacmar said that it was well known in the Teesdale district, as far back as 1838, that Dickens had taken Shaw of Bowes as the model for his Wackford Squeers, and had acted unfairly in doing so. He also said that every one who had gone carefully into the matter knew quite well that Shaw was the exact opposite of Squeers in every way, and that he was cruelly enough made a scapegoat for the sins of others. This interesting controversy, then, seems to yield certain points which may be briefly summarised for the benefit of the curious : —(1) That there were three schools at Bowes, kept respectively by Shaw, Clarkson, and Mrs. Adamthwaite ; (2) That there were several other schools in the neighbourhood, and twenty within an eight-mile radius of Greta Bridge ; (3) That the general character of these schools was bad and disgraceful ; (4) That Dickens was quite right in presenting Dotheboys Hall and Squeers as typical specimens of the "Yorkshire" school and schoolmaster, but wrong in taking the unfortunate Shaw and his school as his models. However, as Mr. Harwood Brierley aptly remarked, all this matters little to the true Dickensian. It was very unfortunate for Shaw ; but if Shaw was as benevolent and good-minded as he has been pictured, he should have also been wise and have abjured a bad and despicable trade which even in the twenties was beginning to stink in the nostrils of honest folk. Bowes will still preserve its fame as being the scene of the vile school system which slew many innocent little lives, and which in its turn was slain by Charles Dickens.

III

It may be that the memories of the cruelties which Dickens wrote very plainly about in "Nicholas Nickleby" tend to sadden one's mind while in the immediate neighbourhood of Bowes, and that the desolate aspect of that lonely little spot in the moorland solitudes does not conduce to a cheerful frame of spirit, but it is very true that as Bowes is left behind, and the woods of Brignall approached, one's heart becomes lighter. Near Brignall, the Greta adds beauty to interest ; she is like some young damsel who has worn a serviceable gown all day and decks herself out in all her joyaunce and loveliness when its arduous duties are over. It is somewhat in the nature of labour to see Bowes and the wildness which lies on each side of the Greta between its half-ruined houses and Rey Cross, but there is no labour in following the windings of the brown river as it swirls beneath the banks of Brignall. Here in spring, summer, or autumn, and only in less degree in winter, nature is seen in all her loveliest moods. The Greta runs deep in the heart of a richly-wooded glen, singing, murmuring, and sometimes loudly complaining as it goes, and on its banks is such a wealth of foliage as must needs delight the heart of the lover of river scenery.



Ruisborough Priory.

John R. L.

ROKELY.

Here one comes in for his share,
More than once doing the same;
Rokely with his lance and spear,
Brignall Banks are fresh and fair.

And as I rode by Daiton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :—



And as I rode by Daiton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :—

‘Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.’

‘If, maiden, thou would’st wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down?’

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Here one comes in touch with Sir Walter Scott, who doubtless wandered more than once along the riverside at this point when he was staying at Rokeby with his friend Morritt and meditating on the poem in which Brignall Banks are made famous.

“Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.



And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :—

‘Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.’

‘If, maiden, thou would’st wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down?’

PICTURESQUE YORKSHIRE

And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.'

'I read you, by your bugle horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn,
 To keep the king's greenwood.'—
 'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light ;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.'—

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay ;
 I would I were with Edmund there,
 To reign his Queen of May !

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum.'—
 'I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear ;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.

'And, oh ! though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my Queen of May !

'Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die !
 The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
 Were better mate than I !
 And when I'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.

'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.' "

There is little in the village of Brignall which is of interest to the traveller, for the ancient manorial hall in which the Scropes at times resided has long since disappeared, and the old church was pulled down seventy years ago and a new one erected in a new situation. The great charm and importance of the place lies in the river scenery, an excellent description of which is given by Scott in a well-known passage in "Rokeby":—

"The open vale is soon pass'd o'er,
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more ;
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode !
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell ;
It seem'd some mountain rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain !
The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
Now waving all with greenwood spray ;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung ;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven ;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare,
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revell'd loud the feudal rout,
And the arch'd halls return'd their shout ;

PICTURESQUE YORKSHIRE

Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
 And such the echoes from her shore.
 And so the ivied banners gleam
 Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.
 Now from the stream the rocks recede,
 But leave between no sunny mead,
 No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
 Oft found by such a mountain strand ;
 Forming such warm and dry retreat,
 As fancy deems the lonely seat,
 Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
 His rosary might love to tell.
 But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew
 A dismal grove of sable yew,
 With whose sad tints were mingled seen
 The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
 Seem'd that the trees their shadow cast
 The earth that nourish'd them to blast ;
 For never knew that swarthy grove
 The verdant hue that fairies love ;
 Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower
 Arose within its baleful bower ;
 The dark and sable earth receives
 Its only carpet from the leaves,
 That, from the withering branches cast,
 Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.
 Though now the sun was o'er the hill,
 In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,
 Save that on Greta's farther side
 Some straggling beams through copsewood glide ;
 And wild and savage contrast made
 That dingle's deep and funeral shade,
 With the bright tints of early day,
 Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,
 On the opposing summit lay. . . "

From Brignall a diversion from the exact line of the Greta may be made by crossing the river to Scargill, a tiny hamlet near which a fine cliff overhangs the swirling waters, and where the traveller will find the ruins of an ancient castle, and thence climbing the hillside to Barningham, a village perched high above the valley of the Tees and the long, straight highway running from Greta Bridge to Scotch Corner. Beyond Barningham's picturesque village street the hills and fells of the high lands above the north bank of the Swale rise to considerable heights ; from outside its quiet churchyard a wide stretching tract of country in the valley of the Greta and the Tees, and in the slopes of Durham lying beyond the banks of the latter, rolls away in a wide, varying prospect. A narrow lane, drop-

ping sharply in some places, leads from Barningham church to the high-road at Greta Bridge, and brings the traveller back to all manner of thoughts and associations connected with Scott and Dickens and Turner. There is something in the first sight of Greta Bridge which appeals to one: its two or three mighty roadside houses instinctively suggest the old coaching days, when the roomy inn was to the road what the modern station hotel is to the railway—and rather more. All along the great highway running from the south of Yorkshire one meets these vast old places and cannot fail to observe their desolate air of uselessness. Small centres of population like Ferrybridge, Boroughbridge, Catterick, all mere villages in size, can have no use nowadays for houses in any one of which it seems possible to accommodate a regiment of soldiers, but in the old times there was need



enough of them. The inn at Greta Bridge, called the Morritt Arms after the lords of the manor of Rokeby, is of considerable size, and could doubtless meet many present-day requirements, but there were formerly two inns here, the George and the New Inn, with the latter of which the name of Charles Dickens is closely associated. Dickens and Hablôt K. Browne ("Phiz") came to the New Inn on January 31, 1838, stayed there all night, and went on by post-chaise to Barnard Castle next day. It is now called Thorpe Grange, and, like the George, has not been used as a licensed house for many years. But the imaginative traveller, if he will, may in fancy restore it to its pristine glory, see Dickens and Browne taking their ease there after their day's journey, hear the great novelist endeavouring to get some information out of the cautious Yorkshireman who was afterwards to figure as John Browdie, and, if he pleases, shed a tear of



sentimental regret over the woes of the poor usher and the unfortunate boys whom Mr. Wackford Squeers bundled out of, or rather off, the coach that very cold evening when London and the Saracen's Inn were very far off indeed, and Dotheboys Hall and its misery was too near.

Behind the Morritt Arms at Greta Bridge, on a tongue of land formed by the influence of Tutta Beck with the Greta, there are the plain outlines of a Roman camp, which appears to have had an area of four acres. It is not named in the Itinerary of Antoninus, although it was closely situated to the great north-west military road of the Romans. Mr. Wheeler gives the name of this station as *Maglone*, and infers from an inscription on a stone unearthed here that it was established during the reign of Severus, early in the third century. Scott refers to it in "Rokeby" and (there are, indeed, few objects or places of interest in the neighbourhood which seem to have escaped his notice) in terms which show that in his opinion it was a camp of the famous Sixth Legion :—

"There as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
 Raised by that legion long renowned,
 Whose votive shrine arrests their claim
 Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,
 'Stern sons of war!' sad Wilfrid sighed,
 'Behold the boast of Roman pride!
 What now of all your toils are known?
 A grassy trench, a broken stone!"

In one of Scott's notes to "Rokeby" he speaks of seeing the Roman camp at Greta, and says that it had a triple ditch, of which the three entrances were plainly discernible, and that very many Roman altars and monuments had been found in the vicinity, some of which were preserved at Rokeby by his friend Mr. Morritt. It was to this friend that Scott dedicated his famous poem in terms which show a deep appreciation of his friendship. The Wizard of the North first visited Rokeby in 1809, and was so charmed and struck by the scenery that the idea of founding a romance or writing a romantic poem upon its beauties seemed to have filled him at once. He repeated his visit in 1811, and came for a third sojourn in 1812, writing a good deal of the poem in the grounds of Rokeby, where there is a rustic seat still bearing his name. Only those who have a close acquaintance with the poem and with the neighbourhood with which it deals can rightly understand how thoroughly its author had grasped all the features of the scenery round about Rokeby, and how he had made himself master of the associations, memories, and suggestions of the place. It is sometimes said that he exaggerated the beauties of the neighbourhood, but that is a matter of individual opinion; there are few corners of the county in which the lover of the beautiful and picturesque may so confidently expect to find real natural loveliness as in the immediate surroundings of Greta Bridge.

As a historic place Rokeby can claim a very respectable antiquity. "This ancient manor," says Scott in a note to his poem, "long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conqueror downward, and who was at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore* Henry IV. The Rokeby, or Rokesby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when having embraced the cause of Charles I. they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor." Rokeby Hall, delightfully situated in the midst of a well-wooded park, occupies the site of the original peel or stronghold of



the Rokebys, and possesses a very fine collection of paintings, statuary, and antiques. In the grounds, and especially along the banks of the Greta, there are several objects and places of great interest—a cavern called Bertram's Cave, in which Scott is said to have written a considerable



MORTHAM TOWER, ROKEBY

portion of his poem; a tomb, covered with moss, which is supposed to be that of Sir Ralph Bowes of Streatlam, some wonderful silver fir-trees of great height and beauty, and numerous other things, nearly all of which are referred to in "Rokeby." But the greatest beauty of the place is undoubtedly found in the presence of the rivers which enclose it on two sides and which rush to their union at the corner of the park with all the impatience of eager lovers.

Between Rokeby Park and the land lying on the opposite bank of the Greta, there is a bridge known as the Dairy Bridge, from either parapet of which there are glimpses of river scenery

which it is quite impossible to describe in words. Overhead the trees form an interlacing canopy; deep down beneath the arch, the brown waters of the Greta swirl and eddy in agitated pools ere they are finally poured into the bosom of the Tees. The trees are deep and thick on each bank, and the stray shafts of sunlight which struggle through their leaves seem all the brighter because of the prevalent gloom. Here the Greta runs between mighty rocks and huge boulders, and sometimes comes down from Stainmore with such fury that it hides even the greatest of them beneath the overwhelming flood. On the opposite bank from Rokeby, and hidden from the Greta by an intervening belt of wood, stands Mortham Tower, an ancient peel, which Leland speaks of as being "scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees." It is said to have been erected by the Baron of Rokeby after the marauding Scots had destroyed his own residence early in the fifteenth century, and the Rokebys are believed to have resided in

it after they fell upon evil days. It is now part of a farmstead, but seems to have lost none of its interest as a relic of the old days of romance and chivalry. Scott himself gives a very accurate description of the architecture of the tower :—"The battlements . . . are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights ; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect." There is a strong walled enclosure here, wherein cattle used to be collected at night to save them from raiders, and in the fold there are two or three stones, built into

are initials and ar-
the room of the
old oak, very black
on the stairs there
said to have been
of a lady who was
banks of the Greta,
and whose ghost
the place, until
structure sent it

Legends and strong in neigh-
of Rokeby, where
acter of the sur-
ages imagination
is more than one
which is filled with
its fairy-like influ-
of Rokeby, however, has more of the comic than the tragic in it, and forms a pleasant relief to the ghost stories which are usually encountered about ancient houses. In his poem Scott refers to the Felon Sow, and considers the reference deserving of a note, which many of his readers no doubt fail to consult. Therein he points out that the ancient minstrels had a comic, as well as a serious strain of romance, and that one of the very best of the mock romances attributable to them is that of the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. This Felon Sow was a fearsome beast owned by Ralph of Rokeby, and is thus described in the ballad :—

"She was mare than other three,
The grisliest beast that e'er might be,
Her head was great and grey :
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thither goed,
That came on live away.



ARMS OF ROKEBY AT MORTHAM
TOWER

the walls, whereon
morial devices. In
tower there is much
and time-worn, and
are stains which are
caused by the blood
murdered on the
and carried here,
afterwards haunted
alterations in the
elsewhere.

superstitions are
bourhoods like this
the romantic char-
roundings encour-
and fancy, and there
story of the place
its spirit and with
ence. One legend

PICTURESQUE YORKSHIRE

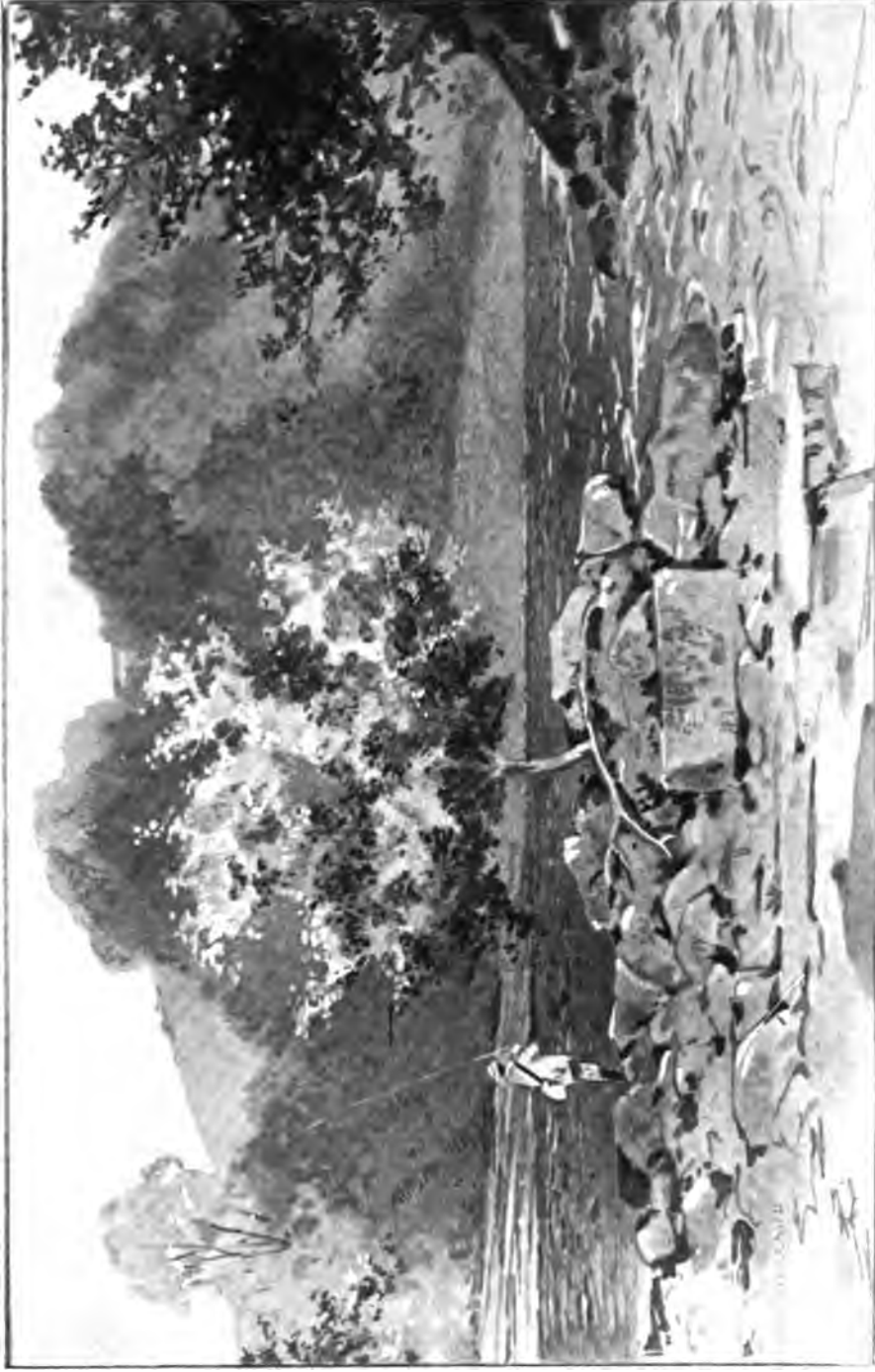
" Her walk was endlong Greta side,
 There was no man that durst her bide,
 That was frae heaven to hell ;
 Nor never man that had that might,
 That ever durst come in her sight,
 Her force it was so fell."

Ralph of Rokeby, "with full good wille," says the ballad-maker, gave this sow to the friars of Richmond, who presently despatched one of their number, Friar Middleton, to Greta-side to fetch her home. Friar Middleton, who may have had some uneasy feelings in respect to the unclerical like task thus imposed upon him, besought the assistance of two men, Peter Dale and Brian Metcalfe, who proceeded with him in presumable cheerfulness. They found the sow "liggan under a tree," and endeavoured to deal with her in approved fashion, but she immediately declared battle upon them. Then began manœuvrings and encounters, the friar and his men coming off best at first, since they managed to noose their captive and drag her away. But after they had gone a little distance the beast became obdurate, and resisted so mightily that it was impossible to move her. Friar Middleton strove to exercise the arts of the church upon her, but "she wold no Latin verse," and ere long she broke the tether which confined her, and rushed back to her usual haunts along the banks of Greta, while the unfortunate three retreated to Richmond. There was much tribulation amongst the brethren there, for they were sore put to it about that time to keep body and soul together, and the sow was meant to replenish their poor larder. Much consultation was held, and finally two very strong men were sent forth to capture the felon sow. One of them, Gilbert, eventually did effective battle with her and brought her to Richmond, but not until she had defended herself with fierce resolution.

" . . . Gilbert grievèd was so sare,
 That he raved off both hide and hair,
 The flesh came from the bone.
 All with force he felled her there
 And won her worthily in war,
 And held her, him alone.

And cast her on a horse so hee,
 In two panniers well made of tree,
 And to Richmond anon
 He brought her. When they saw her come
 They sang merrily Te Deum
 The friars, every one."

With so much of beauty, of interesting reminiscence, and of curious legend and romance about him, the traveller will turn away from the Greta full of regret that its brief course has come to an end. From Brignall




MEETING OF TEES AND GRETA

Banks to the Dairy Bridge at Rokeby its course is one of almost unequalled beauty, but it is not until it pours its waters in tribute to the Tees that one realises how wonderful that beauty is. The meeting of the Greta with the Tees forms one of the most striking scenes in England. From the Dairy Bridge the eye looks down upon the lesser river pouring swiftly between its rocky, tree-covered surroundings, and follows all that remains of its course to the broader bosom of the greater one which seems to swell with pride at the thought of receiving so beautiful a helpmate. The richness of the colouring which surrounds this union of the two streams makes one despair of the power of any painter to represent the scene worthily, and one recognises with sheer hopelessness that if a Turner could accomplish it, not even his genius could reproduce the sound of the waters or the atmosphere of peace and delight which wraps this marriage of Nature about. Such scenes must be viewed with a loving and a patient eye ere their full glory and significance is rightly understood. At no season of the year is this particular scene tame, ineffective, or wanting in power to charm and attract. It is itself under sunlight or gloom ; its witchery on a spring morning is as great as when the full moon is gilding the waters with pale gold ; and no man who has ever seen it can fail to think of it for ever after without a devout hope that his eyes will be permitted to see its loveliness again.

CHAPTER LIX

The Yorkshire Bank of the Tees

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE TEES—WILDNESS OF THE SCENERY
AROUND ITS SOURCES—MICKLE FELL—CRONKLEY FELL—CALDRON
SNOUT—HIGH FORCE—VERSES BY A TEESDALE POET—LUNEDALE—
WEMMERGILL—ROMALDKIRK—THE RIVER BALDER—COTHERSTONE—
LARTINGTON—DEEPDALE—BARNARD CASTLE AS SEEN FROM THE
YORKSHIRE SIDE OF THE TEES—A PEEP INTO BARNARD CASTLE—
EGGLESTONE ABBEY—THORSGILL—THE ABBEY BRIDGE—GRETA
BRIDGE—WYCLIFFE AND THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION
—EPPLEBY—PIERCEBRIDGE—ROMAN STATION AT PIERCEBRIDGE—
BEAUTY OF THE TEES FROM NEAR CLIFFE—CROFT BRIDGE AND SPA
—DALTON-UPON-TEES—LEGEND OF THE WORM OF SOCKBURN.

S the natural boundary between Yorkshire and Durham the river Tees can scarcely be said to belong to either county, but that very patent fact in no way affects another equally obvious one—that both counties have good reason to be proud of its interest and beauty. From its first beginnings amidst the wildness of the border country to the point where it is joined by the Greta, the Tees passes through a succession of ever varying scenes, some of them awe-compelling in their savage loneliness, some of them full of quiet pastoral charm. Between its junction with the Greta and the little town of Yarm, many miles away to the eastward, its beauty is of a quieter order and leads more towards a placid contentment in the mind of the beholder than to the wondering admiration which fills him at the sight of the mighty hills, rushing cataracts, and lonely moorlands of Upper Teesdale. Beyond Yarm the Tees decreases in attraction the nearer it approaches to Stockton and Middlesbrough, and the traveller will lose little who forsakes it there and betakes himself into the stretch of land through which the little river Leven flows on its way to pay tribute to the boundary stream. It is well-nigh impossible to say to what particular

county the Tees belongs, for it not only separates Durham from Yorkshire, but draws a great portion of its water from Westmorland and Cumberland. Its source is found in many small streams descending from the heights of Cross Fell, Scordale Head, Mickle Fell, and Milburn Forest, which unite near the edge of the North-West Riding and form a main body called the Weel. This immediately proceeds to hurl itself over a deep fall named Caldron Snout, and ere long over another waterfall known as High Force. Thence it proceeds with some hurry towards Barnard Castle, passing through delightfully romantic scenery, and having on its Yorkshire bank numerous glens, ravines, and gills, from each of which some increase of volume accrues to it. Between Barnard Castle and Greta Bridge it is full of rare association and romance, which is not entirely lost when the latter is passed, since it sweeps by the village from whence Wycliffe, the Reformer, took his name, and under Piercebridge, where Watling Street forsakes Yorkshire for Durham. From this point it acquires, as Phillips points out, the characteristics of rivers which enter low ground and meet the tide—it winds and twists in such marvellous fashion that at some points it is almost in touch with itself after having circled a considerable extent of country. This apparent eccentricity adds something to its charm as it draws nearer to the sea: once in sight of the latter and within hail of busy Middlesbrough, its charm is somewhat hard to discover.

I

Wild as is most of the scenery amidst which the greater rivers flowing from the west of Yorkshire have their rise, the Tees perhaps can lay just claim to spring amongst the loneliest and most desolate country of any water-way connected with the county. All round the scene of its birth the land is a land of upheavals—hills, fells, and mountains rise and tower on every side, some of them to greater heights than any which look down on the beginnings of either Swale, Ure, or Ribble. All that is not mountain is either moorland or bog: folk are few and villages almost unheard of where the Tees is first formed. Here and there are lonely farmsteads whose folk are almost as far away from the world as if they lived in Iceland, and to whom the occasional visit to Brough or Kirkby Stephen, Appleby or Barnard Castle, must surely come as a very necessary relief. High above the streams which unite to make the Tees under its first name of the Weel, rises the mightiest bulk of that long range of high land which, under the title of Pennine Range, forms an undoubted backbone to England. Phillips says that around Mickle Fell there are no less than thirty summits which rise to an altitude of over 2000 feet above sea-level. It is amongst these English Alps that the Tees rises, and amidst dense solitude that the traveller must travel if he would see for himself what sort of country it is wherein the man-constituted boundaries of Yorkshire and Westmorland

*Mickle Fell.*

and Durham and Cumberland meet. These regions are lonely in summer, save perhaps when the annual incursion of the tourist is in force, but in winter they are absolute solitudes, wherein even the bravest might well feel some sense of fear as to his personal safety. In times of storm the snow lies thick on the fells ; the glens or ravines through which the becks run are transformed by their overflow into foaming torrent-beds ; the moorlands are soaked with accumulating moisture ; and over everything hangs the heavy grey curtain of winter's gloom. And yet on a bright winter's morning, when the fell tops shine and sparkle in the fresh sunlight, there is a feeling of exhilaration induced by these wildernesses which one cannot get, perhaps, in less awesome lands.

The most convenient centre for exploring the extreme end of Upper Teesdale is undoubtedly the High Force Hotel, an inn which lies on the Durham side of the river, at an elevation of about 1000 feet above sea-level, and on the highroad leading from Middleton-in-Teesdale to Alston. From this point it is no difficult matter to see Caldron Snout, High Cup Nick, and High Force, or to climb the slopes which begin with Cronkley Fell and terminate on the summit of Mickle Fell. A good many adventurous spirits who have climbed the latter complain of the dreariness of the

journey to the top, but none deny the magnificence of the view which is obtained from it on a clear day. Mickle Fell rises to a height of 2591 feet and is accordingly the highest mountain in Yorkshire. Westmorland claims some share in its grandeur, however, as the boundary line of the two counties runs over the upper slopes of the fell at their highest point. The cairn, or Man, at the summit is erected on millstone grit; the eastern part of the mountain is chiefly composed of limestone. From this point there is a wide-spreading view of the surroundings of Mickle Fell—always providing that the day be propitious. Westward rise the peaks and summits of Carrock Fell, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, the Langdale Pikes, and Conistoun Old Man; on the south-west are seen Howgill Fells, Wild Boar Fell, High Seat, Water Crag, and Shunnor Fell, and between them the outlines of Whernside and Ingleborough: south-east and east appear Pen-y-ghent, Great Whernside, and the fells from amidst which rise Wharfe, and Ure, and Nidd, and Aire, and, far away in the distance, the smoother ridges of the Hambleton and Cleveland hills; northward the Tees expands from its first beginnings to its fuller volume, passing Caldron Snout, the Scar of Cronkley, and High Force, ere it sweeps into the Barnard Castle region. Looking towards Westmorland there is a fine view of the Vale of Eden with the Cumberland hills rising in the distance. Phillips, in describing Mickle Fell, draws the attention of the geologist who ascends by way of Cronkley Scar to the metamorphic condition of the limestone resting on the thick mass of the "Whin Sill," which is here, he observes, "converted to a crystallised white rock of very large grain which easily disintegrates into loose crystalline sand." The slopes of Mickle Fell are somewhat dreary in aspect, and between them and Lune Forest there is little appearance of life of any description. Nevertheless sheep in considerable numbers are fed on their vast expanse, though how they pick up a living is a wonder to the man who comes into these parts with memories of more fertile regions still fresh in his head. There is an amusing story told hereabouts which illustrates the ideas of the fell-side sheep breeders and feeders. A stranger coming into the Mickle Fell wilderness asked of a farmer how many sheep he considered to be fair stock to the acre. "Eh, mun," replied the farmer, "ye begin at t' wrang end; ye should ax how many acres we reckon to a sheep!" Northward of Mickle Fell lies Caldron Snout, which, although it is situate in a valley, is about 1400 feet above sea-level. Here the three counties of Durham, Westmorland, and Yorkshire come into close touch, and the two former are connected by a wooden bridge which spans the rushing waters. Anything more wild and desolate than Caldron Snout, which is said to be the highest waterfall in England, it is impossible to conceive. Here the infant Tees, after having meandered across country from Cross Fell with something of sobriety and decorum, suddenly leaps over a succession of cataracts, 450 feet in length, with a roar and rush

that is impressive at all times, but absolutely awe-compelling in time of storm and wet weather. The "Snout" is really a staircase of basaltic columns, and arranged in ridges over which the river bounds and leaps with terrifying vigour ere it sails away to indulge in further rhapsodies at High Force some miles farther westward. In close proximity to it there is a fine range of basaltic cliffs, known as Falcon Clints, which overhangs the river for quite two miles, and amidst the clefts and crevices of which the botanist will find many varieties of ferns and plants. In the immediate neighbourhood of Caldron Snout, too, is High Cup Gill, a ravine of considerable extent, which every traveller would do well to see, despite the fact that it is not in Yorkshire but in Westmorland. Here is a mighty opening or fissure in the rocks of the fell-side, unique in its grandeur, and at times awe-striking in its impressiveness, which is heightened and deepened by the intense loneliness surrounding it. The basaltic rocks which surround this striking example of nature's vagaries were at one time much resorted to by eagles.

After rushing through the frowning rocks of Caldron Snout the Tees relapses into comparative quietude, and flows, "receyving divers other smaller hopes or bekes and coming moche by wild groundes," as Leland duly chronicles, towards Cronkley Scar, a mighty precipice of greenstone, rich in rare plants. Ere long it approaches High Force and the hotel of that title. Here the traveller comes into closer touch with civilisation and the world. Scarcely, if ever, mentioned in the old itineraries, High Force is now quite a common resort for tourists, and has its hostelry well within sound of the rushing of its waters. That it was visited at the beginning of the century by curious sightseers, however, is evident from the following rhyming account of a visit paid to it and to Caldron Snout in 1813. The author—whose muse it will be observed awards the palm of superiority to Caldron Snout—was one George Layton, who was respectively a schoolmaster at Bowes, in Northumberland, and in Durham, a dock-labourer at Newcastle, a publican at North Shields, and a warehouseman in Essex. He wrote a good deal of verse about the Tees, and a somewhat ambitious poem on Barnard Castle.

"The day was appointed, as well as the route,
When a party would foot it, to see Caldron Snout;
O'er mountains and ravines and mosses, their way
From Balder and back took a long summer's day.
They started from Hury, as day broke 'aboon,'
They breakfast at Wemmergill, high in the Lune;
They traverse the fell, and regale at its fountains,
And cross some wild glens, deeply cut in the mountains.
Untiringly and swiftly their way they pursue
Till the surges of Caldron burst full on their view,
High crowning the cliff with a white foaming wave,
Then leaping o'er rocks to a fathomless grave.

The fall's base attained, then up the proud steep,
 By the side of the waters, the visitors creep,
 When to their amazement a smooth lake appears,
 From whence down the ravine the bright Tees careers.
 Talk not of foreign cascade or far waterfall,
 For the glory of Caldron outrivals them all ;
 From rock to rock bounding, and foaming with pride,
 In eddies and whirlpools its swift waters glide.
 Above the fierce torrent, and high in the air,
 A wooden bridge dangles—the verge of despair.
 Past Cronkley the party pursue their wild course,
 And see with less ardour the fall of High Force ;
 It is but a fall, though a high one we own,
 While the Caldron, majestic, pours ceaselessly down.
 Beneath the High Force dark caverns they view,
 Which are scooped out by fairies, if all tales be true ;
 Carved out of black marble, where fossils abound,
 Though volcanic basalt is above and around.
 And now with fatigue and excitement worn down,
 The party assemble at Middleton town ;
 The tankard is filled to drive weakness away,
 And Caldron Snout's hail'd as the toast of the day."

The view of High Force and of the Tees from the windows of the hotel is certainly one of the most striking and remarkable on the river. In the foreground are tall firs ; between them, deep in the valley, the river foams like a troubled sea of silver ; in the near distance the Force itself pours over its last sheer fall of forty feet ; in the far distance the slopes of Noon Fell close the picture. A delightful account of a night and day spent in the company of High Force occurs in Mr. White's "A Month in Yorkshire" :—

" . . . I became aware of a solemn roar—the voice of High Force in its ceaseless plunge. Fitfully it came at times, now fuller, now weaker, as the night breeze rose and fell, and the tree-tops whispered in harmony therewith. I listened awhile, sensible of a charm in the sound of falling water ; then, pushing the sash to its full height, the sound still reached me on the pillow. Strange fancies came with it : now the river seemed to utter sonorous words ; anon the hills talked dreamily one with another, and the distant sea sent up a reply : and then all became vague—and I slept the sleep of the weary. The next day dawned, and a happy awaking was mine, greeted by the same rushing voice, no longer solemn and mysterious, but chanting, as one might imagine, a morning song of praise. I looked out and saw, with pleasurable surprise, the fall full in view from the window—a long white sheet of foam glistening in the early sunbeams. All the slope between the inn and the fall is covered by a thick plantation of firs, ash, hazel, and a teeming undergrowth, and through this, by paths winding hither and thither, you have to descend. Now the path skirts precipitous rocks, hung with ivy, now drops gently among the ferns to an embowered seat, until at a sudden turn the noise of the fall



Wm. S. W. May 1880

High Force.

bursts grandly upon you. A little farther, and the trees no longer screening, you see the deep stony chasm, and the peat-stained water making three perpendicular leaps down a precipice seventy feet in height. It is a striking scene, what with the grim crags, the wild slopes, and the huge masses lying at the bottom and in the bed of the stream; and the impressive volume of sound. We can scramble down to the very foot of the limestone bluff that projects in the middle, leaving a channel on each side, down one of which a mere thread of water trickles; but in time of flood both are filled, and then the fall is seen and heard in perfection. Now we can examine the smooth water-worn cliff, and see where something like crystallisation has been produced by a highly-heated, intrusive rock. And here and there your eye will rest with pleasure on patches of moss and fern growing luxuriantly in dripping nooks and crannies. You see how the water, rebounding from its second plunge, shoots in a broken mass of foam into the brown pool below, and therein swirls and splashes for a while, and then escapes by an outlet that you might leap across, talking to thousands of stones as it spreads itself out in its shallow bed. Standing with your back to the fall, and looking down the stream, the view, shut in by the trees on one side, by a rough, grassy acclivity on the other, is one that lures you to explore it, striding along the rugged margin, or from one lump of rock to another. Then returning to the diverging point in the path, we mount to the top of the fall. Here the scene is, if possible, wilder than below. The rock, as far as you can see, is split into a thousand crevices, and through these the river rushes to its leap. Such a river-bed you never saw before. The solid uprising portions are of all dimensions, and you slip from one to the other without first feeling if they are steady. Here and there you climb, and coming to the top of the bluff, you can look over and watch the water in its headlong plunge. The brown tinge contrasts beautifully with the white foam; and lying stretched on the sun-warmed rock, your eye becomes fascinated by the swift motion and the dancing spray. Then sit awhile on the topmost point and look up stream, and enjoy the sight of the rapids, and the multitudinous cascades. Though the rocks now lift their heads above water you will notice that all are smoothly worn by the floods of ages. The view is bounded there by a mighty, high-backed fell; and in the other direction brown moorlands meet horizon, all looking glad in the glorious sunshine."

The total fall of the water at High Force is about seventy feet, and it pours over greenstone resting on shale and limestone. In ordinary times there is but one stream of water here, but when the river is in flood a second is formed. Here, as at the Strid of Bolton Woods, there is some danger to the too adventurous. "When in flood," remarks Mr. Backhouse in his "Upper Teesdale, Past and Present," "the Tees is extremely rapid, and great care should be exercised in climbing across on to the dividing or 'middle rock,' which rises above the great 'Force Pool.' This rock is about sixty-three feet in height, and of considerable bulk. Sometimes in an incredibly short time the Durham side channel, from being absolutely dry, will contain a roaring torrent, and at such times anybody caught upon the centre rock is *fast*. Seeing that only *exceptional floods* cause the highest rock to be covered—and that about once in fifty years—it would be the wisest, under such circumstances, to remain quietly upon this rock until the water subsides. A terrible instance of the danger of being drawn

across by means of ropes occurred some time ago, when two gentlemen were thus caught and cut off. On making signals of distress, one was safely hauled through the water while his companion was lost through the untoward breaking of the rope at the critical moment. So high was the sudden flood on this occasion that the body of the unfortunate man was left high and dry out of the water close to Barnard Castle, fifteen miles away, yet in three hours the tourists might have walked across again with ease on to the Durham bank." In the immediate vicinity of High Force there are several spots of great picturesqueness and interest, and at a short distance—two miles—from the hotel is the famous Teesdale Cave, which Mr. Backhouse and his father carefully and thoroughly explored between 1878 and 1888; but this, unfortunately for the traveller here concerned, is not in Yorkshire but well within the borders of the sister-county. High Force Hotel—comfortable resting-place that it is!—is in Durham too, but not even the most exacting of mortals dare deny that Yorkshire has an equal claim with Durham to possession of the beauties and wonders of High Force itself.

II

After passing High Force the Tees settles down to a much more peaceful career, and glides swiftly but with some approach to harmony over a rocky bed until it reaches a scene of considerable beauty and charm at Winch Bridge (said to be the first suspension bridge of its kind ever built in Europe), by which convenient crossing place the erring traveller who has strayed into Durham may find his way back into Yorkshire. From this point to Lonton, farther down the river, the cliffs of greenstone which overtop the Yorkshire bank of the latter are very remarkable. They are in evidence for several miles, and also extend for some distance along the bank of the Lune, one of the principal tributaries of the Tees, which flows from the wild country of the



Westmorland border into the greater stream near Middleton-in-Teesdale. The scenery on each side of the Lune is similar to that which envelops the first beginnings of the Tees, and under the names of Lune Moors and the Forest of Lune forms a considerable tract of moorland, varying from 1500 to 2000 feet in height, pierced by numerous gills and ravines through which flow becks and rivulets that serve to swell the waters of the tributary. Almost parallel with the Lune runs the highway from Middleton-in-Teesdale to Brough in Westmorland, which conducts the traveller into as lonely a



land as the most inveterate recluse could wish for. There is little evidence of population along either side of it, save for an occasional hamlet or cluster of houses, and for the presence of Wemmergill Hall, situate in the midst of the deflections between Lune Moor and Mickleton Moor at an altitude of over 1200 feet above sea-level. All these wilds appear to be sacred to the sportsman and the shepherd, but it is somewhat of a problem to know how the latter finds pasture for many charges.

At Romaldkirk, a village of some size, pleasantly situated on the high-road between Middleton-in-Teesdale and Barnard Castle, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, the traveller will find himself in touch with several matters of interest. The village is built about a green whereon stands a maypole, and possesses a fine church dedicated to St. Romald, the hermit, chiefly of early English architecture, but not without traces of Norman work. Its battlemented tower forms a prominent landmark from the surrounding country, and in its interior is a fine monument in memory of one of the Fitz-Hughs, who is here presented as a crusader in chain armour. There is also an ancient piscina and a very fine early English font in the church, which is cruciform in plan, and consists of nave, transepts, chancel and

tower, all dating from the twelfth century, when the present edifice appears to have replaced the original Saxon church. The parish of Romaldkirk is one of the largest, in respect of acreage, in the county. "Romaldkirk," remarks Phillips, "is the mother-parish of Teesdale, and extends over all the extreme north-west region of Yorkshire, and down the Tees to Startforth near Barnard Castle. Thus all Upper Teesdale (on the Yorkshire side) and all Lunedale, with the several smaller dales on Balder Beck, Grize Beck, and Deepdale are in this enormous parish." Romaldkirk has a further distinction in the quality of the cheeses manufactured there, and if a story told by Mr. Brown in his "Tourist Rambles in the Northern Counties" be dependable, the Romaldkirk folk cherish a feeling of rivalry towards their neighbours of Cotherstone in respect to the cheeses which are made at the latter village. "One of our adventurous tourists," he says, "charmed with the Cotherstone cheese placed before us at High Force, and desiring to possess one like it, entered a drapery establishment (at Romaldkirk) to inquire of a spirited dame if Cotherstone cheeses were sold there. The lady doubtless thought a practical joke was intended, and



COTHERSTONE

drawing herself up in a dignified manner, repudiated the suggestion, but at the same time said Romaldkirk cheeses were sold at that town, and that they were better than the Cotherstone ones."

The names of places in the immediate neighbourhood of Romaldkirk and Cotherstone suggests that a strong Scandinavian element must at some time have been introduced into the population of these somewhat out-of-the-way regions. Between these two villages, separating Cotherstone Moor from Hunderthwaite Moor, flows another tributary of the

Tees, the Balder, named after the famous son of Odin. Opposite its junction with the Tees is Woden Beck ; close by is Woden Croft ; some slight distance away is the Thor's Gill commemorated by Scott. Cotherstone itself is a village of some historical association. Where the Tees receives the waters of the Balder rises a bluff or headland on which are seen the scanty ruins of the castle wherein the Fitz-Hughs, Lords of Romaldkirk, once kept their state. There is a legend connected with the last of the Fitz-Hughs, to the effect that an ancient woman of the neighbourhood being advised in a dream that some fearful thing was about to happen to him, warned him against going a-hunting, and that he, scorning the counsel thus received, pursued his quarry until the shades of evening had fallen, when he incontinently rode his horse over the great rock known as Percymyre Castle, and presumably killed both it and himself. On the site of a farmhouse near the ruins of the Castle of Cotherstone James II. had a hunting-seat at one time, and no doubt used it as his headquarters when following the chase in the neighbouring glades of Marwood. To the folk of Cotherstone itself the manufacture of cheese appears to outweigh all others distinctions that time may have conferred upon it, but it has further interest in the facts that its surroundings are full of beauty and that legend says that here for awhile rested the blessed body of the great St. Cuthbert.

Mr. White in his "A Month in Yorkshire" remarks that the man who drove him along the Yorkshire bank of the Tees dismissed Lartington and Cotherstone from his mental processes by remarking, in laconic and epigrammatic terms, that there was nothing but Roman Catholics in one and only cheese and Quakers in the other. It was chiefly owing to the labours of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastical dignitary, the late Monsignor Witham, of Lartington Hall, that the village became the pretty place it now is, and its great house something of a show place for tourists and travellers in Teesdale. Lartington is somewhat after the fashion of a model village—a thing which is not usually regarded with any great amount of favour by lovers of natural beauty ; and its cottages and gardens are of the well-kept and much-trimmed order. Its great feature is the Hall, which the local topographers rejoice in describing as one of the finest mansions in the North of England, and which, originally built in the days of Charles I., was greatly enlarged by Monsignor Witham. The decorative work of the interior is rich and elegant, and the stained glass, carving, and ornamental effects are by well-known artists. There is here a museum, open to the public, in which is stored a considerable collection of pictures, statuary, and similar objects of art, amongst which the most notable are a fine specimen of wood-carving by Bulletti, of Florence, and a painting of the Crucifixion by Le Brun. Here also is an important collection of geological specimens. From Lartington village the traveller may turn away into Deepdale, justly celebrated by Scott, and find himself once more

amidst the influences of river and rock scenery. Here another tributary of the Tees, running down from the moors of Cotherstone and Lartington, is seen in its last stages, making its way to its union with the greater river between rough crags and thick woods which are scarcely inferior to those of Brignall on the Greta. Some distance along Deepdale the traveller will find a pile of frowning rocks, rising high above the surrounding foliage. This is known as Catcastle, but there is no local information as to the meaning or derivation of the name. A little farther along the glen there is a fine waterfall, a mile beyond which is a bridge, built two centuries ago by one Hutchinson, who in 1698 tried during floodtime to ford the beck near this spot and narrowly escaped drowning.

From various points of the high ground along Deepdale the traveller will catch glimpses of Barnard Castle. Now Barnard Castle, although it is on the Tees, is not in Yorkshire, but in Durham, and therefore carefully excluded from the man who is making a peregrination of the broad-acred county. Nevertheless, few people, one may confidently assert, will travel along the Yorkshire bank of the Tees without yielding to the temptation to wander across the little bridge lying under the shadow of "Castel Barnarde standing stately upon Teese," to climb the steep street on the wrong side of the water, and to see for themselves what manner of place it is that Bernard Baliol founded soon after the Conqueror had established his power in the northern marches. Yorkshire or no Yorkshire, Barnard Castle must be visited, if only for a short hour. It wears a bold, fine, inviting appearance as one sees it from the Yorkshire bank of the dividing river, and when one is once within its ancient stronghold and perched on the height of Baliol's Tower, one does not wonder that Scott was tempted to wax enthusiastic about the prospect which is here stretched out before the wondering eye :—

"Far in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest ;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height ;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Relton fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls,

PICTURESQUE YORKSHIRE

High-crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,
 The sovereign of the lovely vale.
 What prospects, from his watch-tower high,
 Gleam gradual on the warder's eye !—
 Far sweeping to the east, he sees
 Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
 And tracks his wanderings by the steam
 Of summer vapours from the stream ;
 And ere he paced his destined hour
 By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
 These silver mists shall melt away,
 And dew the woods with glittering spray.
 Then in broad lustre shall be shown
 That mighty trench of living stone,
 And each huge trunk that, from the side,
 Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
 Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
 Wears with his rage no common foe ;
 For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
 Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
 Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way,
 O'er solid sheets of marble grey.
 Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
 Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight ;
 But many a tributary stream
 Each from its own dark dell shall gleam :
 Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,
 Salutes proud Raby's battled towers ;
 The rural brook of Egliston,
 And Balder, named from Odin's son,
 And Greta, to whose banks ere long
 We lead the lovers of the song ;
 And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
 And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
 And last and least, but loveliest still,
 Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

It is commonly said by naughtily malicious people that not even Scott himself could see quite so much as this from the grey walls of Barnard Castle, but it really matters nothing whether he could or not. There are few views in the North of England as fine or as wide-spreading as this, and few towns more interesting than the quaint old place which Leland rightly termed "stately." If Barnard Castle were, in the strict legal sense, in Yorkshire, one might write many things about it at which one can only hint. In situation it compares very favourably with Knaresborough, and is not unworthy to be classed with that ancient borough and Richmond as the three most romantically situated towns of the North. Its castle is still

in a state of good preservation, and has many memories clinging around its walls. Its church is as ancient as its castle, and is full of interesting monuments, and the old streets have many landmarks of days gone by. In that known as the Bank there is a quaint old house, called Blagroves, wherein Oliver Cromwell is said to have been lodged and served by the townsfolk (who were no doubt anxious to please him) with short cakes and burnt wine. Many of the old houses in the town have inscriptions of great interest on stones let into the walls, and there is scarcely a street or alley which does not show signs of antiquity. Old as it is, however, Barnard Castle possesses numerous signs of modernity. There is here a great museum—presented to the town about thirty years ago by the late Mrs. Bowes—of such size and magnificence in architecture, that it is seen for miles from almost any point of the country on the Yorkshire bank of the Tees, and is, doubtless, quite as prominent an object seen from the hills and meadows of Durham. It contains a fine collection of paintings, sculptures, and works of art and curiosity, all presented to Barnard Castle by the foundress. Here, too, is a well-known educational establishment, the North-Eastern County School, quite modern, and built on the latest scientific principles. These things, together with modern improvements, give Barnard Castle a new air as well as an old one, but so far antiquity triumphs in its main street, and in the surroundings of its ancient stronghold. It is a quaint, picturesque, notable old town, and is rendered doubly interesting to the traveller who has any literary taste and feeling because of its association with Charles Dickens. Here the great novelist came from Greta Bridge, when he was pursuing the inquiry which resulted in the writing of "Nicholas Nickleby," and here is the inn, the King's Head, at which he stayed. What he thought of its ale may be judged from that little passage in his immortal novel wherein poor Newman Noggs, still cherishing memories of the days when he was a gentleman in the north country to which he had long said farewell, counselled Nicholas, if he was ever in the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle, to step into the King's Head there, taste the ale, and mention his name. To cross the Tees, climb the long, stiff street, find the King's Head, and taste the ale with thoughts of Dickens, and Newman Noggs, and Nicholas Nickleby running through one's head is a diversion and a digression which may be excused in any one who finds himself so close to a town which, after all, is only accidentally shut out from the county of broad acres.

III

From the end of Thorngate, one of the most venerable bits of Barnard Castle, wherein there once existed a house of Augustinians, a footbridge leads the traveller safely back into Yorkshire, near the village of Startforth, where the Roman road from Bowes (*Lavatrac*) to Binchester (*Vinorium*) crossed the Tees. Startforth possesses a fine church, situated in a com-

manding position above the valley, and its hall was once the seat of the well-known north-country family of Fielding. It had at one time some notoriety as being one of the places where the "Yorkshire" schools condemned by Dickens existed, but it is now innocent enough in appearance, and only serves as a momentary distraction on the way to Egglestone Abbey, a fine and deeply interesting ruin standing on a plateau above the roadside about two miles from Barnard Castle. Here the traveller comes in touch with many associations, and once more with the magic genius of Sir Walter Scott, whose "Rokeby" is full of allusions to the religious house which, according to some authorities was founded by Ralph de Mitton, *circa* Henry II., and according to others by Conan, Earl of Richmond, during the twelfth century. Here, as admirers of Scott's poetry know, several of the principal scenes in "Rokeby" are laid. The description of the present appearance of the ruined house which Scott gives in the last canto of his poem is still as faithful as when he wrote it nearly a century ago:—

"The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich,
Of shrine, and monument, and niche,
The Civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh."

In Egglestone, or Egliston, or Athelstan Abbey (for the name is spelt by different authors in different ways) the climax of "Rokeby" is reached. Here lies Wilfrid; here Oswald Wycliffe found his various machinations turn upon himself: and here Bertram Risingham also met his death and obtained

"A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

Before the end of the twelfth century Egglestone Abbey appears to have been fairly established amongst the smaller religious houses of the county. It was presented with the churches of Rokeby and Great Ouseburn by Zouch, Archbishop of York, and Helen de Hastings gave it the church of Startforth. Philip of Poictou, Bishop of Durham, gave its abbot and his monks the manor of Egglestone in Durham about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Grainge gives the following account of its inmates:—

"The religious settled here were Premonstratenses, or White Canons. This order was first brought into England about the year 1140; and their first establishment was



EGGLESTONE ABBEY

at Newhouse, in Lincolnshire. These canons followed the rule of St. Augustine, as reformed by St. Norbert, about the year 1120; and they derived their name from Premonstre, in Picardy, the abbot of which was head of the order. The followers of this order were at first so poor, that they had nothing they could call their own but a single ass, which served to carry the wood they cut down every morning and sent to Laon in order to purchase bread. The order, however, increased so much that they had in Christendom 1000 abbeys, 300 provostships, a great number of priories, and 300 nunneries. The object of the order was to insure a pure contemplative life. Their habit was a white cassock, a rochet, and over it a long white cloak and white cap. From this dress the monks were called 'white canons.'

"Leland, in his Itinerary, calls this abbey a priory, and gives the following description of it:—'The priory of Egglestone joineth hard to Thulesgylle bek, and hangeth over the highe bank of Tese. I saw, in the body of the church, two very faire tombs of grey marble. In the greater was buried, as I learned, one Sir Ralph Bowes; an yn the lesser, one of the Rokesbys. Hard under the cliffe by Eglestone is found, on eche side of Tese, very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marbelers of Barnardes Castle and of Egleston; and partly wrought by them, and partly sold unwrought to others.'"

Of the present remains and aspect of the abbey a good deal may be observed by the traveller who chooses to make a careful examination of them. The original building—the situation of which was chosen with manifest appreciation of its advantages—consisted of nave, chancel, and

transepts, with eastern aisles. The greater part of the architecture is Early English, but the west window is in the Decorated style, and the east is an interesting specimen of the Transitional period. There are two Decorated windows, without mullions, in the west wall of the south transept; the windows of the chancel are Early English, and those on the south side are ornamented exteriorly with dog-tooth work. There are some piscinæ and aumbries in the chancel, and in the centre of the church are several slabs of limestone, the lettering on which is yet legible. One of them bears the following inscription:—

T. Rokeby. ✠ Jesu for pi passions ser,
Bastarde have merci of pi sinful her.

—another shows a hand grasping a staff. The last abbot of Egglestone was Thomas Darneton, and the house seems to have been but in poor condition at the time of its surrender, for its net value was then only £36, 7s. 2d.

Below the slopes whereon stands the last of the old house which appealed so much to the fancy and imagination of the Wizard of the North, lies the little glen called Thorsgill, not at all suggestive of the might and sonorousness associated with the Scandinavian god, but rather the very perfection of a sylvan scene, formed by overhanging banks of thick foliage beneath which a rippling stream, crossed by a quaintly-arched bridge, makes its way over rocks and pebbles to the Tees. Here are other associations; in Thorsgill Creswick found many a subject whereon to exercise his art, and its glades and nooks have been the delight and maybe despair of many a less-known artist. All along the highroad between Egglestone Abbey and Greta Bridge the scenery increases in beauty. From the Abbey bridge, a fine, single arch which spans the river at a considerable height from its bed, there are views up and down stream which are much commended to folk in search of natural beauty. Both views gain something because they are circumscribed in extent. That to the west is bounded by the roofs and gables of Barnard Castle and its church, seen through a vista of wood, stream, and sky; that to the east shows one the Tees as it swirls and eddies over its limestone bed amidst the woods of Rokeby. Rokeby itself comes quickly into view as the highroad is followed, and so, too, do the inns and houses of Greta Bridge, where one might easily be tempted to stay and see again, if for the twentieth time, the many fine things which are clustered thickly together within a circumscribed radius of the meeting of the Greta and the Tees.

Beyond the point where it receives the waters of its principal tributary, in the north-west corner of the county, the Tees begins to fail in beauty. It is always an interesting river from source to sea—if somewhat dingily surrounded during its last stages, when the smoke of Darlington and Stockton on one side and of Middlesbrough on the other begins to cover



WYCLIFFE

it with a dun-coloured pall—but after its wedding with the Greta it settles down to a quiet and decorous existence, and makes its way seawards with all the decorum of a respectable personality. On its Durham side, along the road which connects Barnard Castle with Darlington, there are many scenes of an attractive nature; the Yorkshire bank of the river is perhaps not quite so full of charm. Nevertheless, the traveller who sets out from Greta Bridge with the intention of following the course of the Tees as far as Yarm, and of keeping in Yorkshire all the time (with perhaps a slight incursion into Durham at Piercebridge), need not despair of being interested or of seeing many scenes of quiet pastoral beauty. In one respect he may count himself as fortunate—a cut across country from Greta Bridge to Yarm will afford him some delight in the matter of finding his way, for whosoever would walk or ride from Greta to Leven and at the same time keep in touch with Tees, must for the greater part of his journey make shift with byways rather than highways (save where the latter are crossed and left behind) and with bridle-paths rather than with roads. If to save time or distance the traveller takes to the bad habit of crossing the Tees here and there, he will find long before Yarm comes in sight that he has lost all clear notion of his locality, and will be unable to decide with any real certitude as to whether he is in Durham or Yorkshire, so much does the river wind about at this point, and so many vast curves and sweeps does it make in the country south of Darlington.

About three miles from Greta Bridge the traveller will find a place of rare association in Wycliffe, said on good authority to be the birthplace of the famous reformer. It is only just to Hipswell, a village near Richmond, to say that there is some ground for believing that John de Wycliffe was born there. It is certain, however, that this picturesque little village on the banks of the Tees was the home of the family of Wycliffe, and that wherever the "Morning Star of the Reformation" may have been born, he spent his early youth here. The accepted chronicles state that he was actually born here in 1324, that his translation of the Holy Scriptures was finished in 1383, that he died in 1384, and that the Council of Constance in 1415 ordered his heretical bones to be taken up and burned and the



ashes thrown into the river at Lutterworth. This latter proceeding was carried out in 1428, and gave Fuller the opportunity of writing his very telling sentence about the Swift, the Avon, the Severn, the Ocean, and Wycliffe's ashes. The place from whence the Lollard derived his name is picturesque and well-wooded, an ideal English village of the peaceful and restful type. Its church, partly restored about fifty years ago, is a simple ivy-clad structure full of interest, and containing several monuments of some note, one of them a brass in memory of the last of the Wycliffes. In the rectory there is an heirloom, which is said to be handed down from rector to rector, in the shape of an original portrait of John de Wycliffe by Sir Antonio a' More.

On the Yorkshire bank of the Tees hereabouts, and in the country

closely adjoining it, there are several places into which the traveller with plenty of time at his disposal may stray with varying degrees of profit and pleasure to himself. Close to Wycliffe lies Ovington, where there are some traces of a Roman camp, and where, according to tradition, there was once a religious house whose inmates kept the rule of St. Gilbert of Sempringham. There was another monastery, called St. Mary's Abbey, at Barford, a little farther along the river, and some remains of its masonry are still to be seen. Across the Tees at this point lie Winston and Gainford, two



CLIFFE

Durham villages of great charm and attraction and of much association. Southward of the river the land rises, by way of Eppleby, to the line of country running between Scotch Corner and Barningham, and from it here and there drain tiny streams that find their way to the Tees lying below. From Scotch Corner the great highroad which runs through Yorkshire comes straight as an arrow to Piercebridge, where it crosses the Tees into Durham. Here, if he will, the traveller may cross too, if merely for the pleasure of knowing that he is following the example of the Romans, who carried Watling Street over the river at this point, and who had here a station which some writers call *Magis*, but which Phillips says cannot be named with certainty. There is a tumulus on the Yorkshire bank of the Tees here, and traces of a camp on the Durham bank, and here some time ago was discovered an altar dedicated to Condatus. Here, too, there is more historical association in the fact that hereabouts Fairfax

and his Roundheads, and Newcastle and his Cavaliers, met in fierce combat in the ill-fated autumn of 1642.

Between Cliffe, the village lying at the foot of the Yorkshire side of Piercebridge and Croft, where the river Skerne—on which the vast and busy town of Darlington is situate—joins the Tees, there is little of interest, though the country adjoining the river's course is always attractive. Croft is a sort of outpost to both counties at this point of demarcation; on one side of its fine bridge of seven arches, built well over two hundred years ago, you are in Durham; on the other side, you are in Yorkshire. Most of Croft, however, is in the larger county, and its history is more closely associated with Yorkshire than with Durham. It is said to have been granted to the Clervaux family soon after the Norman Conquest by Alan Rufus, Earl of Richmond. What particular degree of importance it attained to during the Middle Ages there is little to show; its modern greatness began in 1668, when somebody discovered that it possessed



Croft.

great possibilities in its mineral waters, of which several springs were speedily brought to light. Early in the eighteenth century, the waters of Croft Spa had become so well known that they were sold in London in sealed jars, and fetched very high prices. Like Harrogate, Cheltenham, and all the rest of them, Croft possesses pump-rooms and baths, but it is

a very humble little spot in comparison with the more famous inland watering-places, and might be classed with Askern for quiet and almost apathetic acquiescence in a sleepy conformity to things in general. It possesses a very fine old church, consisting of nave, aisles, chancel, porch, and tower at west end, built of red sandstone procured from the bed of the Tees, and full of interesting things. Here is one altar tomb of grey marble, enclosed in a carved oak screen, in memory of Sir Richard Clervaux, *ob.*



DALTON ON TEES

1490, and another, very massive and rural, decorated with trophies of battle, to a member of the Milbanke family, who at one time resided at Halnaby Hall, a fine county house south of the Tees at this point. Beyond Croft, going towards the farther stretches of the Tees, there is little evidence of population on the Yorkshire bank of the river between the quiet hamlet of Dalton and Sockburn, between which places the course of the stream becomes erratic and strange to the last degree. At Sockburn the traveller may advisedly say farewell to the Tees and follow the highroad to Yarm, there to introduce himself to the Leven. Nevertheless, there are matters at Sockburn—where, as on many other places on Tees-side, it is difficult to keep out of Durham—which may profitably engage the traveller's attention for awhile. Here, many a long age ago, settled—as well as such folk as they could settle—the Conyers, whose name was mixed up in many a border fight, and whose men-folk were always ready to lay hand to sword. In the church here—a ruined structure, replaced for practical purposes by a modern edifice on the Yorkshire side of the river—there are many monuments in memory of these Conyerses, and one in particular of the doughty Sir John Conyers, who at some period of the dark ages slew the Worm of Sockburn, a monster which had wrought great destruction upon the folk

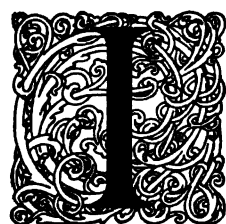
and their property, and whose very breath was rank poison. Whether this be legend or truth, it is an assured fact that at one time the Lord of Sockburn invariably met the Prince-Bishop of Durham at the ford or bridge by which the Tees was here crossed, and dutifully presented the weapon with which his ancestor slew the worm, at the same time rehearsing the glorious deed and reminding the prelate that by virtue of this custom the Lords of Sockburn held tenure of their lands.



CHAPTER LX

Round about the Leven

CHARACTER AND COURSE OF THE LEVEN—YARM: A TOWN OF FLOODS AND INUNDATIONS—LEVEN BRIDGE—KIRK LEVINGTON—THE LEVEN VALLEY—STOKESLEY—GREAT AYTON—ROSEBERRY TOPPING—ANCIENT TRAVELLER'S ACCOUNT OF THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT—THE CLEVELAND HILLS—TUMULI ON THE HILLS—CLEVELAND HOUNDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—A FAMOUS RUN IN 1849—MINERAL VALUE OF THE CLEVELAND HILLS—GUISBOROUGH AND ITS PRIORY—ASSOCIATIONS OF GUISBOROUGH—ORMESBY—NORMANBY—MARTON: THE BIRTHPLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK—MR. BIGLAND'S PANEGYRIC ON THE GREAT EXPLORER—STAINTON—ACKLAM—THORNABY—THE TEES BETWEEN YARM AND MIDDLESBROUGH.



IN one of the many romantic valleys which lie amidst the lonely stretches of the Cleveland Hills and the North York Moors two of the smaller rivers of Yorkshire rise in close proximity and at almost the same level, and having risen immediately turn away one from the other and make their way to the sea in quite different directions. One, the Esk, sets out on an eastward journey, and pays tribute to the North Sea at Whitby; the other, the Leven, turns westward, and passing through one of the fairest stretches of country in Yorkshire pours itself into the Tees at Yarm. All along the Leven there is abundant food for the eye and the brain. Its entire length is inconsiderable, but there are several places of much interest on its banks, and its immediate surroundings are extremely picturesque. Between the north bank of the Leven and the Tees the land is somewhat featureless, but from almost any point of it there are fine views of the Tees valley, of Middlesbrough, the modern marvel, of Stockton, and of Darlington, and of the last stretches of the Tees itself, losing its identity in the North Sea. How to see what there is to be seen round about the Leven may easily be explained to the traveller who cares nothing for hard-and-fast routes. Let such a one begin his exploration of this much-too-

little-known corner of Yorkshire at Yarm and thence follow the river's windings to Stokesley, turning off to look at village or hamlet as his fancy or caprice prompts him. He may watch the life of a small market-town at Stokesley as long as he pleases, or, if he is so minded, may climb the moors which close it in on the south ; but which ever course he follows, he will eventually go on towards Guisborough, lured in that direction by the curiously shaped Roseberry Topping, which rises across the valley like a sugar-loaf. He will probably climb to the rocky summit of the Topping, and be rewarded by one of the finest prospects in the country, or, if an ancient chronicler is to be trusted, in the world ; and from it he will see Guisborough nestling in a snug valley at his feet, and the Cleveland Hills, with all their associations of horse and hound and many another pleasant country thing, rising all about him. There are things to stay in Guisborough for—the remains of a once magnificent priory, associations with some very noble and famous names, and the sight of a mining town which in comparison with those of the West Riding is strangely and wonderfully clean and trim. Turning northwards from Guisborough to the Tees there are numerous villages which are worth straying into, and amongst them Marton, which has attained mighty fame as the birthplace of Captain Cook. It is more than probable that most travellers will extend rather than shorten their stay in the neighbourhood of the Leven, and especially in the vicinity of Guisborough, which if it be not quite an English *Puteoli*, as Camden was pleased to term it, is certainly the centre-point of a really beautiful stretch of country.

I

Near to the junction of the Leven with the Tees lies Yarm, a curious-looking town of one long, cobble-paved street, the latter very wide and ancient, and flanked by some of the quaintest creations in the way of architecture that the traveller will find 'twixt Tees and Thames. In the centre of the street stands an ancient tolbooth, surmounted by a cupola, supported by pilasters and topped by a vane. Something in the appearance of the surface of the main street suggests occasional floods—it is paved from end to end by large cobble-stones or boulders, save where a channel of flag-stones runs at a lower level. For its inundations Yarm is justly famous. Its situation is low, and it stands on a tongue-like promontory which is washed on three sides by the Tees. The first flood of any great moment happened on February 17, 1753, and did a considerable amount of damage. At four o'clock in the morning the banks of the river gave way, and the water rushed into the little town, completely submerging the lower parts and rising to a height of seven feet in the upper portion. Houses were washed down, horses, cattle, and dogs were drowned, and the main street was one mass of floating wreckage. According to some accounts, a great many lives were lost on this occasion ; according to others

none. In 1771 there was another serious inundation, said to have been the most serious land flood ever known in the north of England. This time the waters flooded the town to a depth of twenty feet, several lives were undoubtedly lost, and numerous inhabitants had to take refuge on the roofs of their houses. More inundations of a less serious nature occurred between that year and the end of the century, and when the census of 1801 was taken it was found that the population of Yarm had dwindled to about 1300 inhabitants. The unruly waters had driven trade away, and after the lapse of a century the town looks as though it had not yet come back. There is here a fine bridge of cast-iron over the Tees, which replaced the stone bridge of five arches built by Walter de Skirlaugh, Bishop of Durham, in the fifteenth century. The first iron bridge was built in the early years of the present century, but collapsed in 1806, its weight being much too great for its supporting piers. Across the bridge, on an eminence overlooking the Tees, is the parish church, but there is



little of interest in it save its west window of painted glass, and it is, moreover, not in Yorkshire, but in Durham.

The road from Yarm to Stokesley climbs out of the low-lying town at its southern extremity, and presently turns away to the north-east, where, at Leven Bridge, a delightfully situated spot in the most charming of valleys, it crosses the river Leven, which here turns almost due south, having the



KIRK LEVINGTON

orchard-surrounded village of Kirk Levington on its west, and that of Hilton on its north-east banks. The Leven follows a somewhat circuitous and irresolute course to the neighbourhood of Stokesley, passing the villages and hamlets of Crathorne, Hutton Rudby, and Sexhow on its way. From Hutton Rudby the traveller might advantageously turn aside to the foot of the Cleveland Hills, and to the pretty village of Carlton, and the old ruined castle of Whorlton close by. Few parts of Yorkshire are more beautiful than this, and it is hard to say at what period of the year it is seen to most advantage. The hills and the valleys amongst them are strongly reminiscent of the scenery of the Ardennes, and, like all the great features of Nature, they are always beautiful. Some folk may prefer them when the magic of returning spring is upon them ; others when their fine outlines and vast masses of wood are bathed in the full glory of a July sun ; others, again, may love them best when winter has crowned them with snow. Perhaps they are seen to most advantage in the mellow sunlight of an autumn day, when the heather has changed from purple to a brilliant brown, and everything is ripened by the hand of the dying year. Little known to tourists, these hills and their brethren, the Hambletons, are rich in all manner of good things, and the lover of mountain scenery below the snow-line might wander amongst them, and the wild country to which they form a natural boundary, for a whole summer and autumn ere he grew weary of their companionship.

In the valley of the Leven itself there are many attractions for the traveller. The little river winds in and out amongst quiet, pastoral scenery, but sometimes passes through a defile which is almost wild in its abruptness. Nothing can be more surprising than the curiously sudden dip of the land at Leven Bridge. The highroad from Yarm to Stokesley suddenly drops with astonishing sharpness from the level land above to the banks of the stream a hundred feet below, and climbs to level land again, just as sharply, on the other side. At the bottom of this sudden cleavage of the otherwise somewhat featureless country between the town of floods and that of quietude, runs the Leven in a bewitching curve, reflecting the green banks which rise so steeply above it, crowned with groves of ash and elm. This is one of the prettiest bits of the Leven's career ; at Stokesley it is a quiet and sober stream, having no particular feature and little charm,



STOKESLEY

and going along its way in a fashion eminently in keeping with the town. Few towns in Yorkshire have such a peaceful, out-of-the-world aspect as Stokesley. Set in the midst of a beautiful and fertile valley at the foot of the Cleveland Hills, with the fantastic form of Roseberry Topping rising away to the east as though to stand sentinel over it on one hand and over Guisborough on the other, the little town has an enviable situation. It consists mainly of one long street which begins as a species of village green, widens out into a market-place, and terminates its career as a playground for the school-children. The houses rising on each side of this are for the most part quaint and old-fashioned in appearance, and not even the presence of a modern town-hall is powerful enough to despoil the town of its old-world air. The parish church, unfortunately, possesses few attractions for antiquary or archæologist ; it was rebuilt towards the end of the eighteenth century, and has all the inartistic character of the Georgian

period. When the previous church first came into existence the chronicles do not say, but Stokesley was a manor and town in possession of the Baliols soon after the Norman Conquest, and they had market rights here in the thirteenth century. From the Baliols it passed to the family of Eure, or Evers, famous in the north country for their share in the varying fortunes of the Scottish wars, and for their exploits on the Borders. Beyond its connection with them Stokesley has little association with history. It is, indeed, in all respects a place of great modesty and retirement, and the traveller may well be excused if he wonders what its people find to do. Graves, the historian of Cleveland, writing a century ago, remarks of the Stokesley of his time that there was very little to do in the town, and that a general languor prevailed amongst its inhabitants. In this respect the lapse of a hundred years does not appear to have affected it, for although the railway has been brought to within a mile of its market-place there are few signs of life there save on Saturdays, or when fair-day comes round and brings the people of the surrounding district into the sleepy town.

From Stokesley the highroad runs almost parallel with the Leven as it winds along at the foot of the Cleveland Hills until the pleasantly situated village of Great Ayton is reached. Here the traveller comes in contact with the memory of the great Captain Cook, of whom he will hear enough and to spare ere he has quitted the north-east corner of the Riding. In the churchyard of Great Ayton there is a monument to the memory of several members of the famous navigator's family, which has an added interest because it is said to have been carved by Cook's father with his own hands. It is scarcely probable, however, that this is so, for there is a well-authenticated story to the effect that the father, who was a working stone-mason at Marton, a few miles away, could not read until he had attained the age of seventy-five, and that he then learned the art in order to be able to read his son's account of the world-famed voyages. Captain Cook went to school at Great Ayton for a time, and the village is naturally proud of its connection with him. On the heights of Easby Moor, a mile or two away above the village, and in close proximity to the source of the Leven, near Kildale, stands the monument erected to his memory in 1827 by one Robert Campion of Whitby. It is a plain column of stone, of considerable height, and forms a prominent landmark from almost every point of the surrounding country.

But there is, after all, but one really great landmark in this region, and that is Roseberry Topping, the hill whose curiously clear cut outline attracts the traveller's eye at every inch of the way between Stokesley and Guisborough. Approached by way of the village of Newton you find the western side of this sugar-loaf shaped mountain honeycombed by mines and quarries, and perceive that its summit is a mass of rock, in shape not unlike a mediæval fortress. Its sides are somewhat plentifully clothed



Roseberry Topping

with fir and pine, and the climb to the top—it rises to an altitude of nearly 1100 feet above sea-level in very abrupt fashion—is by no means easy of accomplishment. But when the top is gained, what a magnificent view! “There is,” says an ancient chronicle, “a most goodly prospecte from the toppe of thys hyll, though paynefully gayned by reason of the steepnesse of ytte . . . there you may see a vewe the like whereof I never saw, or thinke that any traveller hath seen any comparable unto yt, albeit I have showed yt to divers that have paste through a great part of the worlde, both by sea and lande. The vales, rivers, great and small, swellynge hilles and mountaines, pastures, meadows, woodes, cornefieldes, parte of the Bishopricke of Durham, with the newe parte of Tease lately found to be safe, and the sea replenyshed with shippes, and a most pleasant flatt coaste subjecte to noe inundation or hazarde make that country happye, if the people had the grace to make use of their owne happinesse, which may be unended if it please God to send them trafique and good example of thriste.” Moral reflections apart, the view from the summit of Roseberry Topping is certainly one of vast magnitude, and is probably the finest obtainable from the higher points of the Cleveland Hills. It extends from the North Sea to the hills of Swaledale, and from the Vale of York to far into Durham, and includes within this magnificent stretch of distance such prospects of hill, valley, moor, and meadow as cannot be outrivalled and are rarely equalled in the whole county. But Roseberry Topping possesses attractions other than the view from its summit. It is said to have been named the *Hill of Odin* by the Danes, and it is often mentioned in ancient documents as *Othenesbergh*. Its present name appears to be derived from *rhos*, a moor or common, and *berg*, a hill; “topping” being the local definition of a height, plainly derived from the Danish *toppen*, a point or apex. There was here at one time a beacon, the light of which must have been seen over a vast stretch of country, and on the northern side of the hill is a well, wherein Oswy, an infant prince of the royal house of Northumbria, is said to have been drowned while his mother slumbered on the summit. The legend says that she had been forewarned by soothsayers that the boy would meet his death by drowning on a certain day. When that day dawned she carried him to the heights of Roseberry Topping, believing that he would there be safe from the threatened danger. She spent some time in amusing him, but sleep gradually stole over her senses, and while she slumbered the boy wandered from her side. Waking at last, she sought him wildly on the mountain slopes, and found him lying face downwards in the little spring, quite dead.

The mass of rock at the summit of Roseberry Topping is sandstone; the bulk of the mountain is lias, in which is ironstone, limestone, jet, coal, and innumerable fossils. There is a legend in the neighbourhood which has come to be regarded as a veritable truth, and which warns the traveller and the local inhabitant alike, that a cap on Roseberry Topping

means bad weather in Cleveland. The hill possesses even additional interest, however, apart from its geological and meteorological aspects. Round it lies a double row of pits or excavations which some authorities declare to be the remains of an early British settlement, and others the signs of mining operations in long-dead ages. Phillips speaks of them as "the bases of British huts," which seems to put the matter beyond doubt. All over the Cleveland Hills at this point, indeed, there are numerous evidences of early British occupation in the shape of tumuli and earth-works, and on Ayton Moor and Guisborough Moor the traveller will find them in great quantity. Between these two moors is Percy Cross, the site of a religious house which was being built in the fourteenth century, when Greenfield, Archbishop of York, laid an interdict upon its further progress. Hereabouts are several places of interest: Kildale, where several members of the Percy family are buried, and where the Devil used to drink up all the water from the holy-water stoups; Basedale, with the remains of an ancient abbey; and Ingleby Greenhow, where the Mauleverers once kept their state.

The traveller who has eyes for a good hunting country will not be surprised to hear that the horses and hounds of Cleveland are justly famous all over the north of England. Cleveland hounds and Cleveland horses have had a reputation for ages, and the two combined have carried out operations against the little red rover in these pastoral valleys and fir-clothed hills for quite a century. In his delightful book "In the North Countree," Mr. W. Scarth Dixon, a voluminous writer on Yorkshire hunting lore, thus speaks of the Cleveland hounds of a hundred years ago:—

"There were," he says, "a few hounds kept in the neighbourhood of Roxby in the latter part of last century and the earlier years of this. They were kept by the farmers in the neighbourhood, each man keeping a hound or two, and were collected on hunting days.

"Most of their followers went on foot, but occasionally one or two were mounted. There is not much record of their proceedings, but some of their exploits are still remembered.

"One run they had of which they used to speak with much pride. They found their fox in Holmsgriff, and ran through wood and over moor till they marked him to ground near Slape Wath. When the distanced field arrived at the earth it was determined to try to get him out, and after a weary dig this was accomplished. Then arose the question, 'What shall we do with him?' and it was unanimously agreed that he should be turned down before the hounds. 'But,' said the relater of the story, 'Ah'll uphaud ye we gave 'em a neck hound,' and he was killed in the next field. The weary sportsmen now turned their attention to refreshment, and adjourned to the 'Fox and Hounds' inn close by, where they stopped all night and most of the next day.

"On another occasion they found a fox in Kilton Wood, and killed him in the pleasure grounds at Skelton Castle. They were sore afraid the Squire would be seriously offended at so unceremonious an invasion, but he gave them a hearty welcome, and, delighted with the fine run they had had, and the kind reception they had met with, they hastened to the 'Duke William' inn at Skelton, where they stayed for two or three

days. 'Bread and cheese and yal, lads, 'll mak' us gang through fire an' watter,' said they; and so it seemed from the immense distances they followed hounds on foot. History relates that on this occasion an adventurous tailor joined the company, but when, towards the end of the second day, the 'mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' he thought it was time to depart, and no other road being open to him, he made a hasty but undignified exit through the closed window, the sash of which he took clean out, his flight being accompanied by a perfect chorus of view holloas."

In a country like this wherein moorlands, plentifully adorned with bogs and morasses, alternate with the wide-spreading meadows of the valleys which extend by way of Guisborough and Kirkleathan to the level expanses bordering the coast, the going is necessarily somewhat rough, and everything in connection with the spot is of an eminently "sporting" character. A famous run in the company of these hounds was that of December 6, 1849, when Mr. Thomas Andrew was Master. The following account of it, furnished by one Thomas Parrington, is extracted from Mr. Pease's work, "The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-Fed Pack," and gives a capital idea of what must have been one of the most exciting runs ever known to the fox-hunting fraternity, lasting as it did over three hours without the hounds ever being off scent:—

"This trim little pack, much to the credit of the small knot of gentry, farmers, and others who compose the Cleveland Hunt Club, has been showing capital sport this season, and have had clipping runs almost every day. On Thursday they had such a run as will long be remembered in Cleveland. On that day the fixture was Osborne's Rush. The morning was by no means promising for sport, and the rain which came pouring down served to make the country dirtier and deeper. The timid and fine weather sportsmen stayed at home, consequently we had a small field, and having a long draw before we found, some who had ventured to the 'meet,' cut it, but would no doubt regret having done so afterwards. At one o'clock the watery god dried up his tears, and as we were drawing Eston Nab Whin, we shook out our feathers and indulged in the hope we might yet have a run, and that we had the sequel will show. The hounds had not been five minutes in cover when Reynard was pronounced at home, and instantly he broke away to Sir J. Lowther's plantation. The hounds got away on capital terms with their fox and raced him away to Court Green thro' the cover, and straight away to Guisborough Park; here he never dwelt a moment, but broke away to the south extremity right across the vale of Guisbro' up the hill to Bell End, and forward as hard as he could pepper to Howden Gill. Up to this point the pace was terrific, and the country most trying, and the select few who saw the beauties top the wall at Howden Gill hoped it was near a finish, and it was the unanimous verdict that the fox could not live much longer; but greatly did we undervalue the gameness of the varmint, for even here, a cover almost impenetrable for hounds and full of earths, wherein he might have taken shelter and bid defiance to the inroads of the spade and pickaxe, even here he stayed not a moment. Again he faced the open and skirted Ayton Old Alum Works, through Cockshot plantations, and away pointing for Kildale; the fox here made a curious turn to the left, and went over the hill close past Captain Cook's monument, and ran a ring on Goat Moor, and back through Cockshot plantations away to Easby Wood. Disdaining to avail himself of the many places of safety which

the hills would have afforded him, our gallant fox again took the open country, relying on his own stoutness to shake off his bloodthirsty pursuers. Crash went the hounds through Easby Wood, every hound threw his tongue, and the chorus was duly grand ; at this point some of our field thought the hounds changed foxes, and thought it madness to follow further ; perhaps the thought was convenient, as their nags had already had a bellyful. Leaving the village of Easby on the left our fox pointed for the hills on the west of Ingleby, and then turned to the right, and running almost due west, leaving Broughton, Kirkby, and Bushby on his left, and Stokesley on his right, he struggled on to Carlton, where in a small plantation he was pulled down by his undeniable pursuers, to the unspeakable delight of the remnant of the field that saw the last of it. The deep country after leaving Easby Wood told heavily on the horses : the field grew 'small and beautifully less,' and only five got to the finish, viz., Tom Andrew, Geo. Newcomen, Esq., R.N., and Messrs. Watson Dixon, T. H. Dobson, and Tommy Bean.

"The last ceremonies having been performed to the death, and many a 'Who-whoop' given until the old hills of Cleveland resounded the echo, the party set their heads homewards, and on reaching Stokesley had abundant refreshment for themselves and their horses at the hostelry of that thoroughbred sportsman, Tommy Bean. It is most remarkable, but nevertheless true, that throughout this extraordinary run, over about thirty miles of difficult country, and during three hours and five minutes the hounds were never once off the scent. The pace was never slow, and how one fox, for they never changed, endured through the run is almost incredible. The fox, one that had 'braved the battle and the breeze' for many a season, was almost white with age, a game and gallant fellow."

II

From the summit of Roseberry Topping the traveller may look upon many towns—Stockton and Middlesbrough, smoke-laden and suggestive of much human industry and burning of coal ; Stokesley, a patch of red and grey in the midst of a sea of green, and especially upon Guisborough, famous at any time these three hundred years for the beauty of its situation. What says Camden of the little town which lies at the foot of the Cleveland Hills ? "For pleasantness, a curious variety, and natural advantages [it may] compare with Puteoli, in Italy ; and for a healthful and agreeable situation, it certainly far surpasses it." This is great praise, and it may be that good Master Camden would now qualify it a little, for Guisborough has changed greatly since his time, and is not at all the Guisborough of the sixteenth century. Mr. White, visiting it about sixty years ago, was surprised to find that since a previous visit of his the place had been transformed from a village into a town, and that much of its primitive simplicity had departed. In the old days Guisborough had a double reputation : it was not only considered one of the most delightfully situated towns in the county, but enjoyed much honour because of the good manners of its inhabitants, who were said to be civil and well-bred, very particular about their "diet," and zealous for the care and cleanliness of their houses. Nevertheless, there must have been exceptions to this

general rule, for one reads that George Fox, the Quaker, had to complain that his disciples in Guisborough had grown so loose-mannered as to drink ale and smoke tobacco in their meetings, and that John Wesley, preaching from a table set in the market-place in 1761, was received in anything but a polite way. It may well be, however, that both Fox and Wesley somewhat excited the ire of the Guisburghians—that the latter proved susceptible to eloquence is shown by the fact that the apostle of Methodism returned to the town on several subsequent occasions, and was received with great favour and acceptance by its people.

Entered from the road leading from Newton, a village lying at the foot of Roseberry Topping, Guisborough is found to be—like many another Yorkshire market borough—a town of one long street, from whence smaller thoroughfares have branched off during the past half century. The houses flanking this street are at first small and reminiscent of the roadside cottage, but as the centre of the town is reached and the parish church comes in sight they increase in dignity. In every Yorkshire market-town there is always one good hostelry to be found, and here is one in "The Buck," from the windows of which the slopes of Guisborough Moor may be seen closing the town in on the south. If the town is not nowadays what it was when Drayton visited it and called it "a second paradise," it is because the commercial spirit has wreaked its will upon the hills which surround it, and in which lies treasure that requires nothing but human ingenuity to transform it into gold. As long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an enterprising gentleman named Sir Thomas Chaloner found alum here, and brought workmen over from Italy to work it properly, this being the first place in England in which it had been discovered. But the thing that has changed Guisborough more than anything is its wealth of iron ore. Iron mines are all over the hillsides, and behind the long main street of the town are the necessary cottages of the miners, rows of dreary-looking dwellings which are mercifully hidden from the traveller who keeps to the centre of the place. There is, perhaps, not much to keep the sight-seer in Guisborough besides the ruins of its famous priory, but it has some historical value, and there are one or two interesting places within its borders. There is said to have been one of the smaller Roman stations here, and here in 1642 one of the first skirmishes of the Civil War took place between rival forces under Sir H. Cholmley and Colonel Slingsby. In Spa Wood there is a medicinal spring, in which it is possible to bathe, and from which folk suffering from indigestion may drink to their benefit. This spring was discovered about eighty years ago, and contains sulphur and alkaline ingredients. The parish church of St. Nicholas is disappointing, but that is not a matter of surprise, for it was rebuilt about 1790, and, in accordance with the deplorable taste of those days, was rendered so useful as not to be beautiful—the lover of architecture, however, will find much to admire in the chancel, in some portions of the tower and gateway, and



East Front
Guisborough Priory.

W. G. Smith

in the fine east window. In the churchyard surrounding it several interesting remains have been discovered at various times. Skeletons and stone coffins, silver plate and old oak, have been unearthed here, and have been taken as showing that the old legend that Cleveland was once thickly populated had a good deal of truth in it. Near the north-east corner of the chancel, but separated from the churchyard by a railed-in footpath, are the buildings of the free Grammar School, all modern, very effective, and in strict keeping with the scene on which their windows look.

Rising in front of those windows is one of the noblest ecclesiastical ruins in Yorkshire, or in England—the east end of the priory church, with its magnificent window, a splendid specimen of the purest style of Pointed architecture. It is seen to great advantage from the meadow at the rear, but admission to the grounds in which all that is left of the priory is situated may be had by pursuing the usual courses and paying a small fee. The beauty of the window is remarkable; its arch is still unmutilated; a good deal of its tracery is still left; and every effort is made to ensure its preservation. The east end is about 100 feet in length, and has four buttresses surmounted by octagonal crocketed pinnacles, very massive, supporting it. In those next the great window there are niches under crocketed canopies; on the great window itself there is a smaller one of five lights; on each side of it are others which lighted the aisles of the chancel. Little more of the priory is left than this—but if this noble ruin may be taken as being typical of the whole, there must once have stood here one of the most beautiful religious houses in the country.

According to Grange, the Priory of Guisborough was founded by Robert de Brus, lord of Skelton, in accordance with the desire of Pope Calixtus II. and Thurstan, Archbishop of York, in the year 1129. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and was made over to the use of the Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. Its founder was buried within its walls in 1141, and from that time onward it became the burial-place of the families of Percy, Neville, Fauconberg, Mauley, Eure, Talbot, Meynell, and many others of noble blood. In 1289 a terrible conflagration destroyed the monastery and church, with books, relics, and appurtenances, amongst which were nine chalices of great value. Walter de Hemingford, the chronicler, who was a Canon at the time, says that the fire broke out through the carelessness of a plumber who set his iron crucible, greatly heated, on dry wood. After the rebuilding, the monks suffered much from pirates and marauders, and in 1375 Edward III. gave them permission to fortify and embattle the priory as seemed best to them for their safety. The community seems to have “prospered greatly”; in one of the Cotton MSS. it is said that its prior kept a most pompous house, and that the five hundred householders of the town having no land, lived on the abbey. Benefactors it had in plenty. Robert de Brus gave it the

churches of Barningham, Danby, Guisborough, Kirkburn, Kirk Levington, Marske in Cleveland, Stainton in Cleveland, and Upleatham; Walter Ingelram, the churches of Ingilby-Arncliffe and Welbury; while from different donors it acquired those of Ormesby, Crathorne, Marton, Easington, Acklam, East Harlsey, Lofthouse, Liverton, Sherburn, Hessle, Seamer, Wilton, Thornaby, West and East Heslerton, Yarm, Bridekirk in Cumberland, and several churches in Scotland. At its surrender in 1540, Robert Pursglove then being prior, its gross yearly value was estimated at £712, 6s. 6d., and the net value at £628, 3s. 4d. Pursglove, who was a native of Hull, and to whose memory there is a very fine brass in the parish church of Tideswell, in Derbyshire, received a pension of £166, 13s. 4d.

There is now nothing left of the conventual buildings, the site of which came into the hands of the family of Chaloner at the time of the Dissolution, but there are one or two legends connected with them which are of some interest. One, narrated in Ord's "Cleveland," is to the effect that a subterranean passage leads from beneath them to an opening about a mile and a half away, and that midway along it is "an enormous chest of gold, which is guarded by a raven, or crow, who keeps incessant watch over the precious contents. Only once," continues Ord, "was the treasure invaded by a person who hoped to appropriate some of the ingots, but when he reached the box, its guardian, the raven, suddenly became transformed into his Satanic Majesty, who belaboured the intruder with such terrible severity, and otherwise excited such a fright, that neither he nor any other person ever ventured within the precincts afterwards." This legend was generally accepted as a veracious story in Guisborough half a century ago; there is at least one inhabitant of the town who believes in its truth at this day.

When the site of the priory was cleared of rubbish some years ago, under the instructions and supervision of the late Admiral Chaloner, its then proprietor, many interesting things were brought to light. Before the high altar, and beneath a pavement finely decorated with the arms of Brus (or, as the name is more usually known, Bruce) was discovered a stone coffin, wherein was the skeleton of a man, who from the decayed state of his teeth, was of an advanced age at the time of his death. Over this had stood at one time the black marble tomb, described by Dugdale in his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, and which is now in the parish church. Another stone coffin, also containing a skeleton, was found a little distance to the left. In an oak coffin, lying beneath a monumental slab which bore the inscription—

Sit. Pax Eterna Cecum Victore Superna

was a skeleton measuring 6 feet 8 inches in length. In this coffin, and in a stone one found close by, were discovered several bronze buckles of

undoubted fourteenth century work. One of the skeletons had a pair of sandals attached to the feet, and was presumably that of an ecclesiastic of rank who had been buried in his vestments.

Leaving Guisborough, its ruined priory, and its modern industries



behind him, the traveller may turn towards the valley of the Tees once more—the Leven having disappeared amongst the moors of Kildale. He may, if he chooses, or if compelled by possession of a horse, vehicle, or bicycle, go Tees-ward by the high road which leads from Guisborough to Middlesbrough, but he will be better advised if he follows a track over Barnaby Moors to Eston, where he will have the pleasure of seeing how a rapidly developed industry can change the face of Nature. From the heights of these moors, above Eston Mines, he will obtain a wide-spreading view of the mouth of the Tees, of Tees Bay, of the ironworks which dot the coast-line here and there and fill the sky with smoke, and of Redcar and Coatham, most northerly of Yorkshire seaside places. On these moors, too, he will find a semicircular camp, apparently British in origin, but in which the traces of the foss and vallum of a Roman station are plainly traceable. Ord gives the dimensions of this as being 1039 feet for the length of the arc, 706 feet for the length along the cliff, and 310 feet for the breadth. Near Eston Nab, one of the highest parts of these moors, are the great ironworks of the firm of Bolckow, the establishment of which has done so much to transform the banks of the Tees at this point from a comparative wilderness to a thickly-populated region. When one descends

from the moors to the level of the high road leading from Saltburn to Middlesbrough one finds oneself at Eston, in the midst of quite a considerable town—streets upon streets of small houses, and new churches and chapels, gas-lamps, and many evidences of the modern spirit on every hand. There is something more picturesque in Normanby, a little further westward, where the signs of the commercial spirit are not quite so evident, and one may gain at least some notion of what the villages were like which nestled between the moors and the Tees ere the iron ore of Cleveland began to turn itself into gold. Ormesby, a little further westward, possesses an extremely picturesque churchyard, set amidst quiet and peaceful surroundings, and a beautiful little church which has many interesting features, and is somewhat spoilt by a ridiculous spire of lead and wood. On the north wall of the church the traveller will find several stones built into the fabric, and ornamented by curious carvings of swords and similar figures, most of which appears to be Saxon work. Beneath these are the fragments of a Saxon cross, and of a boot or foot, all of which would be much more in place within the church than outside it. There is a modern lych-gate, under a fine avenue of trees, at the east end of the churchyard, and this and the handsome cross near the village inn were given by Mrs. Brown, of Ormesby Hall, the latter gift being in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Marton, a mile or two west of Ormesby, is approached by most travellers with feelings of veneration, interest, and not a little suspicion. There the great Captain Cook first saw the light and spent a virtuous youth; from Marton he set forth to make himself famous. It is scarcely possible to do justice to the circumnavigator at this period, but Mr. Bigland did it nearly a century ago, and did it very well, as the following panegyric shows:—



ORMESBY

ORMESBY

“If any country,” says Mr. Bigland, “may be proud of having produced a man who in various ways enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, that pride is the honourable boast of this humble village. There is scarcely a corner of the earth to which the fame

of Cook has not reached ; and all Europe has been unanimous in admiring, revering, and emulating this great master of his profession. It would far exceed our limits to relate the life and adventures of this famous explorer of the ocean. These have already been presented to the world in the histories of his voyages, the *Biographia Britannica* and other publications : we shall therefore content ourselves with giving a slight sketch of this extraordinary man, who has done so much honour to his country, and so greatly promoted the knowledge of geography.

“CAPTAIN JAMES COOK was one of nine children, born of honest and industrious parents, in the lowest rank of society. He was taught to read by a schoolmistress ; but his father, who was a labourer, being employed to look after a farm belonging to T. Skottowe, Esq. at Ayton, he was, by the liberality of that gentleman, sent to school in the village, to a master, who taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here young Cook made such a proficiency, that at the age of thirteen he was thought to have acquired a sufficient stock of learning to qualify him for a country shopkeeper. He was accordingly bound apprentice to Mr. W. Sanderson, a shopkeeper at Staithes, a small fishing-town near Whitby. This employment, however, did not suit his genius, and he soon quitted it for one in which he was destined to shine with peculiar lustre. Leaving the counter, he bound himself a second time apprentice to Messrs. John and Henry Walker of Whitby, persons of the religious profession called Quakers, and owners of several ships in the coal trade. Here he served his apprenticeship with fidelity ; and for some years afterwards was employed as a seaman in vessels chiefly engaged in that trade, till the year 1755, when the war being about to commence, he entered into the royal navy, where he laboured with unremitting diligence to qualify himself for preferment. His father having in the meanwhile, by his care, diligence, and integrity, gained the favour of Skottowe, that gentleman prevailed on Mr. Osbalstone, then member for Scarborough, to write to Sir Hugh Palliser, and to recommend young Cook to his notice. His career of glory now began to commence. In 1759 he obtained a master's warrant ; and sailing to Quebec, under the immortal Wolfe, he was employed in an important but dangerous and difficult service, that of taking soundings in the river St. Lawrence : which he performed in the night-time during several nights, in front of the fortified camp of the French at Montmorency. Cook began now to be known in the navy, not only as a man of courage and conduct, but as possessing great abilities ; and was soon after employed in taking a survey of the river below Quebec. This he accomplished, and, though self-taught in the art of surveying, he drew a chart of the soundings and bearings with such skill and accuracy, as to meet with the approbation of all navigators.

“In all situations and circumstances, this truly great man employed every moment of his leisure in acquiring the knowledge necessary for his profession. In 1764 he was appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labradore. The several surveys that he made, and the charts that he published, reflected additional lustre to his character ; and a paper which was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, from his communications on the subject of an eclipse of the sun, secured to him the reputation of an able mathematician.

“In the month of August 1768, he began his voyages of discovery, accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, afterwards President of the Royal Society, Dr. Solander, an eminent naturalist, and Mr. Charles Green, a skilful astronomer. For an account of these voyages we must refer our readers to the works above mentioned, and content ourselves with barely glancing at the results. In the first, he explored the Pacific Ocean and its

isles, and employed six months in examining the coast of New Zealand. In the second, which was undertaken in July 1772, he proceeded towards the South Pole, till his progress was stopped by the ice in the latitude of seventy-one degrees ten minutes south, having traversed the Antarctic Ocean in such a manner as to leave no room to believe the existence of a Southern Continent, unless near the Pole and beyond navigation. In this voyage he not only circumnavigated the globe, but, in his different traverses, sailed no less than 20,000 leagues, an extent nearly equal to three times its equatorial circumference. And it must be remembered, to the honour of Captain Cook, that he performed this voyage of three years and eighteen days, through all the climates from fifty-two degrees north, to seventy-one degrees south latitude, with the loss of only one



STANTON

man by sickness, out of one hundred and eighteen persons, of whom his company consisted; a circumstance which, under Providence, is chiefly to be ascribed to his great care and attention to the health of his crew, and will transmit his name to the grateful praise of posterity.

“In his third voyage, which commenced in July 1776, he explored the northern Archipelago between Asia and America, and ascertained the proximity of the two continents, which are not more than thirteen leagues asunder. After this he returned to Owhyhee, where his catastrophe is too well known. At that place he was unfortunately killed in an affray with the natives, and not only his country, but Europe in general, suffered an irreparable loss by his death.

“Captain Cook was tall in stature, being upward of six feet high, stout and robust rather than elegant; but well adapted to that course of life which Providence had destined him to follow.



"He was inured to labour and toil, capable of bearing almost any hardships ; in all bodily gratifications, not only habitually temperate, but when necessary, abstemious. The qualities of his mind, like those of his body, were hardy and vigorous ; and he was not less capable of intense thought than of severe labour. His understanding was strong, and perspicacious, and his judgment quick and sure. Cool and deliberate in forming his plans, sagacious in determining, active in executing, vigilant, cautious, and persevering, unsubdued by labour, difficulties and disappointments, fertile in expedients, and never wanting in presence of mind, he possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications requisite for arduous undertakings. But the most distinguishing feature in the character of this great man, was that unremitting perseverance, which was not only superior to the sense of danger and the pressure of hardships, but even exempt from any need or any desire, of those ordinary relaxations which most other men have found necessary to restore and preserve the spring and vigour of the mind.

"Such was Captain James Cook, whose name is celebrated throughout Europe, and will be transmitted to the latest posterity. And the humble village of *Marton*, in Cleveland, may challenge Athens and Rome to produce from the list of their heroes a man more deserving of endless fame."

It is somewhat disheartening to confess that Marton, duly reached, is not quite so impressive as the birthplace of such a great and good man ought to be. To the outward eye it is just a collection of houses, chiefly small, dominated by a modern hall built on palatial lines, and overlooking a magnificent prospect of the mouth of the Tees, and its church, having been repaired in accordance with modern notions, is not so picturesque as it no doubt was a hundred years ago. But in the register, under date November 3, 1728, the traveller may gaze upon the entry—

James, ye son of James Cook, day-labourer, baptized,

and in the churchyard he may find the tomb of Mary Walker, who taught



OLD THORNABY

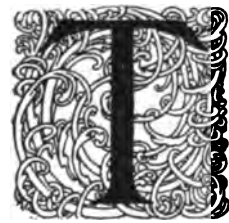
the future traveller to read, and who may therefore be looked upon as having given him his first taste for knowledge. The house in which Cook was born disappeared long ago, but its site is still known as *Cook's Garth*, and will be pointed out with some pride by even the smallest boy.

Between the birthplace of Captain Cook and the Tees there is little of interest. The country is pleasant, but somewhat featureless, and the villages are not distinguished by any great historical association or by possession of any particular show-place. The church and churchyard of Stainton are worth seeing; and from this point a pleasant detour to the bank of the Tees may be made by way of Acklam and Thornaby. Here the Tees, different in its aspect to that of its first stages beyond High Force, begins to feel the overshadowing influence of the smoky towns which lie on both its banks. Even to those who are used to seeing rivers under vastly varying conditions, who have, for example, seen the Aire at Malham and again at Leeds, there is something almost startling in the reflections that the busy waterway which lies between Middlesbrough and Stockton is the same stream which winds past Barnard Castle and receives the Greta beneath the fairy woods of Rokeby.

CHAPTER LXI

Middlesbrough

MIDDLESBROUGH : A MODERN MARVEL—THE MOTTO OF MIDDLESBROUGH : *ERIMUS!*—ORIGIN OF MIDDLESBROUGH IN 1829—EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWN—THE CLEVELAND IRON TRADE IN ITS EFFECT ON MIDDLESBROUGH—INCORPORATION, EXTENSION, AND RAPID GROWTH OF THE BOROUGH—PRESENT IMPORTANCE OF MIDDLESBROUGH AS A PORT AND COMMERCIAL CENTRE—ASPECTS OF MIDDLESBROUGH AT THE PRESENT TIME.



THE traveller who repairs to Middlesbrough in search of the picturesque and the interesting, may possibly be disappointed in respect to beauty of aspect and situation, but he will certainly leave the town fully satisfied that he has set foot in one of the most remarkable centres of population in the world. Middlesbrough is not merely a modern marvel ; it is in all respects a pure and simple example of the essence and spirit of modernity. There is nothing in it, not even a stone, that dates back beyond the beginnings of the nineteenth century, and the stranger within its gates soon finds that its inhabitants are not a little proud that either they or their immediate ancestors are responsible for the creation of the great town on whose site seventy years ago there stood but a single house. In respect of its absolute modernity Middlesbrough is almost unique. There is scarcely another manufacturing town or city in England which cannot point to some evidence of its antiquity ; signs of antiquity in Middlesbrough there are none. At first sight nobody would imagine that Birmingham or Manchester, Leeds or Bradford, had any connection with bygone ages, but their metamorphosis into centres of commercial industry has not wholly swept away certain landmarks of the past, and it is possible, and easily possible, to find indisputable evidences of antiquity in their midst in the shape of venerable buildings and ancient churches. There is nothing of that sort of thing to be discovered in Middlesbrough ; its parish church is a thing of yesterday, and its public buildings bear the marks of obvious

newness. It comes upon one with something of surprise to go about such a town and recognise with a gradually increasing certainty that there is nothing old or time-worn in it. There are few, if any, towns in England of its size which do not possess some marks of an early origin: Middlesbrough possesses none. In every sense of the word it is modern; it sprang up as the mushroom springs, but it has no other mushroom-like qualities. There

resolute, grimly self-confident about ance, and its in- be as certain of its they are assured of history so far. The which appears be- arms of the borough, note of the town wonders, however, the motto will be It is now half-a- was adopted, and then a sturdy in- rapidly increasing that half - century become a giant, and prompted those who the newly - consti- 1853 is somewhat Middlesbrough folk are founding a new

south bank of the Tees. If their town increases in population and in trade during the next hundred years as it has increased since 1830, the year 2000 will find it one of the greatest centres of industry in the world. In 1829 there was but one house standing where Middlesbrough now spreads itself over hundreds of acres. In 1841, the population was 5709; in 1851, 7893. In 1869, the value of the year's exports from Middlesbrough amounted to £1,040,331. In 1881, the population had risen to 55,288; it is now at least 80,000. Where the solitary farmhouse stood there are now miles of streets; docks, wharves, and quays have sprung up along the river; iron-foundries and steel-works are seen on every hand; and vessels with Middlesbrough painted on their sterns set out from the Tees for all parts of the world.

It is well-nigh useless for any one who desires to have a better acquaintance with Middlesbrough to turn to those entertaining gentlemen, the ancient itinerants and chroniclers, for information about it. Neither

is something very determined, and its outward appear- habitants appear to and their destiny as the glories of its motto or legend neath the coat-of- *Erimus*, is the key- and its people. One how much longer strictly appropriate. century since it Middlesbrough was fant, rejoicing in its strength. During the sturdy infant has the sentiment which chose the legend for tuted borough in out of date—unless believe that they London on the



ARMS OF MIDDLESBROUGH

Camden nor Leland were privileged to set eyes on its greatness ; Drunken Barnaby knew it not ; it was a mere waste when Daniel Defoe made his journey through Yorkshire. Even Mr. Bigland, who knew a great deal about the broad-acred county as it appeared in the early years of the nineteenth century, knew nothing about Middlesbrough. In those years, however, there was nothing to know, and therefore nothing to write about. And yet, although there is no single evidence of antiquity to be found in its streets and squares, Middlesbrough possesses a certain remote kinship with the long-dead past, in the fact that here, in the twelfth century, the monks of Whitby founded some form of a branch of their famous house. According to an ancient charter there was provision for the accommodation of twelve monks, who were freed from episcopal jurisdiction, but at the time of the Dissolution of the Religious Houses there were only three monks in residence here, so that the place would appear to have been a mere cell. There was a church in connection with it, however, and this being destroyed about the middle of the seventeenth century, a faculty was granted which enabled the folk of Newport to cart away the ruins for their own use. As for the remains of the religious house, they were utilised in building a farmstead, which early in the nineteenth century was in possession of one William Chilton, of Billingham. From William Chilton a company of enterprising men—Joseph Pease, Edward Pease, Simeon Martin, Thomas Martin, Henry Birbeck, Francis Gibson, and Thomas Richardson—styling themselves the Middlesbrough Owners, purchased, in 1830, five hundred acres of land round about the farmstead and began the erection of the town. The purchase-money was £30,000, and the piece of land thus acquired extended from the Tees to the Sailor's Trod, and from Ormesby Beck to Stockton Street, and the original town was laid out in a square of land of thirty-two acres in extent, the market-place being in the centre. Such was the beginning of modern Middlesbrough.

The remarkable activity which has made Middlesbrough a wonder and a marvel began to appear as soon as its founders began work upon it. In 1828 the Royal assent had been given to a bill empowering the continuation of the Stockton and Darlington railway to Middlesbrough, and two years later the first train came through, laden with coal as well as with passengers. In February 1831, a cut in the Tees was made, from Blue House Point to Newport, at a cost of over £25,000, and in the following month a steamboat service between Middlesbrough and London was commenced. Places of worship and schools were built by various dissenting bodies in the first years of the town's history, but it was not until 1840 that the parish church of St. Hilda, which had been erected at a cost of £2500, on land given by the Middlesbrough Owners, was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham. In the same year a regular weekly market was commenced. The Tees had been lighted a year previously, and between 1839 and 1842 the docks were in course of construction, and in May of the last-named year



MIDDLESBROUGH BY NIGHT

they were opened for trade. In 1843 there were some signs of a check in the flowing tide of Middlesbrough's prosperity, but a boom in pig iron, which assumed a rapid increase in price, set things going again, and the population continued to increase until, in 1851, the place whose inhabitants might almost have been numbered on the fingers of one hand twenty years earlier had grown into a bustling town.

The real secret of Middlesbrough's rise to wealth and importance is found in two events—the coming there of Henry W. F. Bolckow and John Vaughan, founders of mighty ironworks, and the discovery of a vast treasure in the shape of ironstone in the Cleveland Hills. Bolckow, whose name was destined to loom large in the story of Middlesbrough, came to the town in company with his partner, Vaughan, in 1841, and established the world-renowned firm of Bolckow, Vaughan & Co. in the spring of that year. Some notion of the magnitude of the operations of this firm may be gathered from the fact that, when it was converted into a limited liability company in 1864, its new working capital was fixed at £2,500,000. It built the engines of the first steamship ever made on the Tees—a vessel launched from the yard of Messrs. Lane & Co., of South Stockton, in 1843—and was intimately connected with Tees-side prosperity in many ways until the great event of 1850, when it engaged Mr. Marley, a celebrated mining expert, to investigate and report on the Cleveland iron-beds. Marley's report led to trial quarries being commenced at Eston Bank towards the end of the summer of 1850, and before the year was over four thousand tons of ironstone had been sent to Bolckow, Vaughan & Co.'s blast-furnaces at Witton. The ironstone mines at Eston were opened in 1851, and a railway constructed to the same place soon afterwards, and in the same year Bolckow, Vaughan & Co. made the first of the Middlesbrough blast-furnaces. In 1853 a railway line was opened between Middlesbrough and Guisborough, and was first used for minerals and then for traffic. In the same year Middlesbrough was deemed worthy of municipal honours, and was incorporated by Royal Charter bearing date January 21st. Its first mayor, elected in the following November, was Henry W. F. Bolckow. During 1853 a commission of the peace was issued for the borough, and between then and 1858 numerous changes in the government of the town were made, chiefly in the way of taking over various matters from the Middlesbrough Owners and vesting them in the Corporation, in lighting the streets, enlarging the boundaries, and generally improving the rapidly growing borough.

An interesting reference to Middlesbrough, as it appeared to some of its own folk about this time, is found in Mr. White's "A Month in Yorkshire," in close connection with his description of the view from Roseberry Topping. "While I lounged . . ." he says, "the solitude was broken by the arrival of strangers, who came scrambling up the hill, encouraging one another, with cheerful voices. They gained the rocks



THE DOCKS, MIDDLESBROUGH

at last, panting ; two families from Middlesbrough, husbands, wives, boys and girls, and a baby, with plenty to eat and drink in their baskets, come from the murky town to pass the Sunday on the breezy hilltop. How they enjoyed the pure air and the wide prospect ; and how they wondered to find room for a camp-meeting on a summit which, from their homes, looked as if it were only a blunt point ! They told me that a trip to Roseberry Topping was an especial recreation for the people of Middlesbrough—a town which, by the way, is built on a swampy site, where the only redeeming feature is ready access to a navigable river. I remember what it was before the houses were built. A drearier spot could not be imagined : one of those places which, as *Punch* says, ‘you want never to hear of, and hope never to see.’ ‘Tis frightful to see how fast the graves do grow up in the new cemetery,’ said one of the women, whose glad surprise at the contrast between her home and her holiday could hardly express itself in words. ‘It can’t be a healthy place to bring up a family in. That’s where we live, is it—down there, under all that smoke ? Ah ! if we could only come up here every day !’ ”

Under all that smoke, however, great things were being done, and if Middlesbrough was once a swamp, its energetic folk were leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to transform it into a handsome town. Between 1860 and 1880 Middlesbrough developed in all manner of ways, not a year passing without something being done to improve it and to increase its trade. In 1861 Middlesbrough, which until then had been amalgamated with Stockton as a port, was separated from it and made an independent port of the sixth class, its area extending from Seaton Carew and Huntcliffe Foot to Newport and Billingham Beck. Two years later another industry was added to those already flourishing, Bolckow, Vaughan & Co. accidentally discovering the existence of salt-beds while boring for a new water-supply. In that year, too, was laid the foundation-stone of the South Gare Breakwater, which cost £300,000. By 1866 the town had grown so much that its inhabitants considered themselves worthy of direct Parliamentary representation, and in the following year it was enfranchised, its most prominent townsman, H. W. F. Bolckow, being unanimously elected its first member of Parliament in 1868. Meanwhile many other things had been done. Churches and chapels had sprung up in numbers ; a theatre had opened its doors ; schools and public institutions had been founded and built ; and in 1866 Mr. Bolckow had laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Exchange, a building erected during the next two years at a cost of £30,000. The year which saw this eminently useful institution completed also witnessed the presentation to the town of the Albert Park, an open space, now beautifully laid out, which at the time was computed to be of the value of £30,000, and which was only one of Mr. Bolckow’s many gifts to the people amongst whom his vast fortune had been made. It was formally opened in August 1868, by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.



G. Hildesheim Abbey
Whitby

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It is one of Middlesbrough's proudest distinctions that it was the first town in England to adopt the Public Libraries Act. Its Free Library was opened in 1871. It was also the first place in the country to take advantage of Mr. Forster's Education Act of 1870, the first Board School ever built being that which the Middlesbrough School-Board erected in Stockton Street before the end of that year. In 1875 another educational institution of a somewhat different nature, the Cleveland Literary and Philosophical Society, which was originally founded in 1863, began the erection of a new hall, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the late Lord Iddesleigh on October 7th. A fortnight later H.M.S. *Tourmaline*, the first war-ship built at Middlesbrough, was launched from Messrs. Raylton, Dixon & Co.'s yard. Several events made the year 1878 a particularly noticeable one in the history of the town. The Union Workhouse at Linthorpe, which cost £30,000, was opened, and the famous Pottery Works of the same place established. An ecclesiastical event of some significance was the creation of Middlesbrough as a Roman Catholic see by decree of H.H. Pope Leo XIII. The Roman Catholic Cathedral was consecrated in the August of 1878 by Cardinal Manning, and the first bishop of the new diocese, Dr. Lacy, was consecrated in it about a year later. This year, too, saw the beginning of the horse ferry between Middlesbrough and Port Clarence. But the chief event of 1878 in the eyes of Middlesbrough folk was undoubtedly the death of Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, whose life and career had been so intimately associated with the town of which he was the first chief magistrate and the first member of Parliament. He died at Ramsgate on June 18th. Three years later a statue in honour of this merchant-prince's connection with Middlesbrough was publicly unveiled; a similar tribute was paid to the memory of his partner, Mr. John Vaughan, in 1884.

In 1887, Middlesbrough folk were affrighted by rumours that certain evil-disposed persons intended to set the town on fire, and about the middle of July several fires broke out in some timber yards and oil stores, and gave colour to the rumour. The capture of a youth in the very act of igniting shavings in the Municipal Buildings put a stop to further conflagrations—a fortunate thing for Middlesbrough, seeing that it was just finishing the erection of a new Council Chamber and a new Town Hall. The latter was formally opened by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales in January 1889. It cost £140,000, and is an exceedingly handsome structure, in the Gothic style of architecture. Its great clock, which forms a landmark from most points of the surrounding country, was set in motion by the Princess on this occasion.

Perhaps no better idea of the marvel which Middlesbrough presents to students of latter-day history can be had than by contrasting its proportions of to-day with those of the Middlesbrough of ninety years ago, and by noting the nature of the increase every ten years. In 1811 the population



THE TEES BELOW MIDDLESBROUGH

was 35; in 1821, 40; in 1831, 383; in 1841, 5709; in 1851, 7895; in 1861, 18,273; in 1871, 46,621; in 1881, 55,934; and in 1891, 75,516. Every year comes some news of it which shows how it grows and how its various concerns prosper. When the reconstruction of Messrs. Bell Brothers' great business was announced in 1899, the debentures were subscribed for six times over. New enterprises are constantly being promoted; large sums of money are constantly spent in improving the town. In one month of 1899, no less than 63,883,000 gallons of water were used in Middlesbrough for manufacturing purposes alone. Figures of this sort might easily be multiplied, and even then the importance of the town as a commercial centre would scarcely be understood. In its present day aspect it is a veritable hive of industry. That a canopy of smoke usually hangs over it is a truth; that a vast amount of light has come because of the smoke is also a truth equally as veritable. What Middlesbrough lacks in the picturesque it makes up for in the interesting; and whenever the history of its first century comes to be written, the historian will find such material for a story of development as perhaps no other town in the world could give. Where the swamp of eighty years ago lay practically waste and desolate on the banks of the Tees, human perseverance, human ingenuity, human determination, have combined to build up a great industrial centre, and to present the world with an example of what marvellous changes and what rapid progress may be made within quite a few years when the stern resolve to know nothing but success animates an entire community.

CHAPTER LXII

The Yorkshire Coast

EXTENT AND CHARACTER OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST—VARIETY OF ITS SCENERY—RAVAGES OF THE SEA IN HOLDERNESS—GEOLOGICAL FEATURES OF THE COAST-LINE—THE YORKSHIRE MARINE RESORTS—SEAPORTS OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST—ROMANCE OF THE NORTH SEA—CHARACTERISTICS OF COAST LIFE AND COAST FOLK.



THE extent of the sea-coast of Yorkshire, from Spurn Head, at the mouth of the Humber, to Bran Sand, at the mouth of the Tees, is, roughly speaking, about 120 miles, and there is probably no county in England which possesses a littoral so rich, or at any rate so remarkable, in the variety of its scenery. That variety ranges from the dull and monotonous to the wild and surprising, and if the traveller could suddenly be transplanted from, say, the neighbourhood of Withernsea to that of Whitby, he could marvel that such an astonishing difference in situation could be found within a comparatively circumscribed limit. To those whose sole experience of the Yorkshire coast-line has been gained along the level shores of the Holderness country, it must be as surprising to behold the grandeur of Flamborough and the charm of Whitby, as it is astounding to others to find that the coast which presents so much of beauty and wonder around Staithes and Runswick is as flat as the Lincolnshire fens between Hornsea and the long bank of pebbles which is kept in place by the action of the Humber and the sea. To begin the long journey necessary to a thorough exploration of the Yorkshire coast at its southern extremity is somewhat discouraging, and the traveller will soon be tempted to desert the beach for the greater charms of the villages lying a little way inland. Not even at Hornsea or Withernsea, favourite resorts though they be of the good folk of Hull, and of folk who come from places much further afield, are there any great charms of scenery, and the sea there has but its one never-failing attraction—its own presence and mystery. But when Bridlington has been passed the Yorkshire coast-line changes in character. To the dead levels or very low cliffs of the

Holderness sweep succeeds the chalk formation which culminates in the magnificent mass of Flamborough Head, and from this point onward no one can complain of lack of variety in the Yorkshire littoral. The cliffs of Bemp-ton and Speeton, the bay and "Brig" of Filey, the minor bays which are really parts of Scarborough Bay, and the town and castle of Scarborough itself, come in quick succession after Flamborough Head has been rounded. Beyond Scarborough still more variety occurs. The beautiful surroundings of Cloughton Wyke and Hayburn Wyke lead on to the Old Peak, overlooking Robin Hood's Bay from its altitude of over 600 feet above the level of the sea which washes its feet, and to the Bay town, as quaint a little place as the lover of the curious could desire. Hence to Whitby the coast maintains its interesting character, and where the Esk runs into the sea beneath the shadow of the great cliff whereon stands the ruin of the religious house founded long centuries ago by St. Hilda, develops charms and interest of exceptional quality. Around Whitby and the Esk no lover of land and sea will find his time of lingering misspent—if the Yorkshire coast had nothing but Whitby to show it would still be entitled to claim rank with the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. But the Yorkshire coast has many things to show north of Whitby. There are few bays so romantic as that of Runswick; few fishing villages so quaintly situated as that of Staithes; few promontories more impressive than those of Boulby Cliff and Hunt Cliff; few stretches of sand so extensive as that lying between Saltburn and Redcar. Nor must it be forgotten that while the actual sea-coast itself is full of charm and variety, the villages which lie just beyond it, and which belong to it as much as to the inland country, are rich in association and interest, and often exceedingly picturesque. The full charm of the coast scenery can, of course, only be felt from the sea, but it is possible to combine an inspection of the sea-board and of the country on its edge by following the road which runs in almost parallel lines with its various curves and twistings, never getting far away from it, through all the principal ports, resorts, and villages from the mouth of the Tees to that of the Humber.

One of the most interesting features of the Yorkshire coast is found in the gradual encroachment of the sea upon the low-lying shores of Holderness. As in the case of the shores of the Humber between Spurn Head and Hull, the Holderness shores have gradually yielded to the onslaught of the ocean. "Destruction of land, once fertile and populous, is the melancholy characteristic of the whole coast from Spurn northward to Bridlington," says Phillips. "Through all the reach of history, and probably for longer periods before, the sea has here been gaining on the land. The rate at which the cliffs recede from the insatiable waves has been measured of late years, and found to equal two and a half yards in a year, on an average, which upon thirty-six miles of coast amounts to about thirty acres. At this rate, which may be less than formerly, when the coast was less protected by Flamborough Head, one mile in breadth has been lost since the Norman

Conquest, and more than two miles since the Roman occupation of Eburacum. The composition of the cliffs favours this rapid waste. In all the length from the Spurn to Bridlington there is no rock. . . . Those are impressive words which we read in old Yorkshire maps: *Here stood Auburn, which was washed away by the sea ;—Hartburn, washed away by the sea ;—Hyde, lost in the sea.* In other documents mention is made of Frismerk, Thurlesthorne, Redmayr, Pennysmerk, Upsal, and Pottersfleet. Where are they now? Within my own knowledge," he continues, "Outhorne has been added to this catalogue of ruined villages, deserted churches, and lost graveyards. When I first saw Outhorne in 1828, its churchyard remained, but only one tombstone had been left, which bore a not uncommon inscription implying the expectation of the deceased that he must lie there till Christ should appear. A few years later, and the burial-ground was lost in the sea." It is now nearly half-a-century since these remarks were made, and the encroachment upon the Holderness shore has gone on steadily. There is an ancient legend to the effect that when the tower or steeple of Hornsea church was first built it stood ten miles from the sea. It is now well within a mile of the beach, and many houses which were standing in apparently safe positions in 1870 have entirely disappeared before the resistless wash of the tides. Inland from the village of Hornsea lies a lake of considerable extent, locally known as the Mere, and it seems probable that in the course of time the village will be gradually washed out of existence and a union made between the sea and the lake. Phillips remarks upon this: "The sea . . . is advancing steadily to destroy the barrier of the meer; when that happens, a section will be presented like what is seen at many of the old drained lakes in the cliffs of Holderness—a hollow in pebbly clays or sands, covered by fine argillaceous, perhaps shelly sediments, over which peat is spread, and above all the sandy, loamy, and argillaceous accumulations which are in daily progress." In the drained lakes to which reference is here made, and of which there are several along the Holderness coast, numerous interesting discoveries of matters of great interest to geologist and archæologist have often been made.

The geological features of the Yorkshire coast-line from Humber to Tees are as interesting in their character as the various stretches between Spurn and Flamborough, Scarborough and Whitby, Runswick and Saltburn, are in their variety. It is indeed, chiefly in consequence of the variety of its geological features that the coast—especially north of Flamborough—affords a succession of constantly changing scenes. At Spurn the traveller finds himself gazing upon the somewhat uncommon phenomenon of a bank formed of sand and pebbles, subject to the influence of wind and tide, but so nicely balanced by the action of the sea on one side and of the Humber on the other as to be kept perpetually in place. Sand and pebbles form the shore of Holderness until cliffs of boulder-clay mixed with pebbles appear in the neighbourhood of Dimlington, beyond

which they are replaced by cliffs of lower elevation which are gravelly in their formation. North of Hornsea, extending almost to Bridlington, the cliffs continue to show a low elevation, though they rise to 40 feet at Atwick, and to 60 feet at Skirlington Hill, and are chiefly of boulder-clay mixed with gravel, and all indicative of the continual waste which is going on. Evidence of this waste is found as far as Bridlington, where the sea has encroached considerably during the last hundred years. Before Flamborough is reached the chalk formation begins and continues around the great promontory until Speeton is reached, where it is replaced by clay cliffs which afford vast opportunities for the fossil-hunter. At Filey a vast mass of rock appears in the reef or projection called Filey Brig, beyond which several series of strata appear in Gristhorpe Cliff. Between the latter and Red Cliff, going northward, still lower strata, comprising numerous shales and sandstones, are seen, together with layers of ironstone, laminæ of poor coal, and a coarse iron oolite thickly mingled with shells. Calcareous grit and Oxford clay are seen on the level of the beach in Cayton Bay; at White Nab, the prominent point beyond Cornelian Bay, the oolite begins again after a temporary disappearance through a fault, and continues to Scarborough. The calcareous rock of White Nab is found again at Clough-ton Wyke, north of Scarborough, with detrital sand and gravel above it. For some distance beyond Scarborough the cliffs are low, and are formed of gritstone and shales, which yield fossils freely, but at Staintondale begins the highest series of cliffs on the coast, rising gradually, until at High Peak they attain the height of 600 feet above sea-level. Phillips groups the various series seen here as follows:—Grey limestone series (shale, shelly limestone, shell, and nodular shelly limestone), 30 feet; shales and sandstones, yielding fossil plants and traces of coal, 130 feet; thick sandstone beds, 60 feet; thin sandstones and thick shales in frequent alternations, some yielding fossil plants, 200 feet; irregular sandstone and shale, becoming ferruginous towards the bottom, and yielding *Zamia* in abundance, 60 feet. Then follows fine-grained micaceous sandstone of a remarkable character, which is rich in shells. Beyond this point the cliffs again vary, exhibiting laminated Lias shale in the lower and gritstone in their upper parts. Hereabouts begins a fault which throws up the strata northwards to a point a little beyond the town of Robin Hood's Bay, where the Lower Lias sinks below the level of the sea and is replaced by the marlstone and ironstone series. The upper lias is found extending along the base of the cliff as far as Whitby, where in the gritstone rocks and beds of shale and sandstone many fossils of great beauty and interest are found. Between Whitby and Sandsend the sandstone cliffs are low, but at the latter place the lias rises once more and continues to be more or less marked as far as Redcar. At Staithes the cliffs, until that point formed of lias base topped by sandstone, descend and afford a splendid opportunity for examining the fossils of the lias. A short distance beyond Staithes,

Boulby Cliff (described by Phillips as "the loftiest of all the precipices which guard the English coast") rises above the sea to an altitude of nearly 700 feet, and exhibits the entire series of strata from the sandstone above the upper lias to a certain depth in the lower. Another magnificent promontory seen further along the coast is Huntcliff (360 feet), but from this point the cliffs are low, formed of clay or pebbles on lias, and the final features of the Yorkshire sea-board are found in the wide-spreading sands which stretch from Saltburn past Redcar and Coatham to the south of the Tees.

On a coast of such extent it is only to be expected that there should be many of those seaside resorts to which the invalid and the idler resort with much or little pretext. In this respect, as in most others, the Yorkshire coast is full of variety. Its recognised marine resorts, well known to the railway companies and the tourist agents, are Withernsea, Hornsea, Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, Saltburn, and Redcar ; but it possesses others, not so well known, in Ravenscar, Robin Hood's Bay, Runswick, and Staithes ; and there are not a few fishing villages between Scarborough and Redcar where the man whose desire is for the sea's company rather than the company of over-dressed crowds, might find what he wanted. Between the recognised seaside resorts there are wonderful degrees of difference. The folk who go to Whitby in September are probably quite ignorant of the existence of Bridlington, and apt to rank Scarborough as a Bank-Holidayish sort of place. The regular and constant habitué of Scarborough is just as innocent of Hornsea or Withernsea, which are chiefly loved by Hull folk, who frequent their somewhat dismal beaches with commendable devotion. Of the eight principal resorts Scarborough is the largest and the best known, and puts forth a not ill-founded claim to the title of Queen of English Watering-places. That it is the most popular resort in the North of England no one will deny who has ever had the ill-luck to be domiciled within its bounds on an August bank-holiday. It is fortunately a place of almost boundless capabilities, and possesses enough shore-space to accommodate the entire working population of Yorkshire and Lancashire, should tourist agents and the railway companies conspire to plan such an invasion. Whitby is a somewhat stately and reserved place, as befits a town built under the walls of St. Hilda's Abbey, and it has become a rather favourite resort of artists, authors, and Americans. Filey is an ideal refuge for young married couples, children in charge of governesses, and quiet old ladies. Bridlington is by way of becoming a second Scarborough in regard to that nuisance, the cheap tripper, and wears at all times an air of rapacious invitation to families. Few people will feel greatly attracted to either Hornsea or Withernsea, unless the disadvantages of having been born in Hull or gone to reside there at an early age have formed a habit in them. Next to Scarborough and Whitby, Saltburn is certainly the most inviting of the acknowledged coast resorts, and there is little doubt that both it and Redcar

have a great future before them. But to the lover of sea-coast life as distinguished from the mere love of visiting some popular place and engaging in the unhealthy occupations and amusements of pleasure-seeking crowds, a week of Staithes is worth a month of Scarborough, an hour of Runswick preferable to a year's stagnation at Bridlington. Whoever desires to see the coast at its best will do well to keep out of the popular resorts, especially if bank-holidays or cheap excursions are the order of the day.

The actual coast of Yorkshire, although of such considerable extent, is not well provided with seaports. Hull is well away down the Humber, and Middlesbrough is several miles from the mouth of the Tees, and the only ports which are really on the coast are Scarborough, Whitby, and Bridlington, none of which are to be compared in any way to their neighbours of the two estuaries. Another feature of the coast which deserves attention is the need of harbours of refuge. A certain amount of shelter against storm is always afforded in the bays of Scarborough, Filey, and Bridlington, but a definite harbour of refuge seems to be needed. Writing half-a-century ago Phillips pointed out that Redcar was naturally adapted for the purpose. "At Redcar," he remarks, "nature has run out immovable piers of hard lias shale with a long deep channel between them, and these piers project so far into the sea as to reach deep water and admit of passage between them at all times of tide." Since that time the dredging of the Tees has obviated much of the difficulty in this part of the coast, but farther south the need is still felt. Some thirty years ago a Royal Commission recommended the construction of a harbour of refuge in Filey Bay, where the natural aids to such a work are great, but nothing has sprung from the recommendation; and the only port of refuge really accessible along the entire length of the coast is Whitby, which thus retains the pre-eminence that it enjoyed in the days when Ptolemy wrote his Geography.

To the lover of sea-coast life the greatest charm of the Yorkshire shores will present itself along the quays and wharves of the harbours of Bridlington, Scarborough, and Whitby, in such places as Robin Hood's Bay, Staithes, and Runswick, and in the lesser bays and creeks where a few fishermen ply their trade in obscurity. In all these places, far removed in association and tradition from the idlers and the pleasure-seekers, the romance of the North Sea is strong. In the old town of Scarborough, lying, a mass of red roof, beneath the giant bulk of the castle hill, in the quaint streets of Whitby, on the landing-stage of Filey where the fishing-boats come in, one learns more of the North Sea in an hour than the haunter of fashionable resorts will hear in a year. Perhaps the fulness of the North Sea's charm is never realised until one has seen it in winter or in the gales of autumn and early spring. Seen under these conditions it becomes a thing of gigantic life, a perpetual reminder to the folk who live on its shores of the mighty forces of nature which lie behind it. They themselves are not less interesting than the sea from which most of them gain a living. Successors of the hardy

Norsemen who came across the ocean centuries ago, many of them retain the names of their ancestors, and in some places a man might fancy himself in Norway or Denmark rather than in England. Like all dwellers on the coast they are not too free of speech, and it is only by long coaxing and patient forbearance that one can get stories of the sea out of the weather-beaten old salts who hang about the wharves of Scarborough or Whitby, gazing seaward with that curious fixed stare which takes in even the shifting of a cloud. But if they will talk, and especially if they talk by the light of a winter fire, what time a howling storm is raging along the cliffs and headlands and over the wild waters at their feet, they will tell of marvellous things and mighty deeds which they have known and seen along the coast-line 'twixt Tees and Humber.

CHAPTER LXIII

The Coast from Redcar to Whitby

THE TEES FROM MIDDLESBROUGH TO BRAN SAND—WILTON CASTLE—KIRKLEATHAM—HOSPITAL AT KIRKLEATHAM—REDCAR AND COATHAM—MARSKE HALL—SALTBURN: OLD AND NEW—SKELTON BECK—UPLEATHAM—FRAGMENT OF OLD CHURCH AT UPLEATHAM—SKELTON CASTLE—ASSOCIATIONS OF LAURENCE STERNE WITH SKELTON—STORY OF "PEG PENNYWORTH": AN ECCENTRIC LADY—KILTON CASTLE—LOFTUS—BOULBY CLIFF—STAITHES—CAPTAIN COOK ONCE MORE—HINDERWELL—RUNSWICK BAY—LEGEND OF HOB HOLE—BARNBY HOWE—LYTHE—UGTHORPE—STORY OF NICHOLAS POSTGATE—MULGRAVE CASTLE—LELAND'S ACCOUNT OF MULGRAVE—SANDSEND—DUNSLEY: ITS ASSOCIATION WITH THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

I



FROM the smoke and noise of Middlesbrough to the silence and solitude of Spurn Head, by way of the coast road which leads through or passes in close proximity to the principal seaside towns and villages, is the last stage of a long journey, and itself not undistinguished amongst the other stages by reason of its length and the character of its surroundings. It does not begin well as regards the promise of picturesqueness, for the south bank of the Tees between Middlesbrough and Bran Sand is neither attractive nor interesting, always having the presence of the ironworks, which look so repulsive by day and

so fascinating by night. If the honest truth is confessed, the shores of the Tees at this point, as viewed from the very excellent road which leads from Middlesbrough to Redcar, by the roundabout way of Ormesby, Eston, and Kirkleatham, are as flat as the proverbial pancake, and look as if they had only recently been redeemed from the sea. But with a characteristic peculiar to almost every bit of scenery in Yorkshire, they have a redeeming feature in the presence of the heights of Eston and Barnby, which rise behind the ironstone quarries to a very respectable elevation, and look down upon Tees-side with pity for its swampy appearance. It is fearsome to think of what this corner of the North Riding would look like if the absolute flatness which one finds about Eston Iron Works, Eston Grange, and all the way to Coatham spread still further inland—as things are it is much more pleasant, in following the highroad just mentioned, to keep one's eyes turned landwards rather than let them wander over the swamp-like shore, which is only perceptibly higher than the surface of the sea beyond. There is little to admire or to see looking that way; but landwards there are woods and hills and pleasant vistas of green, especially when Eston and its neighbouring villages, with their new churches and chapels and long rows of dull, formal-looking streets of small cottages have been left behind.

On the northern slope of the high ground which separates Guisborough and the beautiful valley through which runs Skelton Beck from the fen-like flatness of Tees-side, stands Wilton Castle, a modern castellated mansion erected on the site of the ancient stronghold of the Bulmers, a Saxon family of eminence, whose name was derived from the village of Bulmer on the confines of the Forest of Galtres, and who managed to keep its estates when the Norman Conquest drove most of the original landowners out of existence. The career of this family lasted with much grandeur and honour surrounding it until the time of Henry VIII., when the high treason of Sir John Bulmer, who took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, put an end to its greatness. The fate of the last of the Bulmers was a peculiarly sad one. Sir John Bulmer—who, if all that the chroniclers say about him be true, must have been a fine specimen of the doughty North-countryman—had been aided and abetted in his designs against the king by his wife; and when the ill-fated insurrection was finally quelled she, too, shared his fate. He was hanged at Tyburn; she was burned at Smithfield. The present Wilton Castle, which was built in imitation of the old one after designs by Smirke, is now the property of the Lowther family.

Little more than a mile from Wilton, on the road to Redcar, the traveller will encounter another interesting place in Kirkleatham, where there is a church, a hall, and a hospital, all worthy of examination. The hospital, founded by Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1676, for the accommodation of poor men, women, and children, is a building of considerable size, forming three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being enclosed

from the highway by an ornamental iron palisade. The hospital chapel contains some fine examples of stained glass-work, and there are several objects of interest in the museum and a goodly collection of books in the library. Here is preserved the ledger of the founder, who was a citizen and woollen-draper of London. On one of the pages, where a balance is struck at £50,000 in his favour, there appears an entry in his own handwriting, "Blessed be the Almighty God who has blest me with this estate." In the museum there is an effigy of Sir William, vested in the wig and gown which he wore in life. Memorials of the Turner family are many at both hospital and church, and an inscription in the latter records that the worthy knight who made such generous provision for the poor lies buried amongst them. The hall, well situated, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that a former occupant, Sir Charles Turner, once entertained Sir Joseph Banks, Captain Cook, and Omai, the latter's "Gentle Savage," there. The church was built towards the end of the eighteenth century, and is much superior to the usual type of Georgian churches. About its entrance gates and the walls of the churchyard a lavish use of the skull and cross-bones device has been made. On the south side, near the porch, is the fragment of an ancient cross, and a slab bearing the effigy of a recumbent female figure with hands folded in prayer—both of which ought to be removed within the church for better preservation. The interior of the church, very plain, simple, and dignified, contains a statue of one of the Turners, executed by Scheemaker, and a brass of 1631 in memory of Robert Colthurst. At the north-east corner of the chancel is a large mausoleum, built out into the churchyard, with an inscription, running round a band, which records that it was erected in 1740 to the memory of Marwood William Turner, "the Best of Sons." In the churchyard, near this mausoleum, is the tomb of Captain Robison and six sailors, who were all drowned at the mouth of the Tees through the wreck of the brig *Scotia*, of Aberdeen, in November 1825. At Kirkleatham was born Browne, the hero of Dettingen, who cut his way, unaccompanied by any of his fellow-dragoons, through the enemy's line, recovered the standard of his troop, and carried it back in triumph and unscathed; and here are preserved the sword with which the feat was performed and a contemporary portrait of Browne himself.

As Redcar is approached from Kirkleatham, it and its twin sisters of Coatham present the appearance of something very like absolute newness. The land whereon their streets lie is as flat as all the rest of the country 'twixt Middlesbrough and the coast, and still shows signs of its once marshy condition. Centuries ago the great industry of the folk who dwelt hereabouts was fishing, and in the reign of Henry III. a boat was paid for at the rate of twelve shillings, while an acre of land was only valued at eightpence. There was a salt-pit in work on Coatham Marsh as far back as the time of the Edwards, but of the history of either Redcar or Coatham in mediæval times there is little record. The two places—which now



REDCAR SANDS

practically form one town, stretching along the sea-front—have sprung into their modern existence during the present century, and are now neither more nor less than a typical seaside resort, with hotels and lodging-houses of the approved type. In one respect Redcar bears away the palm from any of its neighbours of the Yorkshire coast. Its sands are unapproachable for extent, firmness, and breadth, and at one time the local race-meeting used to be held on them. An amusing reference to the superabundance of sand at Redcar and Coatham is made by William Hutton in his account of a visit which he paid here after attaining his eighty-fifth year:—"The two streets of Coatham and Redcar," he says, "are covered with mountains of drift sand, blown by the north-west winds from the shore, which almost forbid the foot; no carriage above a wheelbarrow ought to venture. It is a labour to walk. If a man wants a perspiring dose, he may procure one by travelling through these two streets, and save his half-crown from the doctor. He may sport white stockings every day in the year, for they are without dirt; nor will the pavement offend his corns. The sand-beds are in some places as high as the eaves of the houses. Some of the inhabitants are obliged every morning to clear their doorway, which becomes a pit, unpleasant to the housekeeper and dangerous to the traveller." Since William Hutton's day things have changed somewhat, but Redcar is still a remarkably sandy place, and for that reason an ideal resort for children and for folk who love to ride horses and ponies on the edge of the sea. There are as yet no signs of the construction of the harbour of refuge at Redcar which various people—Professor Phillips amongst them—have advocated, but the long lines of lias projecting into the sea show that such a work might be undertaken and accomplished with very little difficulty. Since the days when Richmond issued his report on this question, however,

the Tees has been improved out of all knowledge, and provides anchorage for a vast number of ships.

A journey of two miles along the firm sands brings one to Marske, a village in which there are many signs of the modern spirit, and where the long, formal street and row of cottages is strongly in evidence, but which also contains much that is antique, and possesses associations of a notably interesting nature. Once an abode of smugglers—who, with their fellow culprits, the pirates, were in former days greatly in evidence in these parts—Marske is now the home of workers in the ironstone quarries. Just outside the village on the west side stands the hall, a fine old building, which was erected by Sir William Pennyman in the time of Charles I. Its quaint architecture is worth going a long way to see, and in some respects it occupies an unique position amongst Yorkshire mansions. Near it stands a very fine modern church, built about forty years ago. The ancient church of Marske, dedicated to St. Germain, and presented by Robert de Brus to the community of Guisborough, stood on the edge of the cliff, and has been replaced by new edifices on several occasions. One or two relics of it still remain in the village. In the old churchyard lies James Cook, the Marton labourer, who has become famous as the father of the great circumnavigator. He was buried here in April 1779, a few weeks after the murder of his son at Hawaii.

Saltburn, approached by the sands from Marske, presents a commanding and dignified appearance, which is in striking contrast to the flatness of unfortunate Redcar. It is not a matter of difficulty to see that it is very new, and it had indeed practically no existence until the Pease family took its fortunes in hand and proceeded to build a town where there had formerly been nought but bare cliffs and headlands. What there was of Saltburn aforetime has left some trace of itself in the quaint old fisher-folk cottages which nestle at the foot of Cat Nab. They are few in number, and the place was so unimportant at the beginning of the century that Mr. Bigland, passing that way along the coast, did not deem it worthy of mention, if indeed he saw anything of it. Here was at one time a cell belonging to the monks of Whitby; but Saltburn has no history, ecclesiastical or otherwise, until modern enterprise transformed it into a fashionable watering-place. Its situation and natural advantages are undoubtedly well fitted for the success of its future career. It stands about 130 feet above sea-level, on a bluff or headland, at the foot of which on the east side runs the Skelton Beck, with the remarkably-shaped prominence of Cat Nab rising beyond. The sands, which lie at the base of the cliffs, are as firm and extensive as those of Redcar, with which they join; and the views of the coast scenery, especially to the eastward, where the vast mass of Huntcliff comes into sight, are very fine and attractive. As for the town itself it has all the conveniences which modern ingenuity can supply—large hotels, palatial boarding-houses, good shops, wide streets, new

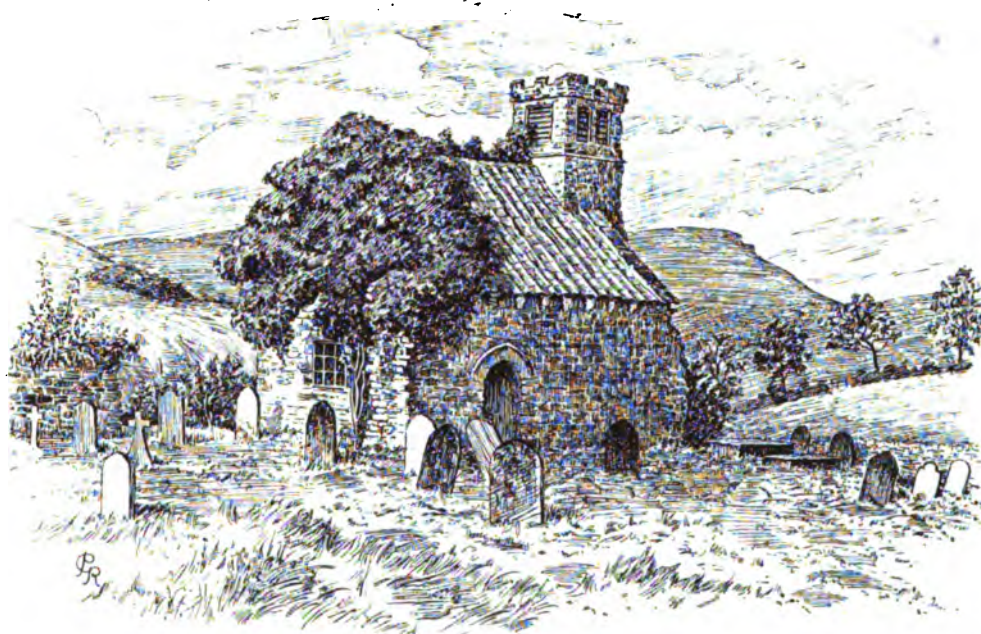


OLD SALTBURN

churches and chapels, pleasure gardens, and promenades—and there is also a fine pier, 1200 feet in length, and a handsome bridge over the Skelton Beck, which is 600 feet in length and over 130 feet in height. Saltburn has naturally become very popular with lovers of seaside resorts, and there is good prospect that its popularity will continue to increase.

The Skelton Beck, which intersects the headland on which Saltburn stands, leads to some of the most delightful scenery and most interesting places in this corner of Yorkshire. Within quite a short distance of the town, and situate amidst beautiful surroundings on the north side of the Beck, which here flows through a richly-wooded valley lying deep in the heart of the hills, is Upleatham, a village round which centre many historical associations. Here, where the modern hall now stands, was the stronghold of the Saxon, Siward, Earl of Northumberland; and here, after the estates had been taken from Saxon hands by the Conqueror, and given to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, the family of Brus established itself for many generations. "From this little nook of Cleveland," says Ord, "sprang mighty monarchs, queens, high-chancellors, archbishops, earls, barons, ambassadors, and knights; and above all, one brilliant and immortal name—Robert Bruce." From the de Brus family Upleatham descended to the Fauconbergs, from them to the Conyerses, and from them to the Lowthers. Since the middle of the eighteenth century it has been in the hands of the Dundas family—Earls of Zetland—one of whom built the present hall from designs by Smirke. The hall has a magnificent situation, but has suffered

greatly by the subsidence caused by ironstone mining. There is little that is remarkable in the neighbouring village, but the view from the summit of the hill behind is of wide extent, stretching from the Tees to the moors which lie beyond the Cleveland Hills, and from the sea to the level district beyond Stokesley. Close to the village, however, and immediately bordering upon the highroad between Saltburn and Guisborough, is one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical edifices in Yorkshire—the remains of the ancient church of Upleatham, which was given by Robert de Brus to the priory wherein the remains of that famous man are interred. Originally a Norman edifice of some size, all that remains of the church is a part of the nave, now used as a mortuary chapel. The east end and the south side are almost entirely hidden in ivy, and a mass of fallen masonry in the churchyard is similarly obscured. On the north wall of the nave, immediately under the eaves, and partly hidden by the ivy, is a curious series of grotesque Norman corbels. Here at one time was a singularly beautiful



OLD CHURCH AT UPLEATHAM

Norman font, square in shape, richly carved and ornamented, with pillars at the angles, but it has been removed to the new church in the village, a building erected in the Norman style about seventy years ago.

Rising high above the opposite bank of the Skelton Beck, and embowered amongst trees, and enjoying one of the finest situations in the North

Riding, is Skelton Castle, rich in associations and memories of the most varied character. Mr. Wheeler gives the derivation of the name as coming from the Norse *skali*, a log-hut, which would seem to show that here in pre-Saxon days had been a stronghold of the folk who had come over seas to settle in this part of Yorkshire. Whoever held it at the time of the Conquest, it soon afterwards became one of the fifty-one lordships in North Yorkshire which William gave to Robert de Brus, and in the keeping of that mighty family it remained as chief baronial seat for many generations. There is scarcely anything of the original castle left, but tradition reports it to have been a magnificent structure, and to have possessed a particularly beautiful chapel. After the de Brus family failed in the male line, Skelton passed into the hands of the Fauconbergs, and from them to the Nevilles, the Conyerses, the Trotters, and the Whartons, its present owners. With the Whartons—a name familiar throughout the length and breadth of Cleveland—Skelton Castle has many associations. One of the most remarkable members of the family was Mrs. Margaret Wharton, a maiden lady of most eccentric habits, who flourished during all but a few years of the eighteenth century. She was of large fortune, and as extraordinarily generous in some ways as she was unaccountably penurious in others. She gave her nephew £100,000 all at one time, and she gained the sobriquet of “Peg Pennyworth” because of her inveterate habit of purchasing “penn’orths” of whatever comestible she fancied. She was well known in York, and at Scarborough, where she usually spent the season, and the stories which are told of her curious habits are as remarkable as they are amusing.

In his work on Yorkshire Oddities, Mr. Baring-Gould relates the following characteristic anecdotes of this remarkable person :—

“She frequently catered for herself, making her own purchases, and taking them home in her carriage. Once, having purchased some eels, she put them in her pocket, entered her coach, and called on a lady friend and invited her to come out with her for an airing. The warmth of Peg’s pocket revived the seemingly dead eels, and they began to wriggle out to enjoy a little fresh air. The lady who was sitting beside Peg, happening to look down, saw what she thought was a serpent writhing into her lap, and several hideous heads breaking out of the side of Mistress Margaret Wharton. She uttered an awful shriek, bounded to her feet, pulled the checkstring, and cried, ‘Madam! madam! you are swarming with adders! Coachman, stop! Let me out! let me out!’ Mistress Wharton coolly looked at the eels, now escaping rapidly from her pocket, gathered them up, and shoved them into her reticule, saying, ‘I protest, madam, it is only my eels come to life. Sit you down again, and don’t be frightened.’

“One day at Scarborough she had ordered a large meat-pie to be baked for dinner. It was a very large one—to serve for herself, some visitors, and all the servants. When it was made she ordered the footman to take it to the bakehouse, but he declined, saying that it was not his place, neither did it comport with his dignity, to be seen in Scarborough stalking through the streets in plush and tags, bearing a huge meat-pie. Mistress Margaret then ordered the coachman to take it, but he declined. ‘Bring out

the carriage then !' said Peg Pennyworth. The horses were harnessed ; the coachman put on his powdered wig and mounted the box ; the footman took his place behind ; and Mistress Margaret Wharton, bearing the meat-pie, sat in state in the carriage. 'Drive to the bakehouse.' So the coachman whipped his horses, and the meat-pie was carried thus to the baker's. An hour or two later the carriage was ordered out again, the coachman remounted the box, the footman took his stand behind, and the lady drove to the bakehouse to fetch her pie, which she carried back thus to her house. 'Now,' said she to the coachman, 'you have kept your place—which is to drive ; and you,' turning to the footman, 'have kept yours—which is to wait ; and now we shall all have some of the pie.'"

Mrs. Margaret Wharton died in 1791, in the 103rd year of her age. During her lifetime Skelton Castle had a tenant who was nearly as eccentric as "Peg Pennyworth" herself—the famous John Hall Stevenson, author of "Crazy Tales" and "Macarony Fables," who was a great friend of Laurence Sterne, whom he frequently entertained in this delightful retreat. An eminence near the castle is known as Mount Shandy to this day. Stevenson is generally considered to have been the prototype of Eugenius in the "Sentimental Journey." Of his habits at Skelton Castle, and of his having served Sterne as a model, there is some account in the following passage, quoted by Bigland from an author who refers to Stevenson as John Hall:—

"While this celebrated seat was in the possession of John Hall, Esq., author of 'Crazy Tales,' &c., its festive board was attended by many of the literati of the age ; among whom, Sterne was of the number of its frequent visitants. Where genius and talent were blended in so close union, we cannot but imagine that 'the feast of reason and flow of soul' were happily realised. Mr. Hall, after completing his studies at the University of Cambridge, made the tour of Europe ; and that he had made it with the best effect, was evident in his conversations on the subjects connected with it. He was an excellent classical scholar, and perfectly acquainted with the *belles lettres* of Europe. He could engage in the grave discussions of criticism and literature with superior powers, while he was qualified to enliven general society with the smile of Horace and the laughter of Cervantes ; or he could sit in Fontaine's easy-chair and unbosom his humour to his chosen friends. When he resided in London, he lived as other men of the world do, whose philosophy partakes more of Epicurus than of the porch ; and in the country, when Skelton Castle was without company, and he was threatened with the spleen, to which he was occasionally liable, he had recourse to a very fine library and a playful muse. That he was a man of singular genius and of a peculiar cast of thought, must be acknowledged by all who read his works : that while he caught the ridicule of life, he felt for its misfortunes, will be equally evident to those who read the page that contains the epitaph on Zachary Moore ; and nothing surely can be wanting to confirm the latter opinion when we have added, that he was the Eugenius of Sterne."

Numerous strange stories of Sterne and Stevenson have been told about Skelton, and there is one which still lingers in the minds of at least some

of the country folk. Stevenson had an insuperable objection to the east wind, and would never leave his bed so long as the weathercock showed that the breath of heaven came from the objectionable quarter ; and as east winds are somewhat prevalent in that part of the country, it not seldom happened that when a party of literati were staying at the castle, their host instead of spending his time with his guests, spent it between blankets. This proved irksome to Sterne, who desired more intercourse with his friend, and on one occasion at least he circumvented the dreader of east winds by bribing a boy to climb up to the weathercock and fasten it in such a fashion that it indicated a west wind of singular steadiness.

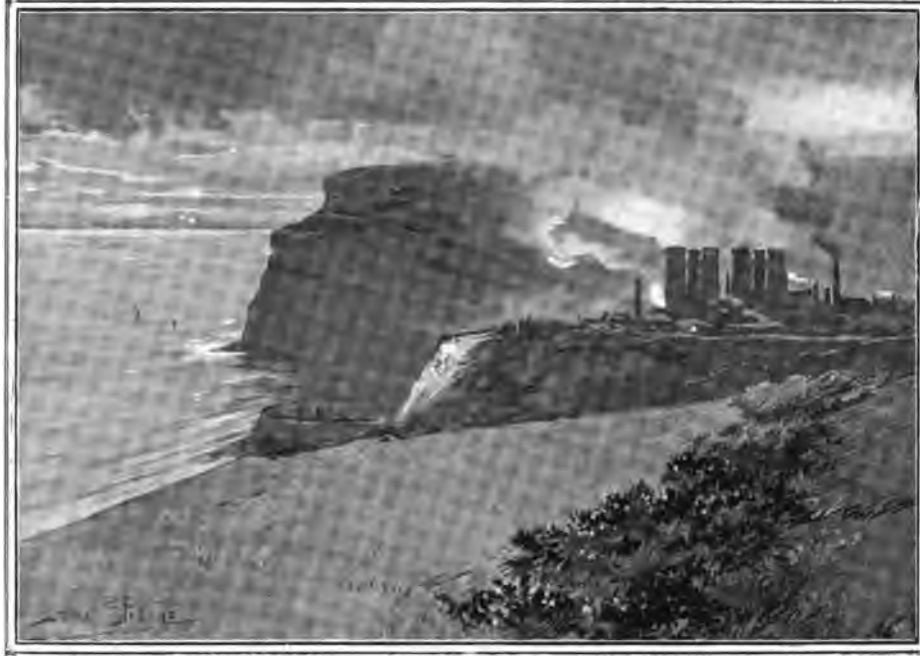
In one of Stevenson's poems there is a pen-picture of the prospect which stretches before Skelton Castle. It must have improved as regards vegetation and foliage since the days when he looked along the hillsides towards Guisborough, and stood—

“ . . . confounded
At such a scene of mountains bleak ;
Where nothing goes
Except some solitary pewit,
And carrion crows,
That seem sincerely to rue it ;
Where nothing grows,
So keen it blows,
Save here and there a graceless fir,
From Scotland with its kindred fled,
That moves its arms and makes a stir,
And tosses its fantastic head.”

The “scene” hereabouts nowadays is full of beauty, and there are few finer prospects in Yorkshire than that which meets the eye from the neighbourhood of Skelton.

II

About three miles from Skelton Castle there is another ancient stronghold, that of Kilton, which occupies a fine position on the north bank of Kilton Beck, a stream which rises near Freeburgh Hill (821 feet) and falls into the sea at Skinninggrave. It may be reached from Skelton village—the great ornament of which is the massive tower of the parish church—by way of Brotton ; and on the way thither the traveller will find points of vantage from which he may command very extensive views of the sea and of the surrounding country, and, on an exceptionally clear day, of the high ground rising beyond Greta Bridge and Barningham at the other extremity of the Tees. Kilton Castle, now a mass of ruins, is held to have been the strongest fortress in Cleveland ; and in point of natural advantages of situation it can compare with almost any stronghold in England. It stands upon a promontory about one hundred yards in length, three sides of which



REDCLIFF FROM HUNTCLIFF

fall away to the valley beneath very sharply ; on the fourth side it was protected by a series of water moats. Mr. Wheeler considers the castle to have been built by Robert de Brus in the time of Stephen. It is chiefly famous as having been the stronghold of the Thwengs, one of whom, Marmaduke, married Lucia de Brus, but there was in all probability some form of a fortified house here when the de Kiltens were lords of the soil. There are still some considerable remains to be seen, plainly of Norman origin, but the ashlar fronting has disappeared from the greater part of the walls and exposed the rubble with which it was backed. What remains appertained to the north-west front, which appears to have been about 90 feet wide, and to have faced an enclosure 250 feet in length. A semi-circular watch-tower, and a dungeon of some size, are the most notable parts of what is left, and the great attraction of the place is in its situation, which is wonderfully fine. Across the valley from Kilton is a small village named Liverton, in the modern church of which is an exquisite Norman arch of three orders, each with its distinct capital and column, the former being decorated with remarkable grotesques. Where Kilton Beck falls into the sea at Skinningrave the traveller will find himself standing on ground which was once very dear to the hearts of smugglers, of whom there was a sufficiency in these parts until comparatively recent times. It is a lonely, out-of-the-way spot, and still bears the appearance of being

eminently suited to the purposes of illicit trade in those commodities which smugglers most preferred to deal in. There is a tradition still existing here that a good deal of the contraband stuff was safely hidden in a neighbouring church tower, and another that the old world inhabitants of Skinninggrave made it a species of a point of honour to spend at night all that they had earned in the day. Another tradition, which has come down through a long succession of centuries, is that here at certain times the sea calls with such a resonant voice that men working six miles inland may hear its voice like a hungry beast crying for food.

In an account of the Cleveland district and its sea-board, written in the sixteenth century, at the instance of Sir Thomas Chaloner, by some observant person whose name has not come down to us, and whose manuscript is preserved in the Cotton Library, there is a strange story relating to a merman who was captured by the fishermen of Skinninggrave and kept by them in captivity for several weeks, during which he was fed, at his own desire, on raw fish. "Instead of voyce he skreaked," says the narrator, "and showed himself courteous to such as flocked farre and neare to visit him; faire maydes were welcomest guestes to his harbour, whom he woulde beholde with a very earnest countenaynce, as if his phlegmatike breste had been touched with a sparke of love. One daye, when the good demeanour of this new gieste had made his hostes secure of his abode with them, he privily stole out of doores, and ere he could be overtaken recovered the sea, whereinto he plunged himself; yet as one that woulde not unmannerly depart without taking of his leave, from his middle upwardes raised he his shoulderes often above the waves, makinge signs of acknowledging his good entertainment to such as behelde him on the shore, as they interpreted it. And after a prety while he dyved downe, and appeared no more."

At Loftus, a village now chiefly given up to the prevalent industry of the district, alum-works, one comes in touch with two or three matters of interest. Here is encountered once more the worm-fable. At Grendale, close by, William de Percy piously founded a house of Benedictine nuns early in the twelfth century. Nothing remains of that house at this day, but where it once stood there was disinterred from the soil some time ago a slab of stone whereon was sculptured an effigy and a sword. Around this survival of a former age local tradition has woven another version of the legend, which one meets at more than one place in Yorkshire and in several places outside Yorkshire. It is said that the stone commemorates the doughty deed of one Conyers—a Sir John of that ilk say the more circumstantial accounts—who at Loftus "slew a monstrous and poysonous vermine or wyverne, an aske or werme which overthrew and devoured many people in fight; for that the scent of that poison was so strong that no person might abyde it." A similar legend is told of the village of Sockburn, where the Conyers hold land and certain privileges because of the slaying of the dragon by Sir John; how it is that one set of evidence gives Loftus

as the scene of combat, and another, equally circumstantial, gives Sockburn, it may be left to the curious to decide. The worm-fable appears to rest chiefly on the peculiar sculpture of the slabs whereon a serpent, sword, and man are depicted ; and that in the churchyard of Kellington on the Aire is without doubt more entitled to have the honour of setting forth the whole legend in stone than any other. There is another interest attaching to Loftus, in the fact that here, rather more than a century ago, lived the famous Zachery Moore, a young gentleman of eminent parts and much wealth, who spent his fortune on his friends before he discovered that to give is much easier than to receive ; and spent the remainder of his short life in the army, reflecting doubtless upon the undeniable fact that there are people who love a man much more for what he has than for what he is.

All about the great height of Boulby Cliff, which rises 666 feet above the level of the sea at its foot, there are more alum-works ; the face of the headland is dotted with them and with the cottages in which the miners live. It is a gradual descent from this point to Staithes, the quaint fishing-town where one meets with memories of Captain Cook, finds one's self out of the world, and encounters some real specimens of the Yorkshire coast-dweller. The lover of real seaside life, as distinct from the life lived at fashionable resorts like Scarborough and Whitby, will fall in love with Staithes at once. It smells of the sea, tastes of the sea, and has the sea always with it ; and one of its greatest charms is that it has differed little from the spirit of change. It is pretty much to-day what it was when James Cook came to it nearly a century and a half ago ; the people speak the same tongue and preserve the same notions ; and all in spite of the fact that the railway demon has brought his engines and waggons to the very edge of the cliff.

In Mr. White's "A Month in Yorkshire" there is a pen-picture of Staithes as he saw it nearly half-a-century ago, which is well worth reproducing here for the purpose of making such small contrast as is possible. "A strange town it is !" he exclaims :—

"The main street, narrow and painfully ill-paved, bending down to the shore of a small bay ; houses showing their backs to the water on one side, on the other hanging thickly on a declivity so steep that many of the roofs touch the ground in the rear : frowsy old houses for the most part, with pantile roofs, or mouldy thatch, from which here and there peep queer little windows. Some of the thatched houses appear as if sunk into the ground, so low are they, and squalid withal. Contrasted with these, the few modern houses appear better than they are ; and the draper, with his showy shop, exhibits a model which others, whose gables are beginning to stand at ease, perhaps will be ambitious to follow. Men wearing thick blue Guernsey frocks and sou'-westers come slouching along, burdened with nets or lobster-pots, or other fishing gear ; women and girls, short-skirted and some barefooted, go to and from the beck with 'skeels' of water on their head, one or two carrying a large washing-tub full, yet talking as they go as if the weight were nothing ; and now and then a few sturdy fellows stride past,

yellow from head to foot with a thick ochre-like dust. They come from the ironstone diggings beyond Penny Nab—the southern bluff. Imagine, besides, that the whole place smells of fish, and you will have a first impression of Staithes.”

In the same work, always delightful and amusing even when its observant author goes out of his way to explain his detestation of cricket as cricketers were beginning to play it in the fifties, there is an anecdote of Staithes which it were a pity not to reproduce. “I was on my way to look at the cove from the side of Coburn Nab,” says Mr. White, “when a woman, rushing from a house, renewed a screeching quarrel with her opposite neighbour. . . . The other rushed out to meet her, and there followed a clamour of tongues such as I never before heard—each termagant resolute to outscold the other. They stamped, shook their fists and beat the air furiously, made mouths at one another, yelled bitter taunts, and at last came to blows. The struggle was but short; and then the weaker, not having been able to conquer by strength of arm, screamed hoarsely, ‘Never mind, Bet—never mind, you faggot! I can show a cleaner shimmy than you can.’ And, turning up her skirt, she showed half a yard of linen, the cleanness of which ought to have made her ashamed of her tongue. A loud laugh followed this sally, and the men, having maintained their principle that ‘it’s always best to let t’women foight it out,’ straggled away to their lounging places.”

It was to this village of Staithes, where half the folk you meet are blue-eyed and fair of skin, that James Cook came in the year 1740. The reason of his coming was commonplace—he entered Staithes as apprentice to one Sanderson, who combined the businesses of grocer and draper in a house which was washed away by the sea many a long year ago. No doubt James Cook quickly got tired of weighing out pounds of sugar and measuring yards of calico, and there was that afloat in the air of Staithes which must have made him itch for a life of adventure. The place was full of rumours of the sea. The fishermen were all over it, lounging about the wharf, sitting in the inns. “When it rained or snowed,” says Sir Walter Besant in his life of Cook, “or when the east wind was too bitter even for their hardy frames, they sat together in the bar of the ‘Cod and Lobster,’ the ‘Shoulder of Mutton,’ and the ‘Black Lion,’ drinking over a pipe of tobacco. On the south side of the main street the narrow courts rose steep and confined, each with its flight of steps; beyond the bay, under Coburn Nab, they were building ships—always one ship at least on the stocks; perhaps a whaler, perhaps a collier, perhaps no more than a fishing smack or a coble; but all day long the cheerful hammer rang, and the shipwrights went in and out among the fisherfolk.” Little wonder that James Cook, destined from birth to be a rover, fed his soul with the food which lay ready to hand. It is commonly said that when the future circumnavigator forsook Staithes and the grocery-drapery for Whitby and



STAITHES

the sea, he carried with him one of his master's shillings to which he had no legal right. But there is another version of that interesting tale. Looking into the till one day the apprentice saw a beautiful brand new South Sea Company's shilling, and was so fascinated by its brightness that he exchanged it for a less attractive shilling produced from his own small store. That is a much more likely narrative. It is also said that Cook ran away from Staithes; but in point of plain fact he obtained his discharge from his indentures, and went to learn the art of navigation at Whitby in the usual humdrum fashion.

In addition to its picturesqueness, quaintness, and general out-of-the-world-ness, Staithes possesses a great attraction to the traveller, and especially to the man interested in geology, because here occurs the first considerable dislocation of strata encountered since leaving the mouth of the Tees. The village lies in a narrow creek of considerable depth, between two heights called Coburn Nab and Penny Nab; and of the geological character of the strata displayed in the sides of these, Phillips makes the following remarks in his "Illustrations of the Geology of Yorkshire":—"The cliffs on the opposite side of this harbour," he says, "display fine sections of strata; and it is with surprise we perceive that they are quite dissimilar. The signal cliff on the east has a diluvial covering, and beneath it hard shale, irony and

rugged, with great balls of ironstone; soft shale, with a remarkable sulphurous lime in it; and the ironstone series, consisting of layers of ironstone nodules and beds, alternating with shale. But in Coburn Nab, on the west side, we find a diluvial covering, and beneath it a series of alternations of shaly and sandy beds, in some of which are an indescribable profusion of fossils, especially *cardium trunculatum*, *pectines*, and *dentalia*; and at the bottom the deeper lias shale, with a few layers of ironstone nodules. The extent of this dislocation is obviously something greater than the whole height of Coburn Nab."

Staithes, in spite of its quaint appearance, is in reality a modern settlement, and its chief buildings are of recent erection. A more ancient place is found in its mother-parish, Hinderwell, a village which stands on an eminence about a mile from the coast. Originally called Seaton, this place derived its present name from the fact that in its churchyard sprang up a fount of clear water, called, after the famous Abbess of Whitby, Hilda's Well. The manor was at one time in possession of the Percys, and afterwards of the Thwengs of Kilton Castle, and it has since belonged to the Mulgraves and the Normanbys. There was here a Norman church dedicated to St. Hilda, and the present church was erected on its site in 1773, and has been restored during the present century. In this parish is Runswick, a quaint fishing village lying in a small bay, at the foot of headlands which at one time had a bad habit of slipping down upon it. In one of these landslips, which took place about two centuries ago, the whole of the village, with the exception of one house, is said to have perished. Here, as in many places along this part of the coast, the houses are so built that one may almost walk out of the door of one and step upon the roof of another. The chief pursuit of the people is fishing, and if Young, the historian of Whitby, is to be believed, their forbears were uncommonly superstitious. It was the custom here to make a sacrifice of cats when the fishing-cobles were coming in, and in bad weather to light fires on the headlands, round which the children circled chanting an incantation. Here also the Hob superstition, common in other parts of Yorkshire, flourished greatly. Hob had his Hole in a natural cavern midway across the bay at Runswick, and though he possessed an evil reputation as a destroyer of unwary wights who ventured near him, he had a good one as a curer of coughs. The Runswick women whose children were afflicted with whooping-cough used to carry their sick ones to the mouth of Hob's cavern at low water and chant the incantation—

. Hob Hole Hob!
Ma bairn's gotten t' kink-cough.
Tak't off—tak't off!

and though the belief in this strange form of healing has died out nowadays, it was until quite recently no uncommon thing for a woman whose



RUNSWICK BAY

child was suffering from "kink-cough" to carry it to the moors, cut a hole in the turf, and hold the patient's mouth over it under the belief that the smell of the newly-turned earth was a sovereign panacea for the disease.

Round about Lythe, a village standing 500 feet above sea-level and about half a mile from the coast, there are several matters of interest. The parish is of considerable extent, covering over thirty thousand acres. The village dates back to very early times, and had at one period a market and fair, held under charter of Henry III., from whom it was obtained by Peter de Mauley in 1254. The church, dedicated to St. Oswald, was given by Robert Fossard to the Augustinian Priory of Nostell in the West Riding. It stands on a commanding position above the sea, and though it has been much altered and restored of late years, appears to have originally been of the early English period. It now consists of nave, chancel, south porch, and a tower which was once surmounted by a steeple, concerning the fate of which an entry in the register records that, "In the year 1768, the top of ye steeple was taken down for fear of its falling upon ye church, and in ye year 1769, the remaining part was also taken down to ye foundation and rebuilt." Here is the burial-place of the family of Mulgrave, and numerous monuments to its members. In the parish of Lythe there are numerous interesting places. At Goldsbrough is said to be the grave of Wade, or Wada, a Saxon prince, who was also a giant, and close by, on Barnby

Howes, are traces of tumuli and entrenchments. Round about Goldsbrough, coins, jet ornaments, urns, and stone implements have been discovered at various times ; at Kettleness, a small fishing village lying on the coast beneath, the fossilised remains of an *ichthyosaurus* and a *plesiosaurus* were found embedded in a bed of alum in 1857. The most interesting place in the parish of Lythe, however—Mulgrave Castle excepted, perhaps—is Ugthorpe, a village lying a few miles away amongst the moors to the westward. It is mentioned in Domesday Book under the name of *Ughetorp*, and at the time of the Conquest, or a little previously, was in possession of Ligulph, a Saxon of rank, who had other lands at Kildale and Normanby. There are two churches in the village, one belonging to the Church of England, the other to the Church of Rome, and curiously enough both were built in the same year, 1855. Each is remarkable for the grace and neatness of its architecture, and each is ornamented and decorated in a fashion not often found in village churches. The Roman Catholic Church has several interesting associations. Ugthorpe is one of the few places where the ancient faith never lapsed, and the present mission there dates from the seventeenth century, when it was established by Dr. Nicholas Postgate, the services of the church having up to that time been necessarily conducted in a hole-and-corner fashion. Postgate continued his labours at Ugthorpe for fifty years, and at the end of that lengthy period, and in his eighty-third year, was arrested on the information of an exciseman, carried to York, and there tried and found guilty of saying mass and exercising other functions of a Popish priest. He was executed at York upon the conclusion of his trial, and the man who informed against him (and who received three pounds for his reward) committed suicide soon afterwards. After the death in this wise of Dr. Postgate numerous priests officiated in direct succession at Ugthorpe, and in the Old Hall there one may still see a priest's refuge—a hiding-place made in the thickness of the wall—where priests lay concealed when search was being made for them. The services of the church were carried on in this way until the days of persecution came to an end ; and in 1812 a chapel was built, to be superseded nearly fifty years later by the present church, which was erected through the instrumentality of the late Reverend N. Rigby, a priest of great learning and devotion, who served the parish for fifty-five years, and was resident in it for nearly sixty.

At Mulgrave Castle, a short distance south of Lythe, one comes in touch with more fable and legend, and with historical associations of more absolute value. The present castle or castellated mansion is the seat of the Marquis of Normanby, and stands in a well-wooded park, which also contains the ruins of the ancient stronghold wherein the Mauleys and Bigods once kept their state. It is said that the original castle, or some building which stood upon its site, owed its beginnings to one Wada, a Saxon giant of great stature, to the size of whose fort Chaucer makes reference in his "Merchant's

Tale." Leland mentions this legend. "Mougreve castelle," says he, "standeth upon a craggy hill, and on eche side of it is a hill far higher than that whereon the castle standeth. Upon the summit of the north hill are certayne stones, commonly called Wadde's Grave, whom the common people say was a giant and owner of Mougreve." There is another legend to the effect that Wada's wife was a giantess, and that when he made the causeway in Eskdale which still bears his name, she carried stones for him in her apron. A similar legend, with some slight differences, is told of the giant and giantess from whom Rombald's Moor, between Airedale and Wharfedale, takes its name.

Mulgrave is called *Grif* in the Domesday Survey, and Camden says that Peter de Mauley, who rebuilt it, also re-named it *Moult-grace*, which was afterwards corrupted into *Moult-grave*. It was garrisoned for Charles I. during the Civil War, and subsequently dismantled in company with most of the other castles in Yorkshire. There is now little of it left beyond the ruins of the keep and two circular towers; the modern house was built about one hundred and fifty years ago by the Duchess of Buckingham. It came into possession of the Phipps family soon afterwards. Constantine Phipps was the grandson of Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham (a natural daughter of James II.), by her marriage with William Phipps, and he was created Baron Mulgrave, in the Irish peerage, in 1767. His son, a famous Arctic explorer, was made an English Peer in 1790, and his descendant, Henry Phipps, was created Viscount Normanby and Earl of Mulgrave in 1812. In 1838, the dignity of a Marquisate was granted to the family, and the present holder of the title, the Right Honourable and Reverend Constantine Charles Henry Phipps, third Marquess of Normanby, has had a distinguished career in the Church, and is one of the Canons of St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

Of the attempts of one of the Earls of Mulgrave to reach the North Pole, and of his subsequent honourable career, Mr. Bigland, with evident satisfaction to himself, gives the following account, which may nowadays be read with feelings of amusement, not unmingled with reflections as to the wisdom of its author in suggesting that further designs upon the Arctic regions had become unnecessary and unwarranted even in his time:—

"None of the feudal barons, who, like petty despots, reigned in this ancient castle, and from its embattled towers looked down on a people oppressed and enslaved, are worthy of being placed in the scale of comparison with the Right Honourable Constantine John Phipps, the late earl, whose active and dauntless exertions explored the Arctic regions to a parallel beyond all the former limits of nautical enterprise. He was born in the year 1744, and having at an early age discovered an inclination for maritime pursuits, he was placed in the navy. In 1773, his fame, as a skilful and indefatigable officer, procured him the command of the *Racehorse* bombketch, which, with the *Carcass*, Captain Lutwidge, was selected for an expedition to the North Pole. They sailed from the Nore on the 4th of June, and on the 28th made the land of

Spitzbergen. In those frozen seas they continued their course amidst immense fields of ice towards the Pole, and at length, by forcing a passage through every channel that appeared open, they penetrated beyond the parallel of eighty degrees. On the 31st of July the two vessels were enclosed by the ice, which was here so thick and impenetrable, that it seemed to preclude all possibility of return. In this alarming situation, nothing that human prudence could devise or human exertion perform, in order to effect their deliverance, was omitted. At length, after reiterated efforts and herculean labours, they surmounted every difficulty, and on the 10th of August got clear of the ice by which they had been surrounded. The northerly winds and the advanced season of the year, now concurred to determine Captain Phipps to persist no longer in an attempt which was evidently impracticable; as a wall of impenetrable ice was found to extend more than twenty degrees between the eightieth and eighty-first parallels of latitude, through which there did not appear the smallest opening to the northward. The astronomers, however, made a number of curious observations, which showed that the expedition was not made in vain. And this perilous voyage of Captain Phipps and his colleague convinced the world that no further progress could be made towards the North Pole with any hope of success, or any prospect of national advantage. On the 24th of September the ship reached Orford-Ness, and the constant and violent storms which they experienced in the return, showed the prudence of the commanders in abandoning the enterprise before the season was further advanced. Captain Phipps, on the death of his father, in 1775, succeeded to his honours of the Irish peerage, and the title of Mulgrave. In 1777 he was returned as member for Huntingdon. He was also appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, which situation he resigned in 1782. During the American War he was employed in different services, and distinguished himself on several important occasions. On the conclusion of the peace his lordship never accepted any naval command, but confined himself to the duties of his civil appointments. In 1784 he was chosen a representative for Newark; and, in the same year, was raised to the high station of a joint paymaster-general of the forces, and was also made one of the commissioners. These offices, together with that of a lord of the committee of council for trade and plantations, he held till the year 1791, having previously to this period been raised to the peerage of Great Britain by the same title by which he held his Irish honours. His lordship died October the 10th, 1792. In every station of life he had acquitted himself with honour; he was an able speaker in parliament, and a brave and skilful naval commander."

To the lover of fine prospects the surroundings of Mulgrave Castle present many exceptional opportunities. Mr. Wheeler, whose knowledge of Yorkshire is thorough and extensive, goes so far as to say that here one finds the finest "bit" of the county. "Yorkshire scenery," he says in his "Guide to Yorkshire," "is most varied—from the wild romantic grandeur of the rocky shores and cliffs to the elevated heather-clad moors and sylvan glades, decorated with tracery of leaf and bough, and its ancient time-worn buildings, which the visitor to Yorkshire finds in abundant repetition. Yet of this there must be a best, and probably the most beautiful part of Yorkshire is the site of the modern Mulgrave Castle, and its immediate surroundings." Few persons will feel inclined to contradict Mr. Wheeler



SANDSEND


on this point, for Mulgrave being what it is, a castle by the sea, possesses advantages which inland places cannot lay claim to. It has a further advantage to the seeker after natural beauty in the fact that it is in close proximity to other charming spots : to Sandsend, where the Whitby strand comes to an end amidst a scene of quiet beauty ; to the moors stretching along the north side of the Esk ; and to Dunsley Bay, the *Dunum Sinus* of the Romans, where ended one of the great roads of that mighty people, and where to-day the sea-birds cry and call over the sands on which Roman legionaries once set foot.

CHAPTER LXIV

Whitby and the River Esk

ASPECTS OF WHITBY—LEGENDS OF HILDA—CÆDMON AND HIS POEM
—STORY OF THE ABBEY—WHITBY IN HISTORY—OLD WHITBY AND
ITS CHURCH—NEW WHITBY AND MODERN IMPROVEMENTS—THE
WHITBY WHALE FISHERIES—THE JET INDUSTRY AT WHITBY—FISH
CURING AND SHIPBUILDING—CAPTAIN COOK ONCE MORE—LITERARY
ASSOCIATIONS OF WHITBY—THE RIVER ESK: ITS CHARACTER AND
COURSE—LARPOOL—RUSWARP—SLEIGHTS—THE HERMIT OF ESK-
DALE—GROSMONT AND ITS PRIORY—THE FALLS ABOUT GOATHLAND
—EGTON—THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE—ARNCLIFF—DANBY BEACON—
DANBY AND CANON ATKINSON—THE MOORS AND DALES.

I

F not the largest, or the most famous, of the more important resorts on the Yorkshire coast-line, Whitby may justly lay claim to whatever glory comes from being the most picturesque of the series. Rising in terraces on either side of its harbour, and facing almost due north (for a deflection of the coast at this point carries the line away from north and south to east and west), it presents from the sea a picture full of colour, life, and charm. On the east side is the old town; on the west, the new one which has sprung into being as increased facilities for travelling have brought more and more visitors; between them lies the harbour formed by the junction of the Esk with the North Sea, and beyond that, seen through the rapidly shelving banks of the river, are the outlines of the heath-clad moors. It is only natural that the more ancient side of Whitby should present the most picturesque features. The modern side, well raised on a high cliff above the level of the strand below, is a collection of hotels, lodging-houses, public buildings, and the usual edifices which spring into being as a watering-place increases in popularity, and it needs little comment as regards its picturesque value. But of the east cliff it is scarcely possible



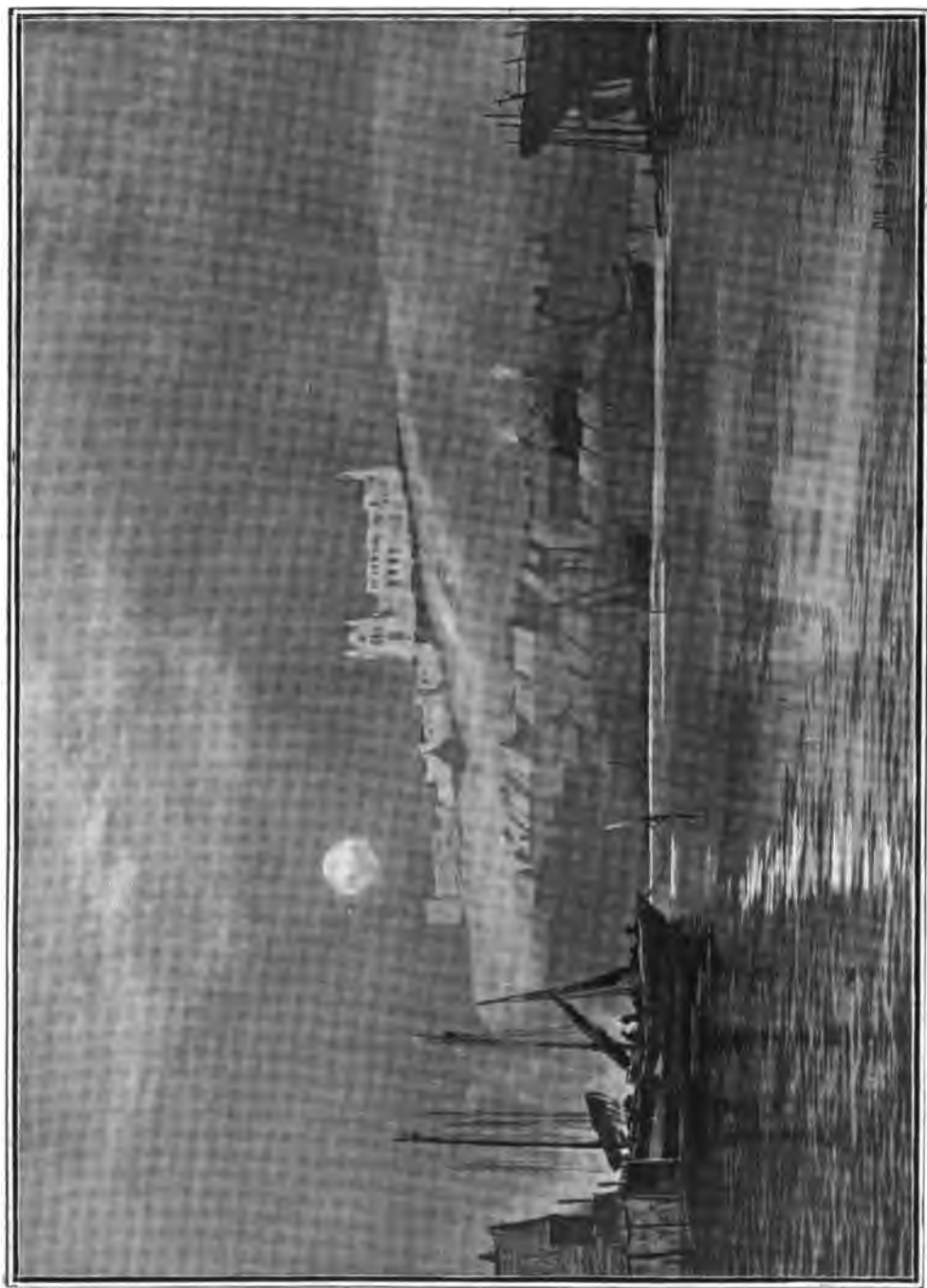
WHITBY SANDS LOOKING WEST

to speak in terms of too great enthusiasm. High above everything stands the ruins of the ancient Abbey, connected with the names of Hilda and Cædmon, first raised in Saxon days, the scene of the birth of English poetry, destroyed by the Danes and rebuilt by the Normans, a glory and a gem of English architecture from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, and still worthy to rank with Rievaulx and Fountains as a survival of the past. Beneath it, at a point nearer the edge of the cliffs, rises the square tower and long line of nave and chancel of the parish church, in the graveyard of which are many testimonies of the devotion to the sea of Whitby men. Still lower down the shelving cliff as it falls in terraces to the harbour, lies the old town—picturesque almost as in the days when modern Whitby was all undreamed of and the Whitby folk thought of nought but the whale-fishing, or the fish-trade, and knew nothing of the summer visitor or the day excursionist. In a coast that is singularly rich in quaint old bits—such as the old town at Scarborough, the fishing-villages of Robin Hood's Bay, Staithes and Runswick—Whitby is pre-eminent in its possession of old-world things. In the streets rising above the east side of the harbour there are matters which the traveller will not find in any other town or village along the coast—ancient buildings of the quaintest pattern, old stones with dates and inscriptions of a long-dead age, inns wherein James Cook himself and his fellow captains of the sea no doubt took their ease whenever they were in harbour, narrow alleys and passages apparently leading to nowhere in particular, but always bringing those who follow them in sight of the sea. All round about the old part of Whitby, and about its harbour, the smell of the sea is strong and good, and if the whale-fishing has ceased to exist, there is

fishing of cod, and herring, and haddock, and smoking and drying of the same, in magnitude sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. Into the harbour of Whitby come fishing-boats from all round the British coast, and when the sunlight falls on their red or faded brown sails, on the red roofs and grey gables of the old houses on the cliff side, on the ancient church and the venerable ruins rising high above the long steep flight of steps which leads from the town to the headland, there is seen such a prospect of colour and infinite variety as one rarely has the good fortune to behold.

When Whitby first comes in sight in the pages of history it was known as *Streanshalh* or *Streoneshalh*, a name which Bede turned into the Latin *Sinus Fari*—*the bay of the lighthouse*. Camden considered it to signify the healthy bay; Gough thought the termination *halh* of Teutonic origin, signifying a building of eminence. "Possibly the true version," says Phillips, "is to be found in the Norse—which was nearly the language of Northumbria—*Strandshall*, *the tower on the strand*, viz. Whitby Strand, a large district, whose name survives to our time." It may be that as the bay stretching between Whitby and Sandsend was the site of the Dunum Sinus (Δούνων κόλπος) of Ptolemy, some tower, or lighthouse, was erected here in very early times, possibly during the Roman occupation, and that it survived as a ruin until Saxon days and gave a name to the place.

At Streanshalh, or Streoneshalh, was founded, about the middle of the seventh century, the religious house so intimately connected with the names of Hilda and Cædmon. It is said to have been first erected as a direct result of the victory gained by Oswiu, the Christian King of Northumbria, over Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, at the great battle fought on the banks of the Aire, near Leeds. Oswiu vowed before the battle began that if victory rested with him he would dedicate his daughter Æthelfleda to the divine service, and when Penda and his army were defeated with great loss, he hastened to make his promise good. It is said that he immediately placed the child in the care of one Hild, or Hilda, a Northumbrian princess who was at that time in charge of a religious house at Hartlepool. Around Hilda's name circles much legend, but little absolute historical fact. She is said to have been the daughter of Hereric, or Henerick, a Northumbrian prince, who was nephew of the first Christian King of Northumbria, and of his wife Bereric. Hereric, who had been driven forth by one of the numerous rebellions or outbreaks of the time, took refuge with his wife at the court of Cerdric, and was there slain by treachery. His wife, about to bear a child, and mourning the loss of her husband, dreamt one night that she saw a bright light shining under her cloak. Lifting the latter up she drew forth a brilliant jewel, the light from which was so powerful that it illumined the whole country. A holy man interpreted this dream as relating to the infant about to be born. The child making its appearance in due time was given the name of Hilda. It is said that Hilda was born



WHITEY HARBOUR, MOONRISE

in 614, and baptized at York by Paulinus in 627 on the occasion of the public baptism of Ædwine and all his court. According to the monkish chroniclers, she retired to the cloister twenty years later, and was superior of the house at Hartlepool when Oswiu committed Æthelfleda to her charge.

To Hilda, with his daughter, Oswiu gave land at *Streanshalh*, and there, somewhere about 660, was begun the first building of the religious house which was afterwards to become so famous. Of its early history, and of the real history of Hilda's rule, there is little known in the nature of absolute fact, save that under its roof in 764 was held the famous Synod of Whitby, whereat the eloquence and learning of Wilfrith, afterwards Archbishop of York, helped to settle the vexed question of the proper time for the celebration of Easter. Hilda and Colmon, Bishop of Northumbria, were all for the use of the British Church, but Oswiu, who presided as King, decided on the Roman use, after hearing its advocates. It is known, too, that to Hilda's abbey came numerous great and learned men—St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfrith of York among them—attracted by the fame of her sanctity. It is also known that the abbey was originally dedicated to St. Peter, who by common consent was deprived of the honour in favour of the foundress, and it seems certain that the latter died in 680, and was succeeded by her pupil Æthelfleda as abbess.

Round about Hilda's name all manner of monkish legends have gathered, and there can be but little wonder that her name was held in superstitious reverence by the Whitby folk until comparatively recent times. In common with many other saints she has a share in the apparition *cultus*. "I shall," says Charlton, a historian of Whitby, who published his work about a hundred and twenty years ago, "produce only one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days, and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Streanshalh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year, viz., in the summer months, at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey, past the north of Whitby church, imagine they perceive in one of the highest windows there the resemblance of a woman, arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sun's beams, yet report says, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to bear appearance of Lady Hilda, in her shroud, or rather in her glorified state." White, in his "A Month in Yorkshire," remarks of this legend that when he visited the place—about 1860—there were still people in Whitby who believed in it, but ascribes the effect to moonlight instead of sunlight. He further relates that Professor Rymer Jones told him that he once saw

it with an illusion so complete that a superstitious person might easily have been deceived by it into fancying he saw an apparition.

In Grose's "Antiquities" there is a doggerel rhyme which refers to this supposed apparition, and which gives instructions for seeing it:—

" Likewise the abbey that you see,
I made that you might think of me ;
Also a window there I placed
That you might see me, as, undress'd
In morning-gown and night-rail there,
All the day long fairly appear.
At the west end of the church you'll see
Nine faces there in each degree ;
But if one foot you stir aside,
My comely presence is deny'd."

In Scott's "Marmion" the poet mentions three other legends attaching to Hilda and her Abbey of Whitby, all of which are of considerable interest, more especially because they have some foundation in fact:—

" Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do ;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry ' Fye upon your name !
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'—
' This, on Ascension day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.'
They told, how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
'The lovely Edelfled ;
And how, of thousand snakes each one,
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd ;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And sinking down with flutterings faint
They do their homage to the saint."

The first of these legends relates to the wanton slaying of a holy eremite by some members of the three great houses mentioned ; the others refer to the "petrified snakes" found about Whitby, and to the habit of sea-birds settling on the headlands after a long flight over sea. The monkish

chroniclers gravely relate that when Hilda and her sisters in religion first came here they were sore afraid and perturbed because of the presence of innumerable snakes who made themselves objectionable in the near neighbourhood of the newly-erected cloister. Whether Hilda herself was much concerned about these unwelcome reptiles does not appear, but upon the other inmates of her house making great audible complaint, she, by much prayer, caused the snakes to be turned into stone, in which state they have been found in the rocks beneath the cliffs for centuries. These things are in reality a species of ammonite, but Camden and Leland in mentioning Whitby, state that in their time the folk commonly believed in the legend, which indeed was credited by some people until comparatively recent times. A very good description of their appearance is given by Charlton in the work mentioned above. After remarking that the snake-stones are found in the alum-rock, he goes on to say that "the snakes are all enclosed in hard, elliptical stones, which seem to have been struck therein, being coiled up in spiral volutes, and everywhere resembling that animal in their form and shape, some only in the head which is always wanting. [The legend relates that the snakes all lost their heads when Hilda turned them into stone and bundled them down the cliffs.] They are of two different species, some of them being round-bodied, fluted, or infulated, while others are flat-bodied, ridged on their backs and pitted on their sides. The round-bodied snakes are girt, or encompassed from end to end with semicircular channels, or cavities, the appearance of which is just the

reverse to that of a cask, bound about with wooden hoops contiguous to each other; for the hoops are convex, or raised above the body of the cask, whereas these rings are concave, or let into the body of the snake. The other species of snake have a ridge on their backs, and are fluted on the sides, as if they had been pressed together; the marks wherewith they are pitted or indented resembling the impression made by a man's thumb on a soft substance. The stones wherein these snakes are enclosed must be broken very carefully, otherwise the snake will break



also. The impression which the snake leaves in its bed, or nidus, within the stone, is very perfect and beautiful. Sometimes the body of the snake is powdered with shining specks, and sometimes it is of a bright yellow colour, as if it were gilt. The snake seems to be of a different mineral from the stone in which it is enclosed; and when broken, its substance within resembles saltpetre in colour, transparency, and hardness. These snakes are of various sizes, the spiral convolutions being from one to six inches in diameter; the fluted snakes are the largest; but the round-bodied inflated snakes are not only the most numerous, but also the most beautiful." Charlton, in giving this description, says that the common folk in his time still held to the legend; the moralising Bigland, however, says that "these monkish miracles and absurd legends are treated with contempt by all persons of an enlightened understanding." As for the legend respecting the birds, to which Drayton refers in his lines—

"Over this attractive earth there may no wild goose fly,
But presently they fall off from their wings to earth,"

it probably arose from the fact that some monk or other observed that sea-fowl invariably alighted on the cliff after a flight from over-seas, which is exactly what any one would expect of a self-respecting bird that had already flown a few hundred miles without setting foot on land.

Æthelfleda, Hilda's successor in the abbatial chair of the Abbey of Whitby, is thus imaginatively described by Sir Walter Scott in a well-known passage in "Marmion":—

"The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,

And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems emboss'd.
 The poor her convent's bounty blessed,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reform'd on Benedictine school;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quenched the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey.
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well."

Æthelfleda, second of the abbesses of Whitby (or, as it was still called, Streanshalh, for the name Hwitebye, *white town*, did not come into use until later times) was head of the house until she attained the age of sixty years, and was interred in its precincts, near the graves of her father Oswiu, her mother, Æanfleda, and many other great folk of the north country. But in the Abbey of Whitby what time Hilda ruled it there was a humble lay-brother, a mere peasant, whose name was destined to become even more famous than those of Hilda and her royal pupil, or of her father Oswiu, or her visitors John of Beverley and Wilfrith of York. Somewhere in the outer cloisters of the place, itself in its best parts but a humble thing, dwelt Caedmon the cowherd — "the name which really throws glory over Whitby," says Green in his "History of the English People." He was rude and unlettered, and knew naught of the arts, not even of the making of alliterative verse, an amusement common in the days when amusements were few. "Wherefore," says the chronicler, "being sometimes at feasts, when all agreed for glee's sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and went homewards. Once when he had done thus, and gone from the feast to the stable where he had that night charge of the cattle, there appeared to him in his sleep One, who said, greeting him by name, 'Sing, Caedmon, some song to me.' 'I cannot sing,' he answered; 'for this cause left I the feast and came hither.' He who talked with him answered, 'However that be, you shall sing to Me.' 'What shall I sing?' rejoined Caedmon. 'The beginning of created things,' replied He. In the morning the cowherd stood before Hilda, and told his dream. Abbess and brethren alike concluded that heavenly power had been conferred upon him by the Lord. They translated for Caedmon a passage in Holy Writ, 'bidding him, if he could, put the same into verse.' The next morning he gave it them composed in excellent verse, whereon the abbess, understanding the divine



171 Eddys Abbey
171 Eddys

grace in the man, bade him quit the secular habit, and take on him the monastic life." Thus began English poetry. From the tending of cows, Caedmon, removed to the quietude of the cloister, employed his days in making verses, singing, continues the chronicler, "of the creation of the world, of the origin of man, and of all the history of Israel; of their departure from Egypt and entering into the Promised Land; of the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, and of His Ascension; of the terror of future judgment, the horror of hell-pangs, and the joys of heaven." Where Caedmon lies no man may say, but where he lived and composed his verses, than which "nothing," says Mr. Baring Gould, "in the whole history of European literature is more original," lovers of English literature in the nineteenth century have raised a memorial to his memory—a memory which must needs remain imperishable when all the monkish legends of Hilda and her miracles have been utterly forgotten and the last stones of Whitby Abbey have crumbled into dust.

After the death of Æthelfleda the religious house which her spiritual mother had founded continued to flourish with increasing fortune until nearly the end of the ninth century, when it and its inmates fell upon evil days. It had been rebuilt soon after the death of Hilda, stone replacing the primitive erections of wood and mud which had doubtless sheltered that holy woman and her disciples. It was probably a fine example of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture, when certain marauding Danes, under Ingvar and Ubba, sons of Ragnar Lodbrog, landed somewhere between Whitby and Sandsend, and began, after the manner of their kind, to burn, pillage, and lay waste all within their reach. They destroyed both town and abbey at Whitby, and the monks of St. Hilda, or such as were spared of them, drifted away to other religious centres. For two centuries the abbey lay in ruins, and it was not until after the Norman Conquest that it was rebuilt. William the Conqueror gave it and its lands to his nephew Hugh, Earl of Chester, who in his turn granted them to William de Percy. Under him Whitby Abbey assumed its former place amongst the great religious houses of the north. One Reinfred, who had been a soldier in the Norman army, and had subsequently become a monk at Evesham, came northward with two brother-religious, and after abiding first at Newcastle and secondly at Jarrow, journeyed with a further following to Whitby, bent on restoring St. Hilda's Abbey. Him William de Percy received with favour, and granted the site of the former house with land and other gifts. Reinfred immediately began to build, and assumed the title of Prior, but, according to some chroniclers, there was an abbot at this time in the person of Stephen of Whitby, a man of great learning. According to most accounts Stephen was not well seen of William de Percy, who, disliking him, drove him, Reinfred, and the rest of the monks away. Stephen went to the cell at Lastingham, and thence to York, where he founded St. Mary's Abbey; Reinfred was accidentally killed at

Ormsbridge, while assisting some workmen to build a bridge over the Derwent. Under the next prior, Serlo, William de Percy's brother, there were yet more troubles, the poor monks being so perpetually worried by thieves and robbers that they were perforce obliged to retire to Hackness.

After the death of Serlo, in 1100, William de Percy, nephew of the founder, assumed the reins of government under the title of Abbot, and between that year and 1120 he established the house on a firm and flourishing basis. He obtained numerous privileges and concessions from the crown during the reigns of successive Norman sovereigns, and ere he died had the pleasure of knowing that the greater part of the surrounding country belonged to the Abbey over which he ruled. So rapidly did the community flourish, indeed, after the beginning of the twelfth century, that it soon ranked amongst the most important religious houses in Yorkshire. The mere enumeration of its possessions shows how wealthy it must have been in mediæval times. It had lands at Middlesbrough, Ayton, Ingleby, Leverton, Hinderwell, Hutton Bushell, Cayton, Burniston, Pickering, Newton-on-the-Wold, Skirpenbeck, Bustard Thorp, Crosby Ravensworth, and many other places near and far. It had the churches of St. Ninian and St. Mary, in Whitby, of Sneaton, Fyling, Dunsley, Aislaby, Uggelbarnby, Hawsker, Ayton-in-Cleveland, Newton, Little Ayton, Newthorpe, Kirkby, Ingleby, Seamer, near Scarborough, Crosby Ravensworth, Hutton Bushell, Sutton, Slingsby, Burniston, Skirpenbeck, and Huntingdon, and the chapels of Cayton and Ayton. It had cells, or branch houses at Middlesbrough, Hackness, and York, and hermitages or oratories at Saltburn, Mulgrave, Eskdale, Goathland, and Westcroft. Its monks were granted the right to hold a fair at Whitby by Henry II.; Archbishop Thorstan exempted them from payment of synodals, and Henry I. gave the abbey the same ecclesiastical privileges which attached to the minsters of Ripon and Beverley. Its abbot, though a spiritual baron, does not appear to have sat by right in parliament, but there are instances of two of them, Robert of Langtoft and William of Kirkham, having been summoned to present themselves there. From the time of William de Percy onwards the community seems to have undergone little in the way of privation or discomfort, and when the last Abbot, Henry Davell, surrendered it to the King's commissioners in 1539, its gross revenue was estimated at £505, 9s. 1d., and the net value at £437, 2s. There were then eighteen monks in residence, who were provided for after the usual fashion.

The circumstances attending the demolition of this magnificent abbey were particularly disgraceful even for those days of licensed vandalism. It is said, with every evidence of truth, that those responsible for its demolition were in such haste that they organised a mob—recruited doubtless from the fisher-folk of the town lying beneath the shadow of the venerable house—which worked so zealously that within a few days church and cloisters had been dismantled and defaced, nothing remaining but the bare

walls. There is a legend that the valuables of the church were packed on board a ship in the harbour, for safe conveyance to London, and that the vessel sank outside the reefs which lie below the cliffs. The site and lands of the abbey passed through the hands of the Earl of Warwick and of Sir Philip Yorke into those of the family of Cholmley, one of the most eminent members of which, Sir Hugh Cholmley, conducted the defence of Scarborough Castle during its twelve months' seige by the Parliamentarians. They are now in possession of Sir Charles Strickland, a descendant of the Cholmleys by the marriage of Henrietta, daughter and co-heiress of Nathaniel Cholmley, with Sir William Strickland.

The situation of Whitby Abbey is remarkable amongst those of all other religious houses in Yorkshire by its command of land and sea. The abbey stands on a high cliff, the head of which is quite 250 feet above sea-level, immediately overlooking the North Sea, and having the old part of the town lying directly at its foot. From the high ground surrounding it there are magnificent views, extending from the wildness of the moors and wolds to the loneliness of the ocean, and embracing the valley of the Esk, and the town and harbour of Whitby. Of the ruins still remaining, Grainge gives the following account, which is practically as accurate to-day as when it was written half a century ago :—"The remains now standing are those of the church, from which it is easy to see, that when complete, it has been a most magnificent structure. It has been of the usual cruciform shape, having a nave and choir, with aisles, transept with aisle, and a lofty tower at the intersection. The choir remains, with the exception of the south aisle, the north transept, nearly entire, and considerable portions of the north wall of the nave, the grand entrance, and part of the western front. The whole of the southern side of the fabric is in ruins. The tower, which was 104 feet in height, supported by four grand, massive, clustered columns, fell, with a tremendous crash, about one o'clock on Friday, June 25th, 1830. There was no storm at the time, but it had for years previously exhibited symptoms of rapid decay. In the furious storm of January 1839, an arch and pillar, on the south side of the choir, fell down. The south wall of the nave was overthrown by a violent storm of wind, December 2nd, 1763; it also suffered severely from violent gales in May 1804. No traces of the original Saxon church, founded by St. Hilda, can be discovered; nor even of the Anglo-Norman edifice, erected under the auspices of William de Percy, the second founder. The oldest part remaining is the chancel, which is in the lancet, or early English style, to which type the whole building somewhat assimilates. The eastern front is yet of the full height, lighted by six lancet windows in two tiers, with others of smaller dimensions above, which have lighted the roof; their sides are deeply moulded, and adorned with columns, zigzag, and tooth ornaments. The side aisles are divided from the centre by seven pointed arches, resting on six lofty clustered columns, above which are

the triforium and clerestory arcades, yet in a tolerable state of preservation. The groining of the north aisle is yet complete, with the exception of the bay, which has fallen. The keystones, or centre bosses of the groins, are finely sculptured, and different from each other; one bears a lion rampant, another a ram, a third a dragon with a long coiled tail, another a mass of elaborately carved foliage, and only one is moulded like the ribs of the groin. The north transept yet remains nearly perfect, and is of a later style, approaching the decorated; it has only had one aisle on the east side; the west and north walls are adorned with a trefoil headed arcade. The front of this transept is yet entire, lighted by three tiers of lancet windows, with a circular window, or catherine wheel, lighting the roof; at the corners are two octagonal crocketed turrets; that at the north-west corner is reached by a winding stone staircase from the corner of the transept below, which, with the exception of the few steps at the bottom, is yet perfect. On the north pillar of this transept is part of an inscription, now in a mutilated state, and nearly illegible, but is said, when complete, to have been as follows:—*Johnnes de Brumton quondam famulus Dei in hoc monasterio extructo in honorem Dei Virginis beatæ Marie*,—i.e. 'John of Brompton, formerly a servant of God in this monastery, built this in honour of God and the blessed Virgin Mary.' About the year 1748 an illiterate man, not understanding the meaning of the words, conceived that it contained an account of some treasure concealed in the pillar; to obtain which he went privately in the night and knocked out the centre stone, but, to his great disappointment, met with no money. The centre stone is yet wanting, which makes it impossible to read the inscription. Two of the columns which supported the tower yet remain; they are very massive, consisting of sixteen clustered columns. The south transept, which is a mass of undistinguishable ruin, has probably corresponded to the north. Seven columns and eight arches have divided the nave from the side aisles, but they are all prostrate. The architecture of the western part of the nave is in another style, and seems to have been the latest part of the building. The whole of the western front has fallen, to just above the great doorway. There has also been an entrance on the north side. The walls are of two different kinds of stone—one white, the other brown; the former, in the older part of the building, has withstood 'the wasting sea-breeze keen' much better than the brown in the newer portions. The whole fabric is much wasted by time, the damp sea air, and the tempests to which, from its lofty situation, it is constantly exposed. Though it yet stands, beautiful in ruin, interesting alike to the artist and antiquary, no repairs can long keep it up; a few more years, a few more storms, and Whitby Abbey will be crumbled to a pile of shapeless ruin, and be numbered among the things which once were."

II

Like most other towns and villages dignified by the presence of a great religious house or a feudal stronghold, Whitby owes much of whatever historical interest it possesses to the fact that it grew up under the shadow of St. Hilda's Abbey. But though the fortunes of town and abbey are so closely allied, the fact that those of the latter once fell upon evil state does not alter the other fact that those of the former refused to be cast down with them. In his "Memorials of Old Whitby," the late Canon Atkinson has proved that when the monks of St. Hilda were obliged to flee before the marauding Danes, after seeing their church and cloisters despoiled and ravaged, the town itself did not share in their panic or ill-fortune for any great length of time, but recovered from the assault upon it and began to repair damages and proceed to prosperity. According to evidence furnished in the Domesday Book, Whitby was assessed at a sum equal to more than £3000 of the present currency for Danegeld, and in the fourteenth century its folk paid over £50 a year to the Abbot for religious duties—a tax which was quite exclusive of fish and other tithes. It appears to have decreased in population and trade during the next century, however, for a return made in 1540 shows that it then possessed but two hundred inhabitants. When Mr. Chaloner, a Cleveland gentleman of great learning, ingenuity, and enterprise, introduced the working of alum in the immediate neighbourhood about the beginning of the seventeenth century, the population increased greatly, and by 1690 there were three thousand folk in the place. The introduction of the whale-fishing trade, and later of the manufacture of jet, helped to increase the population, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century Whitby could justly claim to be one of the most important ports on the Yorkshire coast. As railway facilities increased it became a favourite resort for visitors, and though there was a decrease in actual population between 1881 to 1891, when the numbers fell from 14,000 to 13,000, there are at present no signs that the town is on the way to any species of decay.

There are few matters of any historical importance in the chronicles of Whitby, but an incident related by Cooke in his "Topographical Description of Yorkshire," is interesting because it has had a modern parallel within the last few years. "The following melancholy event," says the chronicler, "took place in December 1787. The eastern extremity of the town is situated on a strata of alum-rock and freestone, covered with a loose soil, that hath gradually accumulated to the depth of 14 feet, by lapses in wet seasons from a high and steep cliff, running parallel to, and at a small distance from, the edge of the precipice next the sea. This had imperceptibly formed an esplanade, 300 yards long, and 80 in breadth; on which, in the year 1761, the foundations of a regular street were laid. The build-

ings rapidly increased to the number of one hundred and thirty, containing above one thousand inhabitants. On the north-east point of this plain stood a three-gun battery, part of which in 1785 sliding into the sea, the cannon were removed; at the same time a narrow, deep chasm of considerable length was observed to run behind the houses on a line with the base of the high cliff. Into this aperture the rain-water entering, to co-operate with innumerable quick springs below, the seeds of destruction, although slightly observed, were diffusely sown, and prepared those, not so sanguine in their hopes as the poor people interested, to expect such a terrible catastrophe as happened on the 24th of December. At mid-

night, a strong new built quay, supporting a pile of buildings, 80 feet above the margin of the sea, unable to sustain the pressure of the earth above, menaced approaching danger. The people had hardly time to escape with their clothes, before it bowed and fell with a thundering crash, followed by large masses of earth intermixed with stones of three to six tons in weight. Five houses more shared the same fate, torn from others which were left impending in different inclinations over the tremendous precipice. Next morning presented a most affecting scene; buildings parting from their adjoining ones, forming rents from their roofs to the foundations several feet wide; others partly gone, leaving their unsupported walls and hanging rafters to follow; and, to add to this distress, weighty portions of earth and stones began to descend from the high cliff upon the house situated at its foot.



THE CHURCH STEPS FROM THE HARBOUR, WHITBY

It was now dangerous to advance near, the back-buildings were soon buried, and the fronts impelled towards the street, overhanging their bases, and seeming to threaten the acceleration of those on the opposite side over the wasting rock. Upon the high cliff, about thirty yards from its extremity, stands the massy old church, founded eleven hundred years since, by one of the Northumbrian kings; this venerable pile appeared in imminent danger, as the ground was observed to sink at ten yards distance from its tower. Had this part of the churchyard given way, a body of earth, whose surface contained above two acres, must inevitably have overwhelmed the remaining buildings in Henrietta Street. But this view, although awful, was little compared with the affecting exclamations of above two hundred poor people, who escaped half-naked, with a scanty portion of their goods, from the general wreck. The feeling heart will easily imagine how distressing the appearance of numbers of the sick and dying must be, carried by their friends, perhaps, to expire in the first hospitable place that would afford them shelter. One hundred and ninety-six families became destitute, in this inclement season, of house, fire, or food. The doors of the humane were thrown open, and every comfort administered. One person, whose rental amounted to one hundred pounds annually, could not discover the place on which his property stood." A catastrophe very similar in character and effect to this, and involving serious loss of life, took place at Whitby two years ago.

Most people who come to Whitby for the first time turn instinctively across the harbour to the most ancient part of the town, where the Town Hall—surely the most remarkable and possibly the most diminutive of its sort in England—is always a source of wonder and interest, and near which begins the ascent of the famous Church Steps—a long stone staircase, leading to the parish church and the abbey. It is usually said that these steps number exactly one hundred and ninety-nine, and one form of diversion for visitors—especially of the cheap-tripping order—is to make the ascent of them in couples, in order that one may check the others account, but the climb is so long and arduous that no practical result has been known to arise from this precaution, one climber invariably counting one or two more steps than his fellow. The head of this novel stairway once gained, however, there is ample reward for the pains endured in counting and climbing. A magnificent view of the town and harbour expands beneath the foot of the cliff; close at hand is the ruined abbey, still closer the quaint old church. Near the head of the stairs, too, is the beautiful memorial cross to the honour of Caedmon, erected chiefly through the exertions of Canon Rawnsley, of Keswick, in 1898, and unveiled by the present Poet-Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, on the 21st September in that year. It is a Saxon cross of hard sandstone, standing on a stone base, and rising to about twenty feet in height, and was designed by Mr. C. C. Hodges, and executed by Mr. Robert Beall. In front are four carved

panels, representing the Saviour in the act of benediction ; the Psalmist playing the harp ; St. Hilda bearing her abbatial staff ; and Caedmon in the byre, composing his verses. Beneath is an inscription which speaks of Caedmon as having fallen asleep "hard by" in 680. On the other side of the cross appears a double vine, in the loops of which are the figures of four of the great men who were in residence at the abbey during the lives of Hilda and Caedmon—Bosa, Aetla, Oftson, and John. Beneath this and the base are engraven the opening lines of Caedmon's Hymn, taken from the Moore Baeda preserved at Cambridge. The sides and head of the cross are also suitably decorated, and the whole work is one of great beauty.

But its greatest charm lies in the fact that it represents England's tribute—a tribute late in being paid—to the singer who, as Baeda well says, "learned the art of poetry not from men but from God." In no other place than this could such a memorial have been fittingly erected, for Caedmon was essentially a part and parcel of this corner of the land. "I believe in Caedmon as a poet," says the late Canon Atkinson in his "Memorials of Old Whitby," "and I believe in him as a Whitby—at least, a Streoneshalh—

poet. . . . It matters but little by what we call the gift possessed by Milton, by Shakespeare, by Tennyson, or any other of the goodly band. I think it and call it 'heaven-born,' as I do the like and analogous gifts bestowed on hosts of other 'gifted' men. And in this sense I look upon



THE UPPER HARBOUR, WHITBY

the inspiration of Caedmon as something very real indeed. Certainly, according to the apparently true parts of the legend, it cannot, with any measure of truth or fitness, be said that he 'lisp'd in numbers and the numbers came'; but so far from seeing any difficulty in recognising the 'spirit' latent under the 'letter' of that line, I see no other way in which Caedmon's 'heaven-born gift' could have been attested. The 'spirit' was there, and doubtless in such a case as his—whether he were *gebûr* or herd—the 'groanings' must have been 'hard to be uttered.' The case is strictly analogous to that of the embryo astronomer who, an untaught shepherd-lad, lay on his back amid his flock and measured the distances between the stars by aid of a string of beads; or of the nature-sprung painter whose first efforts at delineation depended on a bit of charcoal and a white board or wall. The 'gift' was in them, and it sought and found its natural development."

The ancient parish church of Whitby, dedicated to St. Mary, is in certain respects much more interesting than the abbey, which stands close by it. To begin with, it occupies a magnificent situation overlooking sea, harbour, town, and the surrounding country. But its advantages in this respect are quickly lost sight of by the visitor who begins to look at its architectural features. There are evidences in these that certain parts of the church were in existence at a period prior to the ruins of the abbey, but in addition to the Norman remains in the south wall, there are remains of almost every style and period of English architecture, so incongruously jumbled together as to yield matter for amusement. From without, one may wonder without ceasing at the lancet windows, square-headed windows, round-headed windows, and nondescript windows; from within at the wealth of galleries, the quaint old pews, and the twisted pillars. Amongst old-fashioned churches, indeed, that of Whitby may claim a proud pre-eminence: it requires no great stretch of imagination when wandering about its capacious interior—which affords accommodation for over two thousand people—to believe one's self to have been taken back to the Georgian ages. There are several interesting memorials and monuments in the church and churchyard, and at least two epitaphs which deserve to be given here in full. One, to the memory of General Lascelles, runs as follows:—

"To the memory of Peregrine Lascelles, general of all and singular his Majesty's forces, who served his country from the year 1706. In the reign of Queen Anne he served in Spain, and in the battles of Almanara, Saragossa, and Villaviciosa, performed the duties of a brave and gallant officer. In the rebellion of the year 1715 he served in Scotland; and in that of 1745, after a fruitless exertion of his spirit and abilities at the disgraceful rout of Preston Pans, he remained forsaken on the field. In all his dealings just and disinterested, bountiful to his soldiers, a father to his officers, a man of truth and principle—in short, AN HONEST MAN. He dyed March 26, 1772, in the 88th year of his age."



THE SCAUR, WHITBY

The other is chiefly remarkable because of the curious coincidences described in it—coincidences so strangely uncommon as to be very probably unique :—

“ Here lie the bodies of FRANCIS HUNTRODDS and MARY his Wife who were both born on the same Day of the Week Month and Year (viz) Septr ye 19th 1600 Marry'd on the day of their Birth and after having had 12 Children born to them died Aged 80 Years on the same day of the year they were born September ye 19th 1680 the one not above five hours before ye other.

“ Husband, and Wife that did twelve Children bear,
Dy'd the same day ; alike both aged were,
Bout eighty years they lived, five hours did part,
(Ev'n on the marriage day) each tender heart.
So fit a match, surely, could never be,
Both in their lives and in their deaths agree.”

Of the features of the more modern Whitby, which rises on the cliff on the west side of the harbour, it is not necessary to say much more than that they are in keeping with the usual air and features of the modern sea-side resort. Here, as in the fashionable parts of Scarborough, are hotels of more or less size and pretensions ; lodging and boarding-houses in plenty, and all the establishments and institutions which spring up

wherever folk of means and leisure go. There is a saloon, a promenade, tennis courts, and various other resorts for visitors, and for the accommodation of the latter as much perhaps as for the townsfolk. New places of worship have sprung up in numbers during the past half-century. Of new buildings, other than those which have sprung into being because of the growing reputation of Whitby as a health resort, the town possesses but few, and of these the new Town Hall, erected about twenty years ago, and the building on the west pier which houses the baths, the museum, and the subscription library, are the most important. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the shape of building or structure in the place—always excepting the abbey and the old church—is the bridge which connects the east and west cliffs, and which in some form or another has had an existence which Young, one of Whitby's historians, declares to date from the time of the Roman occupation.

In respect of its trade and commerce Whitby is more remarkable for its glories in the past than for its greatness in the present. It has always been a great ship-building town, and when Dibdin travelled this way in the eighteenth century he saw enough to justify him in asserting that at Whitby were built the best and strongest vessels used in England for coasting purposes. He speaks of the port possessing four hundred vessels in his time. At one period Whitby ranked as seventh port in the kingdom in respect of tonnage. The ships which accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world were all built at Whitby, and though modern days have seen the old craft fall off somewhat, iron ship-building is largely carried on in the town, and its ship-owners do a considerable trade along the coast, and with countries across the North Sea. The alum-trade has disappeared, and so, too, has the Whitby whaling-trade, which was once one of its greatest glories. As many as twenty ships have been known to set sail from Whitby for the perils of a voyage to Greenland and the Arctic Regions, and it was not until about 1840 that the trade died out. About the same time there came another trade into existence, that of curing fish, and especially herrings. The smoking-houses are still great centres of attraction to the visitor, and the smell of the fish is strong in the streets of the old town. The oldest trade in the town, other than those strictly pertaining to the sea, is that of the manufacture of jet ornaments, which has existed for several centuries. The jet is found in the upper lias, and is said to have been worked into ornaments for personal adornment by the early Britons. The trade died out, or nearly so, between 1600 and 1800, but during the nineteenth century it revived to a great extent, and gave employment to hundreds of persons.

Round about the town and harbour of Whitby centre many memories and associations of men and women famous in science and literature. Here one comes once more across Captain Cook, who, when he left the grocer's shop at Staithes, came here to learn the art and craft of seaman-

ship. In the museum rests a model of his ship, the *Resolution*, in which the great circumnavigator made one of his voyages to the South Seas. Here, too, one hears of two local poets of the eighteenth century, Francis Gibson, who wrote a poem on Streonshalh, and W. Watkins, who published a tragedy on the fall of Carthage. Dr. Young, who died in 1848, was a resident in Whitby for nearly half a century, and wrote a history of the town, a life of Captain Cook, and a survey of the neighbouring coast. With Whitby, too, are closely associated the names of the Scoresbys, parsons, seamen, authors, whale-fishers, and scientists, who did much to advance the intellectual life of the town in many ways. Another historian of Whitby, Charlton, was engaged here in tuition; another man of letters of the town, F. K. Robinson, wrote works on Yorkshire philology and on the antiquities of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Gaskell, the friend and biographer of Charlotte Brontë, selected Whitby as the original of Monkshaven in her charming novel "*Sylvia's Lovers*," and used the old-world Whitby material of press-gangs, whaling-ships, and North Sea life with great effect. Of recent years Whitby possessed a novelist of its own in the late Mary Linskill, whose novels "*The Haven under the Hill*," and "*Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*," were full of the poetry and colour of the seaport and its neighbourhood. Herself a native of Whitby, she died in 1891, and was interred on the south of the old church, a suitable monument commemorating her literary achievements. Whitby and its fishermen inspired much of the poetic work of the late Susan K. Phillips, and has no doubt fired the imagination of lesser known folk. But its chiefest literary glory, of course, lies with Caedmon, from whose lips, as Bede says, "no trivial or vain song came," and whose memory must always be fresh when ancient abbey and new-raised cross alike have disappeared before the hand of time.

III

The river Esk, which runs into the North Sea between the two cliffs on which Whitby is mainly built, is one of the most picturesque and interesting of the minor rivers of Yorkshire. It can, indeed, only be termed "minor" in the sense that its course will not compare in point of length with those of rivers like the Wharfe, the Aire, or the Swale: in point of beauty and character it need not fear comparison with any stream in the county. It rises in close proximity to the Leven, in the neighbourhood of Roseberry Topping, and it is matter of pure accident—or so it seems to the unskilled observer—that it does not flow to the valley of the Tees instead of turning oceanwards. Its head is five hundred feet above sea-level, and between that point and Whitby harbour its surroundings are always charming and often very romantic. It gains a further beauty in the fact that its tributaries, small streams and rivulets generally of incon-



RUSWARP

siderable bulk, flow through valleys of much loveliness, lying amidst hills and moors as pleasing to the lover of solitude as they are attractive to the admirer of fine scenery. Of the nomenclature of these streams and moorlands Phillips makes the following remarks, which are interesting as showing how differently the same things are named in different districts of the same county. "All the considerable feeders of the Esk," he says, "run in 'Dales,' and the waterfalls on them are 'Forces,' as in the north-western part of Yorkshire. The hills, however, are not called 'Fells,' which would have completed the Norwegian affinity, but 'Moors,' and their edges are frequently called 'Banks.' Tumuli scattered on the summit are called 'Hows'; and the small streams receive the name of 'Beck.' The name of the river is Celtic, but the greater part of the local names are Teutonic." The dales which debouch upon the valley of the Esk on either side are remarkably fine—in Baysdale, Westerdale, Danby Dale, Comondale, Glaisdale, and Goathland, scenes of great beauty meet the eye at every point, while the loveliness of the narrower glens, through which the smaller streamlets run to join the river, is such as to tempt the traveller to linger about them for as long a time as most folk would propose giving to an examination of the parent valley. This beauty of surrounding is pre-

served during nearly the whole expanse of Eskdale, and variety is never lacking along the river's banks from the edge of the Cleveland Hills to Larpool, where its waters make marriage with the sea.

One of the greatest charms of Whitby, as a seaside resort, is the fact that the surrounding country is not only full of beauty but is easily accessible to the pedestrian who takes his walks abroad in good weather. No other Yorkshire sea-coast town affords such opportunities of seeing moor and hill, river and wood, as Whitby can give the traveller who turns away from her wharves and quays to follow the Esk to its head near the Cleveland Hills. During the first mile or so of such an excursion one is still in the shadow of Whitby and St. Hilda: from various points along the route which leads by Larpool to Ruswarp there are excellent views of the town, abbey, and harbour. Ruswarp is practically a suburb of Whitby, and is by way of becoming a fashionable resort for holiday-makers. Its situation on the banks of the Esk is delightfully picturesque, and its immediate surroundings are romantic in the extreme. It possesses little interest, perhaps, for historian or archaeologist. Its church is quite modern and very handsome, and its only ancient feature is the Jacobean hall of red brick, built by the Bushells about the beginning of the seventeenth century. There is another old house in the parish at Ewe Cote, built about a hundred years later. More ancient matters are found in the neighbouring parish of Sleights, a village rising from the level of the dale to a considerable altitude on the slope of the adjoining moors. Here is a church erected in early



NELLY AYR FOSS



THE ESK AT EGTON

Georgian times and therefore of little architectural note. A little way out of the village, and in close proximity to the river, are the slight remains of a cell wherein dwelt the hermit of Eskdale, who is said to have been murdered by the representatives of the families of Bruce, Percy, and Allotson. Charlton attributes the foundation of this cell or oratory to St. Hilda herself, but there is no positive evidence on this point. As to the murder of the hermit, it appears to be nothing more than a fable, which is only now of interest because of its connection with a custom which still obtains at Whitby under the name of the *Horngarth* or *Penny Hedge*. This custom is as follows: Every year, on the vigil of the Ascension, a company of Whitby folk assemble on the east bank of the Esk, and witness the driving into the shore of a certain number of stakes, which are to be fixed so firmly that they shall withstand the force of at least three tides. A description of a long-past performance of this ceremony is given in the Abbey Register.

“Tho. Cockrill being Bayliff to the Abbot, did meete by sonn-rise the Rymeres, the Strangewayes, the Eldringtenes, and Alletsons (who were bound to this service) in the Strye Head End by Lyttel Beck. And the said Cock'l did see every one cutt downe with a Knyfe (he appoynting the wood) so much as should serve. From thence they cam, not the nearest

way ; but, bringing them upon their backs, went a good way before they cam into the way. So comminge to the water at the towne end, they maid the hedg, which should stand three tydes ; and then the officer did blow, *Oute upon they.*"

According to the legend three members of the families of Bruce, Percy, and Allotson were one day out hunting a wild boar, which, being hard pressed, took refuge in the cell of the Hermit of Eskdale. He, good man, having compassion upon the poor brute, refused to give it up to the sportsmen, who, being men of blood rather than of piety and understanding, slew him with much cruelty. The Abbot of Whitby, arriving on the scene ere the hermit departed this life, was minded to visit this terrible offence upon the heads of the murderers with great severity, but the dying man begged that their lives should be spared on the following conditions :—

"You and yours," said he, addressing the no-doubt-repentant murderers, "shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner : that upon Ascension eve you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of Strayheads, in Eskdaleside, at sun-rising, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, and then deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, ten strut stowers, and ten yedders to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a knife of a penny price ; and you, Ralph de Piercie, one-and-twenty of each sort, to be cut in the same manner ; and you, Allotson, shall take nine of each sort to be cut, as aforesaid—to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and at the hour of nine of the clock, as long as it is low water at that hour, each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yedder them that they stand three tides without removing by the force of the water ; this shall you do every year, except it be full sea at that hour ; and you shall do this service in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me. And that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent yourselves and do good works. The officer of Eskdaleside shall blow on his horn, *Out on you ! Out on you ! Out on you !* for this heinous crime of yours. And if you,



BETWEEN EGTON AND THE MOORS

or your successors, refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the hour aforesaid, you, or yours, shall forfeit all your lands to the abbot, or his successors."

So runs the legend of the hermit of Eskdale. It is probable, however, that the whole story is a charmingly arranged fable, devised for the purpose of explaining the ceremony of the Horngarth, the real meaning of which appears to be lost, but which seems, from the mere derivation of the word, to have had some connection with the fencing-in of a certain portion of the foreshore of the Esk, against the inroad of horned cattle.

In the parish of Sleights there are two places of some interest, each differing from the other in character. At Grosmont there was formerly a priory, founded by Johanna de Turnham in the thirteenth century, as an offshoot of the Abbey of Grandimont, in Normandy. It does not appear to have been of any considerable size, and only sheltered four inmates at the time of the Dissolution, when its revenues amounted to about £12 per annum. During the nineteenth century Grosmont, in common with many of the villages in this corner of Yorkshire, began to develop considerably in consequence of the discovery of ironstone in its immediate vicinity, and it now presents the somewhat incongruous spectacle of a place enjoying the advantages of a wonderfully beautiful situation, and of the less beautiful benefits of a mining industry. It is now quite a populous village, and possesses places of worship, institutes, libraries, and the like, but its commercial success has not destroyed the charm of its situation amongst the moors and hills. Ugglebarnby, another village in the parish of Sleights, is chiefly interesting because of its antiquity. It is described in Domesday Book as Ugleberdesbi, and was a soke of Whitby. A church was built here in Norman times, and given to St. Hilda's Abbey, and parts of it remained, in spite of numerous restorations, until 1872, when it was taken down and replaced by a new and handsome structure in the Gothic style, the architectural and ornamental work of which is remarkable for its beauty and thoroughness.

From Grosmont, whereat the lines of railway running respectively between Whitby and Pickering, and Whitby and Stokesley unite, the traveller may turn aside from the Esk in order to make as much exploration as he pleases of the beautiful scenery which lies around Goathland. It is impossible to give any accurate description of all that may be seen in the dales and on the moors which centre around the vale in which Goathland lies. Before the railway line which winds in and out of its curves and defiles was made, few people knew how full of beautiful and even sublime scenery this out-of-the-way corner of the county was. The only way of properly appreciating that scenery is to give up a week to wandering round about Goathland—over Goathland Moor, Wheeldale Moor, Egton High Moor, along Eller Beck, Wheeldale Gill, Rutmoor Beck, and the numerous streamlets which find their way by tortuous courses to the

Esk. On the moors there are several traces of early British settlements and entrenchments. At Goathland itself there was a cell or hermitage, dependent upon St. Hilda's Abbey, and first granted by Henry I. It is said to have stood where the farmstead known as Abbots House now stands, but there are no remains of it. Goathland, indeed, is somewhat modern in appearance, and its great charm lies in the beauty of its situation and surroundings. In close proximity to it are several waterfalls, or forces. Thomassin Foss, on Eller Beck, is remarkable for the depth of the glen which encloses it. Mallyan Spout, which has a fall of over seventy feet, and Nelly Ayr Foss, both on the Wheeldale Beck, will bear comparison with the better known waterfalls of the western borders of Yorkshire for charm and beauty.

Following the windings of the Esk from Grosmont the traveller soon comes to Egton, one of the most interesting villages in Eskdale. Here the valley becomes narrower and more romantic, and its rapidly-shelving sides are covered with wood, through which peer out great masses of sombre-hued rock. At the time of the Domesday Survey Egton belonged to Nigel Fossard, and it was afterwards held by the Turnhams, the De Mauleys, the Salvins, and the Earls of Sussex. One of the De Mauleys obtained a market charter for it in the thirteenth century, with leave to hold an annual fair of eight days' duration; a further charter providing for the holding of four fairs was granted by William III. Torre speaks of the church here as having been built in 1349, and dedicated to St. Hilda, and it was only within recent years that it was taken down. Those who remember it speak of its round pillars and circular arches, which would seem to show that it was of pure Norman style. The modern church, erected in its place, is of Norman and Tudor styles, and stands in closer proximity to the village. At Egton Bridge, a little distance from Egton, there is a fine Roman Catholic church, the architecture and decoration of which is very handsome. Hereabouts, as at Ugthorpe, the ancient faith never died out, and the traditions of the local church include many instances of the persecutions of priests who hid in the farmsteads and ministered to their people as best they could.

Going westward from Egton the traveller will find a delightful stretch of vale and river scenery between Egton Bridge and Glaisdale End, especially if he passes through East Arncliffe Wood. At Glaisdale he will find the famous Beggar's Bridge, a graceful structure which crosses the Esk in one step by a single arch, on the east side of which is a stone engraven with the initials T. F., and the date 1619. Here one comes into touch with tradition once more. Mr. Leyland favours the theory that this bridge was built or rebuilt by one Thomas Ferris, or Firris, an alderman of Hull, which is much more than likely. But there is a local legend which has a different tale to tell. According to it there once resided in these parts a young man named Ferris, who was in love with a damsel of the neighbour-

hood. As luck would have it he lived on one side of the Esk—she on the other ; and when he wished to visit her he used to swim across the river at the point where the bridge now stands. Having resolved to



THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE

go abroad, not merely to see foreign climes but to seek a fortune which would enable him to make successful application to the lady's father for her hand, he came one night to bid his mistress farewell, only to find that the Esk had swollen to such an extent that it was impossible to get across it. He was thereupon obliged to depart ; and did so with a vow that if ever he returned rich and powerful he would build a bridge here, so that no other amorous swain might have occasion for such regret as he then felt. Coming back, years after, with much gold in his pockets, he redeemed his promise, and one fervently trusts that he married his lady-love,

though it is more than probable that she had forgotten him, and wedded with "some richer." According to the following rhyming version of the matter, written by Mrs. Dawson, a local poetess, and praised by Phillips, who does not often indulge in panegyrics of poetry in the course of his scientific disquisitions, everything came right between the lovers :—

LEGEND OF THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE

The dalesmen say that their light archway
Is due to an Egton man,
Whose love was tried by a whelming tide ;
I heard the tale in its native vale,
And thus the legend ran :—

The Legend

"Why lingers my loved one? oh! why does he roam
On the last winter's evening that hails him at home?
He promised to see me once more ere he went,
But the last rays of gloaming all lonely I've spent—
The stones at the fording no longer I see—
Ah! the darkness of night has concealed them from me."

The maiden of Glaisdale sat lonely at eve,
And the cold stormy night saw her hopelessly grieve;
But when she looked forth from her casement at morn,
The maiden of Glaisdale was truly forlorn!
For the stones were engulfed where she looked for them last,
By the deep swollen Esk, that rolled rapidly past,
And vainly she strove with her tear-bedimmed eye
The pathway she gazed on last night to descry.

Her lover had come to the brink of the tide,
And to stem its swift current repeatedly tried,
But the rough whirling eddy still swept him ashore,
And relentlessly bade him attempt it no more.
Exhausted he climbed the steep side of the brae,
And looked up the dale ere he turned him away;
Ah! from her far window a light flickered dim,
And he knew she was faithfully watching for him.

The Lover's Vow

"I go to seek my fortune, love,
In a far, far distant land,
And without thy parting blessing, love,
I'm forced to quit the strand.

But over Arncliffe's brow, my love,
I see thy twinkling light;
And when deep waters part us, love,
'Twill be my beacon bright.

If fortune ever favour me,
St. Hilda! hear my vow!
No lover again in my native plain,
Shall be thwarted as I am now.

One day I'll come to claim my bride
As a worthy and wealthy man!
And my well-earned gold shall raise a bridge
Across the torrent's span."

The Fulfilment

The rover came back from a far distant land,
 And claimed of the maiden her long-promised hand;
 But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
 And the lovers of Egton pass over it now.

Not far from this bridge, from a point on the hillside rising between the valley of the Esk and Glaisdale, there is a fine view of the surrounding country. It is impossible, however, to turn in any direction in this district

without finding scenes and prospects of great charm and delight. Wide-spreading moors, often lonely and deserted to absolute solitude, glens and miniature valleys, which in spring and autumn are paradises of colour, are found at every step; and at every step, too, the traveller's ear is pleased and soothed with the musical ripple of the Esk or of its tributary streams.

It were quite possible to write volumes about the last stretches of the valley of the Esk, and long chapters concerning the various dales which open into it. Phillips, who does not often wax enthusiastic about mere scenery, becomes almost poetical in expression when he speaks of the scenes which meet the tra-



THE PACK-HORSE ROAD, NEAR ARNCLIFFE


veller's eye in the neighbourhood of Comondale, "where abundance of trees, neat farms and cottages, curiously varied ground, and a stream winding in a thousand curvatures among narrow meadows and corn-fields, make pleasing home-scenes, often completed by the brown and purple

hills which range above all." It is not possible here, however, to do more than indicate the chief glories of this delightful district, and to give brief mention of the legends which attach to these once almost inaccessible villages, hamlets, and farmsteads. Fortunately for the world the genius of the late Canon Atkinson, who, during his long incumbency of the parish of Danby, a village lying on the south side of the Esk, wrought the history and folk-lore of the district into that delightful monument of loving research, "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," the story of this bit of Yorkshire has been told once and for all. Round about Danby the lover of history, of archæology, of folk-lore, might spend a summer and go away leaving as much to see and learn as he had already learnt and seen, however patient and earnest had been his labours. Danby itself, first given by the Conqueror to the De Bois family, is full of memories of them, of the Thwengs and the Danvers, and of the Dawnays—all names of note in the north country. At Castleton, close by, Robert de Brus is generally held to have erected the first stronghold of his family in these parts. Danby Castle, rising on high ground above the Esk, appears to have been built by one of the Nevilles, who were connected with the Thwengs by the marriage of Lucia de Thweng with William Latimer. At Danby Castle in 1652 was born Thomas Ward, author of a burlesque poem on the English Reformation, and of several controversial works against Protestantism. Danby church, a modern structure of no great architectural pretensions, replaced the twelfth-century church which Robert de Brus gave to the priory of Guisborough. There are some relics of antiquity in its walls and in the churchyard, as there also are in the ancient farmsteads scattered about the dales. In this district one meets once more with legends of Hob, the sprite, and of a hart, which like that of the moors between Swaledale and Wensleydale, leaped a great distance in endeavouring to evade its pursuers. Much of the folk-lore of the district was woven into legend by Canon Atkinson in his work "The Last of the Giant Killers." But greater than all the folk-lore and the history of these dales is their wonderful beauty of scenery, their purity of air, and the peaceful lives which their folks live. From the summit of Danby Beacon, a round-topped hill, encrusted with tumuli and earthworks, and eloquent of the long-dead prehistoric races who lived there, the eye falls on one of the widest prospects in Yorkshire, wherein there is scarce a spot that is not full of invitation to one weary of the life of cities to rest and let the affairs of the outer world go by unheeded for ever.

CHAPTER LXV

The Coast from Whitby to Scarborough

WHITBY LATHES — REMARKABLE ARCHERY PERFORMANCES OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN—HAWSKER—VIEW FROM FYLING THORPE—ROBIN HOOD'S BAY—CONNECTION OF ROBIN HOOD WITH THE BAY—BAY TOWN—MRS. MACQUOID'S DESCRIPTION OF BAY TOWN—BAY TOWN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—EPITAPHS IN THE CHURCHYARD—STOUP BROWE—MARVELLOUS INCIDENT AT STOUP BROWE, NARRATED BY MR. BIGLAND—THE PEAK AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE ROMANS—CHARLTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN INSCRIPTION—RAVENSCAR: A NEW SEASIDE RESORT—ROBIN HOOD'S BUTTS—TUMULI ON THE MOORS—BEAST CLIFF—HAYBURN WYKE—CLOUGHTON WYKE—SCALBY.

HE traveller who desires to see as much of the coast-line between Whitby and Scarborough as it is possible to see will do well to trust to his own powers of pedestrianism to carry him over the intervening space, and to be not too particular as to keeping a hard and fast line of route. There is a coast-line between the two towns, and a good deal of picturesque scenery, and many fine glimpses of the sea may be had from its trains as they creep round corners and glide down gradients of amazing steepness, and there is also a high-road, duly marked on the map as being fit for cycling upon, and therefore a sad disappointment to every cyclist who comes to try it. The pedestrian, having nothing to do with either cycles or trains, may turn down or up this lane or that as he pleases, and may explore cliffs and headlands at his own will. It is true that in leaving Whitby his powers of endurance will receive a stern test at the outset of his adventure, for he must climb the one hundred and ninety-nine steps leading from the town to the headlands near the church ere he can gain the summit of the cliffs, along which he will naturally desire to walk as much as possible. But his breath being duly recovered he will find himself immediately compensated for his pains by the beauty of his surroundings. Few bits of the



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

Yorkshire coast are more attractive than that lying immediately between Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay, whether seen from the sea itself, or from the top of the headlands. If the pedestrian chooses to do so he may descend to the beach at Saltwick, which lies in a cove, surrounded by magnificent masses of rock, but he will have to climb to the summit of the cliffs again, for the shore is impassable in the direction of Robin Hood's Bay. Further along the cliffs stands the Lighthouse, which shows a light twenty miles out to sea, and near it, on Ling Hill, there is a wonderful prospect of sea and land—the blue of the North Sea stretching away as it were for ever and ever on one side, and the land rolling out, with glimpses of abbey and castle, village and town, farmstead and church-tower, on the other, until its green and grey is mingled with the sky beyond the far-off line of hills and moors.

At Whitby Lathes, a little distance from the Lighthouse, one comes across another of those wonderful legends about Robin Hood which are somewhat frequently encountered in journeying through Yorkshire. It is gravely narrated that upon one occasion Robin Hood and his henchman, Little John, came to Whitby—probably in search of a night's lodging and cold victuals—and were handsomely entertained by the abbot and monks of St. Hilda, who no doubt found it dull work in their cells by the sea and

were glad of an occasional non-clerical guest. It would appear that there was some talk of archery, and it is safe to assume that Robin Hood and Little John boasted of what they could do with bow and arrow. However that may be, the abbot next morning had them up to the top of the tower and invited them to each discharge a bolt from that eminence. Each shot an arrow towards the south-east, and each arrow found a resting-place in the earth at Whitby Lathes. The abbot and monks were so full of admiration at this marvellous performance that they caused pillars and monuments to be erected at the spots where the arrows fell, and Charlton, one of the historians of Whitby, says that these were still standing in his day—about the middle of the eighteenth century. The meadow in which Robin Hood's pillars stood was known as "Robin's Field"; that wherein Little John's was erected was called "John's Field." It may be mentioned, as throwing some light upon this very interesting and marvellous legend, that the distance between Whitby Abbey, where the arrows were discharged, and the point at Whitby Lathes where they fell to earth is—to make a very modest computation—at least two statute miles.

It is worth while turning away from the path along the cliffs to pass through High and Low Hawsker, two villages in one, which in the old coaching days had something of a reputation as a point for changing horses. Here is the shaft of a cross which is supposed to mark the site of an oratory or cell built here about the twelfth century by one Asketil de Hawkesgarth, who afterwards became a monk of Whitby. There was regular service at this oratory by St. Hilda's monks until the Dissolution, but after that no religious provision appears to have been made for the folk of Hawsker until the present modern church was built. The connection of the place with the past is signified in the device over the door of the modern parsonage, which shows the arms of St. Hilda's Abbey, and its motto, and the name of the founder of the Norman oratory.

From Hawsker the traveller may proceed to the Mecca of this particular pilgrimage, Robin Hood's Bay, in several ways, but he will be best served if he goes on to Fyling Thorpe by the road and thence turns down into Bay Town. From Thorpe, now a great place for visitors, and abounding in new houses and lodging establishments, there is a magnificent view of the Bay with the little town lying half-hidden in its midst. Left and right rise the great promontories known as North Cheek and the Peak; in front stretches the sea, blue as a sapphire in summer, and grey as death in winter; down in the deep ravine that cuts through the cliffs rise the red roofs of one of the quaintest little towns in England. There is little wonder that—if legend be true—Robin Hood and his fellow-outlaws used to resort to this place for shelter from their enemies, for there are no other places on the coast wherein such absolute immunity from the outside world could be secured. Landward stretches mile upon mile of moor and hill, dangerous to cross at any time, and particularly so in winter; seaward



ROBIN HOOD'S TOWN

lies an ocean upon which landmen of Robin Hood's time would not readily venture. It is said that Robin Hood used to keep boats here, all ready for use, and that if he were unduly pressed he took to his boats and stood out to sea until his pursuers had wearied of the chase and gone elsewhere—a much more likely story than that of the arrows.

Everybody who sees the little town of Robin Hood's Bay for the first time is astonished by its peculiarities. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in her "Lazy Tours," speaks of it as "the strangest village it has ever been my fortune to behold." One of the best accounts of personal feeling on a first inspection of the quaint little village where all the houses seem to be tumbling over each other, is that of Mrs. Macquoid in her charming work, "About Yorkshire":—

"At the top of the descent," says Mrs. Macquoid, describing her entry into Bay Town, "our driver halted, and told us the road was so steep that it was customary to walk downhill. It is indeed a very steep road, and some distance down is crossed by a river on its way from the moor; this stream forms a ravine or gully, as these clefts are called, beside the road. The rocky sides of this cleft were in brilliant light, orange and rich reds and browns, with graceful wreaths of greenery clinging here and there; the farther side was walled in some places to support the houses, which looked as if they grew out of the rock, with their brown sides and slated

and red-tiled roofs above. Facing us, with its back to the sun, so that its steep gabled side was almost black with shadow, was a tall house that rose from the bottom of the gully and reached above the top of it. The road is terraced along one side of the gully, and leads down through the street to the bay itself ; but a bridge crosses the cleft where we had halted, and we found our way by this to the inaccessible-looking houses on the rock. These are built in a succession of narrow twisting alleys paved with irregular round stones, first a few stone cottages on either side, and then a flight of shallow grass-grown steps, with another flight at a sharp angle. At the corner of one of these alleys was a pump, the ground falling away from it on all sides, so that there was only space for one pitcher at a time to stand to receive water. We found as we went down that the whole town is built in these irregular passages, terraced one above another, with sudden, and often rugged, flights of steps connecting them. These steps start up unexpectedly, and the houses are often set at angles, turning away from one another as though they had quarrelled ; the corner thus left between the houses is irregularly paved with grass-grown pebbles. Outside the doors are wooden porches to keep off the wind, and we saw some with balconies gay with scarlet and blue jerseys hung to dry on the rails. Some of the balconies were gay with geraniums and nasturtiums, and leading down into the pebble-paved passage were quaint wooden stair-flights ; here and there a withered-faced old woman stood calling down to girls below, who were hanging clothes to dry across the passage. Going to the end of a pebble-paved passage we saw cottages clinging to the side of the steep cliff one above another, walls sometimes built up from below to support them ; in the chinks of these was an abundance of wallflower blossom. Everywhere huge nets were stretched out to dry. Rosy-cheeked children and pigs were plentiful, playing about promiscuously ; sometimes a small bit of garden is walled up above the pathway, and is gay with sweetwilliam and snapdragon. We crossed the steep street to the opposite side of the town, and began to mount the broken, grassed cliff ; on one side we found a steep flight of steps leading to the last cottage in the place. Its door stood open, a bit of fire on the hearth behind him showed a cobbler at work in a low-roofed tiny room. He looked as if he might have been sitting there for years, a bit of dark wrinkled still-life, seemingly unconscious of passers-by."

In a very interesting account of Robin Hood's Bay, written by the Rev. W. Dalton, there is an instructive explanation of how the town came to assume its present mystifying appearance :—

"Nowhere can a town be found so curiously built ; and yet nothing is so easily explained as the present higgledy-piggledy way in which the houses have been arranged. South of the town there was once a large field in which cattle grazed. All that remains is a mound, called Cow Field Hill, occupied by five houses and the ruins of two more, all the rest

having slipped away seawards, and been washed away by successive tides. Northwards were fields and pleasant cliff gardens of which the broken ground known as 'The Drying Ground' alone remains. Outside the line of the present cliffs seawards there used to be a road, leading up King Street and coming out of the Bank Top. This road and a group of houses on the seaward side of it went over the cliff with little warning, and the tide took possession. Formerly nearly every house was upon the northern side of the stream; the only exceptions being a few near to the becks on the opposite side. Most of these old buildings were held on 1000 years' leases, and instead of the young couples seeking 'fresh fields and pastures new,' it was customary for mother and daughter to remain beneath one roof as long as the number of 'rising hopes' permitted; and when increased accommodation became necessary the old folks preferred sacrificing a little yard or garden, upon which a three-roomed house could be put up, rather than the wives should lose that companionship which was so helpful during the long voyages of the breadwinners. They shared the little wash-kitchen; often one or two of the children slept with Granny, and sometimes the office and even utensils served for both houses. If still more room was needed, the bedrooms were divided, bedclosets were taken from the 'house' or sitting-room, and every plan possible was adopted to keep a family together. Naturally streets became passages, or rights-of-way, which in after years the handy sailors paved with pebbles, and thus we have the present town."

People who have become wearied of Scarborough or even of Whitby will find Robin Hood's Bay a veritable haven of peace. There is no place along the Yorkshire coast whereat one gets in such absolute touch with the sea as at Bay Town, and any man might be excused for dreaming away a whole summer's afternoon outside the parlour window of the quaint little inn which is literally buttressed against the onslaught of a winter's storm. They tell a story at that inn of the bowsprit of a ship having been driven through the parlour windows, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe it. Everything in Bay Town is full of the sea, and there were no doubt fisher-folk here "following the sea" before Robin Hood gave a new name to the place. Leland, coming here—how did he get here?—in 1536, found a fleet of twenty fishing-boats. The fishing trade here is not so prosperous as it once was, but the place is still sacred to the sea, and there are few of its people who do not derive their livelihood from the ocean in one way or another. The folk of the place are a peculiarly healthy, sturdy, clean set of independent bodies, with fearless eyes that look as if they were accustomed to gaze much on sea and sky. Oddly enough, considering their descent, there are few characteristic names amongst them, the only uncommon one noticeable in a glance through the local directory being that of Storm. The people hereabouts are very clannish, and much given to marrying within their own immediate circle.

They make much of the social aspects of weddings, christenings, and funerals, and are somewhat sentimentally minded, if one may judge by the aspect of the old churchyard, wherein are numerous epitaphs of an amusing character, and not a few inscriptions testifying to the lifelong devotion usually shown by Bay Town men to the sea. Here is an inscription on an old salt which paraphrases a much better known version :—

“Tho’ Boreas blast and Neptune waves
Hath toss’d me to and fro,
By God’s decree you plainly see,
I’m harboured here below.
But here I do at anchor ride
With many of our fleet,
And once again I must set sail,
My Saviour Christ to meet.”

In most versions “Saviour” is replaced by “Admiral,” sometimes by “Captain.” Another ancient mariner, regardless of the rules of grammar as taught by Lindley Murray, says of himself :—

“From raging storms at sea
The Lord He did me save,
And here my tottering limbs is brought
To moulder in the grave.”

Perhaps the most amusing epitaph of all is one on a lady who must have been a paragon of feminine virtue :—

“She was not puff’d in mind,
She had no scornful eye,
Nor did she exercise herself
In things that were too high.”

According to Mr. Dalton, whose little work on the town and its folk is a monument of patient and intelligent research and observation, the men of Robin Hood’s Bay used to do a little—perhaps a great deal of—smuggling. “Until the commencement of the present century,” observes Mr. Dalton, “all the population were engaged in the coast fisheries. Leland mentions Robin Hood’s Bay as ‘a fischar townlet of twenty boates’; and in 1816, when Whitby had only nine fishermen and three fishmongers, and when Scarborough had only three large five-men boats, this little town owned five of this class, and no fewer than thirty-five cobs, each at that time usually manned by three men. This gave one hundred and thirty regular fishermen; and besides these there were a large number employed during the herring season at various neighbouring ports, as well as boys who went in the town boats. Although this was a lucrative industry when accidents did not happen, the inhabitants had another string to their bow in the smuggling trade. The rocks and holds

were full of "stow-holes," into which the cargo of a good-sized lugger could disappear upon emergency ; and there was scarcely a house without its secret hiding-places, or false masonry, or something of this kind. There was little difficulty in getting the cargo ashore ; but in the distribution over the country, the smuggler had to reckon upon many a sharp affray, many a terrible adventure, many a trick, before the hollands, rum, silk, &c., could be finally landed at their destination. Sometimes, however, the lugger would be chased by the revenue cutter, and upon one occasion a bloody fight took place upon the waters of the Bay itself. In this "trade" the townspeople were ably assisted by the farmers living in the country, and by the alum-workers at Peak and Stoup Brow."

In continuing his journey southward, the traveller may take his choice of rail, road, or sea-beach, being always comforted that whichever way he goes, he will have to get over Stoup Brow before he can proceed downhill towards Scarborough. Stoup Brow is a mighty mass of land, rising to a height of about 900 feet above sea-level, and terminating at the southern extremity of Robin Hood's Bay in the vast promontory known as the Peak, or South Cheek. It is interesting and a little exciting to leave Robin Hood's Bay by the railway, because there is always the prospect of the line falling in, or the train refusing to act with its brakes, and then run away down one of the corkscrew curves, and there are some attractions on the road in the shape of Mill Beck, Fyling Hall, and Stoup Beck. If the tide is down, however, it is best to keep to the shore, and to climb to the top of Stoup Brow from the very bottom. Concerning Stoup Brow, Mr. Bigland remarks that nothing can be "more awfully grand" than the view from its summit, when a fog is rising from the sea. He also narrates a story of an event which happened on the road close by (the highway between Whitby and Scarborough) in 1809, and uses a good deal of common sense when he remarks of it that if it were not so well attested, it would not be believed. The story as he tells it is so marvellous as to be worthy of much preservation.

"On this road," says Mr. Bigland, "in the year 1809, there happened an accident of which the circumstances, were they not so well attested as to leave no room for doubt, would appear absolutely incredible. A lady and two young gentlemen travelling in a post-chaise to Scarborough, the driver on some occasion alighted, and the horses being left to themselves, immediately struck into a gallop. Before they had proceeded far, both the horses and chaise fell over the cliff, down a tremendous precipice of nearly 100 feet high, and of which about 40 feet next to the bottom is a perpendicular rock. Neither the horses, the chaise, nor the passengers, however, suffered any injury, except that the lady received a trifling scratch on the face, and the party immediately proceeded to Scarborough. In the month of July 1810, Henry Cook, Esquire, conducted the writer of this volume to the place where this singular accident happened, and to the

house of a respectable person who was a spectator of the whole transaction. The chaise turned over three times before it reached the bottom." If every detail of this story be true, this was certainly as wonderful an escape from death as ever was heard of, and the chief thing to regret is that we were not all there to see the chaise turn over three times in its descent. It is an exceeding pity that Mr. Bigland, or Henry Cook, Esquire, or the respectable person who was a spectator of the whole transaction, did not obtain the names of the lady and two young gentlemen who were thus spared; it would have been interesting to know how they did end eventually.

On the summit of the Peak, near the newly-established Ravenscar, tradition says that the Danes used to hoist a standard or flag bearing the device of a raven, and somewhere about the same spot there is little doubt that the Romans had some sort of a station. Charlton, the historian of Whitby, gives the following account of the finding of this stone, which is worth quoting because of his amusing endeavours to explain everything about it to his own particular satisfaction :—

"In the year 1774," he says, "Captain Child's workmen, on digging for the foundation of Ravenhill Hall, near the place where it is believed this flag (the Danish Reafen or Raven) stood, met with a stone at the bottom of some ruins, on which is the following inscription :

IVSTINIANVS PP
VINDICIANVS
MASBIERIVPR
M CASTRVM FECIT
A O

Which inscription," he continues, "I am of opinion ought to be read as follows, viz. :—

'Justinianus, Pater Patriæ, Vindelicianus,
Mauritanus, Africanus, Sarmaticus,
Britannicus, Imperator excellentissimus,
Romanorum, quator Prætor Maritimum
Castrum effecit ad navigantium opus.'

Which may be thus Englished : 'Justinian, the father of his country, the conqueror of the Vandals, Moors, Africans, Sarmatians, and Britons, the most excellent Emperor of the Romans, four times Prætor, built this maritime castle for the use of navigation.'

"This stone seems to have been the foundation-stone of a fort or castle, built during the reign of the Emperor Justinian, for the protection of the sea-coast here in Yorkshire; and by its situation on a promontory, or a headland, which may be seen at a great distance, seems also to have been intended for a watch-tower, or lighthouse, to direct ships at sea to steer a proper course, either for that place, for Flambrough Head, or for



THE PEAK

Whitby Harbour. It has been built on a square plat of ground, each side thereof extending about thirty yards in length, and probably continued standing there on the coast, till the arrival of Hungar and Hubba, who demolished it, that it might be no impediment to them afterwards in their march into the interior parts of Britain. Whether the model thereof was taken from the watch-tower at Streanshalh, or that at Streanshalh was really taken from this, seems difficult for us now to determine ; for, notwithstanding what I have already observed, it is possible they might both be the work of the Romans. And here I cannot help animadverting on the great mistake that all our historians have fallen into, who suppose with Gildas and Bede, that the Romans entirely quitted Britain, never more to return, about the year 426 or 427 ; seeing this stone and castle plainly prove that they were there above a hundred years after that period, viz., in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, who held the empire from the year 527 till the year 566. We will indeed readily allow that before the arrival of the Saxons, the Romans withdrew all their forces out of Britain ; but no sooner did Justinian assume the reins of government, than by means of Bellisarius, Narses, and his other victorious generals, he extended the Roman empire to its ancient limits, and even took in Britain, as this stone makes it demonstrably appear. Nay, further, if we allow B in the foregoing inscription to stand for Britannicus, we must own him to have been master of the whole island, and that both the Britons and Saxons were his vassals. Nor can I forbear observing that all the mighty feats and heroic actions which our historians fabulously ascribe to the British King Arthur, were, in my opinion, really the performances of the old Romans ; and that it was not Arthur, but this warlike people which reduced these newcomers, the Saxons, to so low an ebb, from which servile state, however, they soon recovered themselves after the death of Justinian ; for the Roman empire falling again into distraction, their garrisons were withdrawn from Britain, and the Saxons once more became masters of all they formerly possessed in England. This castle on Ravenhill seems to have been built in, or soon after, the year 534, for in that year it is certain Justinian was the fourth time Consul, and, most probably Prætor also, since those two dignities had then for many ages been almost always united together at Rome."

Dr. Young, another historian of Whitby, thought that the Roman fort on the Peak was one of a chain of forts erected along the coast for the purposes of defence against pirates and marauders from over seas. Phillips points out that if Justinianus was the officer who accompanied Constantine from Britain into Gaul in 407 or 408, the stone (which is now in the museum at Whitby) may be dated somewhat earlier. He further remarks that the name of Vindicianus is found on a sarcophagus discovered at Eastness, near Hovingham, and that of Valerius Vindicianus on a monument at Penrith.

Where the Romans built their stronghold above the edge of the North Sea there has of late years sprung into existence a new seaside resort under the name of Ravenscar. Its situation is perhaps unrivalled as regards boldness and the command of a sea view, for it hangs between sea and sky at an altitude of many hundred feet above the level of the former, and dominates the whole country round about. About the middle of the seventeenth century a Sir Bryan Cooke discovered alum here, and began to work it with excellent results to himself and to the people who dwelt hereabouts. After some time, however, the discovery of alum in other parts of the coast brought about a period of depression, and finally a conclusive cessation of the alum trade at the Peak, and the works—traces of which are still abundant—were closed. The next owner of the estate rebuilt the house which stood there in a commanding position, and added terraces and gardens to his property. Of late years this estate, known until then as Raven Hall, has passed into the hands of certain enterprising folk who have transformed the house into a modern hotel and laid the beginnings of a new watering-place. There are many features of Ravenscar which will commend it to visitors, especially to those who love comparative solitude, bold cliff scenery, and widespread views. Its terraces and hanging gardens are particularly fine, and the beach which lies far below it presents rare opportunities to the geologist. Round about Ravenscar, on the land side, there are several spots of great beauty. One of the prettiest



BEAST CLIFF

miniature glens of the neighbourhood is found in Tan Beck, a little valley full of luxuriant vegetation, while the moors stretching away towards the head of the Derwent are masses of colour when the heather



HAYBURN WYKE

and the gorse are in full bloom. On these moors in the neighbourhood of Stoup Brow are the mounds which the natives called Robin Hood's Butts for centuries, believing them to have been thrown up as targets by the famous outlaw. They are, of course, tumuli of early British origin, and certain of the remains taken from them may be seen in the museum at Scarborough. But the great glory of Ravenscar undoubtedly lies in its cliff scenery, and (to geologists) in the presence of a marvellous "fault," which throws up the strata northward quite four hundred feet.

Following the coast-line southward towards Scarborough the traveller soon comes across another fine piece of rock-scenery in Beast Cliff, a huge mass, or double mass, caused by a slip in long-past ages, which has made one enormous bulk overhang the sea, and left another behind it with a wild tangle of rocks, stunted trees, and fern lying between the two. In one part of this wilderness lies a mysterious-looking reedy pool ; in another a cataract, which the fishermen call *Waterslash*, and at which the old coasting vessels used to fill their water-casks in bygone days, falls over the cliff into the sea. In bygone days this spot was a favourite haunt of smugglers, and local tradition has it that there is treasure buried here. Whether there is treasure hid under Beast Cliff or not, it is certain that it



CLOUGHTON WYKE

harbours a considerable colony of foxes, who afford plenty of sport to the followers of the Stainton Dale Hounds close by. At Stainton Dale one comes across one of the old examples of privilege and concession. In the middle of the twelfth century Stephen granted the manor of Stainton Dale to the Knights Templars, on condition that they should there establish a church and chaplain, who was to perform his office every day, and make special intercession for the king and his successors. "And as it was a desert place," says Hinderwell, the historian of Scarborough, "they were also to entertain such poor people and travellers as passed that way, and to provide themselves with a good sounding bell and a horn ; and they were bound to ring the bell and blow the horn in the twilight of every evening, to give notice to the bewildered passenger whither he might repair to meet with hospitable lodging and entertainment." In consequence of this charter the freeholders of the dale claim exemption from tithes, tolls, and land tax, and by another from service on juries at assizes or sessions, and it was at one time a custom for the overseer to read the charter to the judge at assizes when any man had been so summoned to serve.

Between Stainton Dale and the coast-line runs a narrow rivulet called Hayburn Beck, which, after a brief course from the moors above, falls into

the sea at Hayburn Wyke, a recess or cove much visited by lovers of fine scenery. Here there is a hotel and much accommodation for visitors, and in summer both are taken great advantage of by folk staying in Scarborough. If one can see the place on a quiet day in early summer, its charms are undeniable. The cove through which the beck makes its last rush to the sea is full of rich vegetation, and is thickly canopied by oak, birch, pine, elm, and ash, and the course of the stream is made more attractive by the presence of numerous waterfalls and cataracts. There is still rare scenery of a fine sort at Cloughton Wyke, further southward. Round about Cloughton there are several matters of much historical and archaeological interest. On the moors surrounding the village are numerous tumuli. One, surrounded by a circle of stones, is 50 feet in diameter; in another, known as Pye Rigg, were discovered calcined bones, and some fragments of pottery; a third, called Rudda, contained a sepulchral urn. In the same parish British remains have been found from time to time, and a British village is supposed to have existed where the farmstead called Halleys now stands. There was here an ancient church, which has been restored of late years, and is now a cruciform building in the Early Decorated style. There are some remains of the former edifice in the walls and roof, but there are no monuments of any note save one in memory of a certain William Brown and his wife Priscilla, who during the seventeenth century spent seventy and three years "comfortably in wedlock." There is a much more ancient and interesting church in that of St. Lawrence at Scalby, on the highroad to Scarborough, though it, like most ancient churches in the county, has been thoroughly modernised. It appears to have been built soon after the Norman Conquest, for it was given by Eustace Fitz-John to the Prior of Bridlington about the middle of the twelfth century, and there is record of the induction of one Dixon as vicar in 1238. Scalby itself is mentioned in Domesday Book under the name of *Scallebi*, and was then a part of the manor of Falsgrave. That it was settled long before the Conquest is evident from the character of the remains found in the parish. In a tumulus opened here in 1843 were found urns, flints, and bones, which were removed to the museum at Scarborough, together with a curious earthen vessel discovered in the churchyard. A somewhat uncommon discovery was that of a girdle of pure gold, three feet long and two and a half ounces in weight, which was turned up in a field close to the village, and which was subsequently worn as one of her wedding adornments by the bride of the gentleman in whose land it had lain hidden so long.

CHAPTER LXVI

Scarborough and its Castle

SITUATION AND ASPECTS OF SCARBOROUGH—THE OLD TOWN AND ITS PRINCIPAL FEATURES—MODERN SCARBOROUGH—SCARBOROUGH IN HISTORY—THE RAID OF HAROLD HARDRADA—WILLIAM LE GROS AND SCARBOROUGH CASTLE—THE COMING OF THE FLEMINGS AND THE FRIARS—MERCER THE FREEBOOTER—SCARBOROUGH AND THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE—LELAND'S ACCOUNT OF SCARBOROUGH—SIEGES OF SCARBOROUGH CASTLE DURING THE CIVIL WAR—IMPRISONMENT OF GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER, AT SCARBOROUGH—MISTRESS FARROW AND THE SPA WATER—SAD OCCURRENCE OF DECEMBER 1773—SCARBOROUGH DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



HE traveller who has never seen Scarborough, and who desires to take his first glance at it under the most favourable conditions, must needs submit to a complete dislocation of whatever arrangements he may have made for his journey along the Yorkshire coast. There is only one way of seeing the full beauties and glories of Scarborough to perfection, and that is by first setting eyes on them from the sea. The man who is not pressed for time, and who cares nothing about expense, will see Scarborough to the best advantage if he carefully abstains from approaching it by land, charters a steamer, or, better still, a yacht, at Whitby or Bridlington, shuts himself up in the cabin thereof, and bids the captain to call him on deck when a middle point in Scarborough Bay is reached. It used to be a favourite device of persons who were taking friends to see the view from the top of Otley Chevin for the first time to conduct them thither from Guiseley, blindfold them just before the cottage on the summit was reached, and suddenly withdrawing the bandage, startle them with the magnificence of a mighty view of Wharfedale and its adjacent moors, spreading away at their feet and beyond the valley for hundreds upon hundreds of square miles. Some such method ought to be adopted in the case of persons who desire to see Scarborough



SCARBOROUGH FROM THE SEA—EVENING

for the first time. To enter Scarborough by rail is to commit an unforgivable offence against all the rules of taste and feeling: to approach it by road—even by the Filey road, from certain points of which there are fine views of it—is but a poor thing. An approach by way of the sea is the only fitting method which the true lover of fine scenery should use in drawing near to one of the most striking and beautiful coast scenes in Europe. The bay in which Scarborough is situated has been so often compared to the Bay of Naples that one gets somewhat wearied of the comparison, but one never wearies of the prospect of the bay itself, seen from any commanding position, and especially from the sea. The vast sweep of the bay, the magnificence of the promontory on which the Norman keep still rears its head, the bold outlines of Oliver's Mount, and the graceful lines of the buildings which form an enlarged semicircle from the new houses on the South Cliff to the red-roofed cottages lying under the Castle Hill, combine to make a picture which, without exaggeration, can rarely be seen along our English coasts. The beauty of Scarborough as seen from the sea seems to have struck people ages ago. One Foster, an eighteenth-century parson, was so much moved by it that he wrote a poem in blank verse about it, which was published by a bookseller of the town in 1765, and reprinted at York about forty years later. Whether he did full justice to his subject or not may be gathered from the following extract:—

“The gazing seaman here entranced stands,
 Whilst fair unfolding from her concave slope
 He Scarborough views. The sandy pediment
 First gently raised above the wat'ry plain,
 Embraces wide the waves, the lower domes
 Next lift their heads: then swiftly roof o'er roof,
 With many a weary step the streets arise,

Testudinous, till half o'ercome, the cliff,
 A swelling fabric dear to heaven aspires :
 Majestic even in ruin.

Nature here

Exhausted all her powers. For site she gave
 A mountain neighbour to the moon ; for walls
 A fertile cliff, whence down the boldest eye
 With dizzy horror looks ; for moat th' abyss
 Of boundless ocean spiked with guardian rocks,
 Then decked the mountain's top, a spacious mead,
 With ever-verdant robes, and taught a vein
 Of water, as updrawn by kindred clouds,
 Straining thro' porous sand its briny drops,
 To rise a dulcet well. The bulwark thus
 In strength consummate, next she kindly deigned,
 To wed it by a narrow neck of land,
 To Britain, Queen of freedom. She with pride
 Received the precious gift, and as some prince,
 Presented with an orient gem, inlays
 The precious prize in gold, begirt it round
 With lofty towers, that lusty still in age,
 Display their scarry fronts to distant leagues."

Foster's enthusiasm seems to have been of a much higher order than his poetry, and it is perhaps fortunate for Scarborough that he died ere she widened her borders and built more "testudinous" streets. His enthusiasm, however, is not merely pardonable, but quite understandable, and may be taken in honest justification of his extremely bad verse, which Mr. Bigland, following the fashion of his time, refers to as of an "elegant" and "fine" nature.

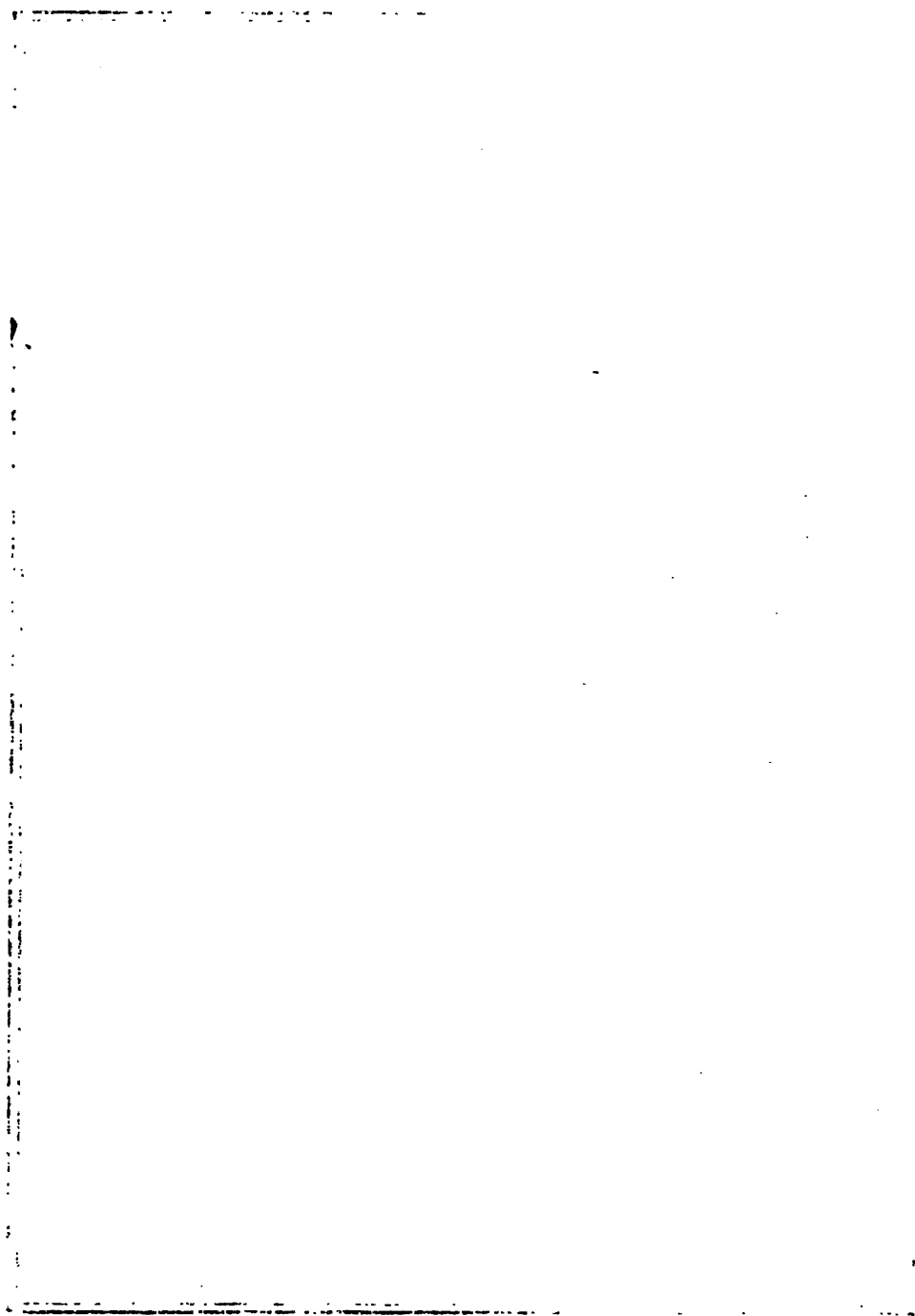
It should be remembered by those who at last set foot within the town that there are two Scarboroughs—the Scarborough which lies, a mass of red roofs and quaint gables and chimney-pots under the shelter of the Castle Hill, and the Scarborough which has sprung into existence in South Bay and North Bay alike, because of the ever-deepening inroad of visitors and pleasure-seekers. Thousands of people go to Scarborough every season who never see the real Scarborough at all. A certain district of the South Cliff, varied by excursions into the principal shopping streets of the town, or a journey to the cricket-ground on the north side, forms the happy hunting-ground in which they seek for amusement. Such folk turn up their noses if anybody should happen to point out to them from the vantage ground of the Spa terraces the little colony lying beyond the harbour. But the man who really loves Scarborough for what it is, and who wishes to feel himself standing where the folk of other days stood, wastes little time in the fashionable parts of the town. To him all the

attractions of Scarborough lie amidst the quaint streets, steep stairways, odd nooks and corners' and sea-sprayed wharves of the old town, and a pint of ale or a glass of grog at the "Three Mariners" is much more inviting than a bottle of champagne at the most exclusive hotel on the South Cliff. The great charm of Old Scarborough is that one—such a one, at any rate—never wearies of its infinite variety. One may wander for weeks about its streets and stairways and find something new every day. Between the harbour and the church, in short, lies a land of wonder, a veritable *terra incognita* to the searcher after rare things, and one's only regret after wandering through it, and after lounging about the piers and listening to the seafaring men who hang about them, is that one cannot sweep all the newer part of Scarborough completely out of existence, and leave the place as it was in the days ere people made pleasure their chief object in life, and cheap trips had become a foremost nuisance.

Of modern Scarborough it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it is in all respects exactly what it ought to be. Its hotels, restaurants, shops, boarding establishments, lodging-houses, and other visitor-attracting institutions, are of the first quality, and no one can fail to admire the perspicacity of the Scardeburgians who, being aware that their town was a valuable property, did, and are doing, their best to make it still more valuable. The only thing that seems lacking in Scarborough—that is when Scarborough is compared with other watering-places of equal rank—is the establishment of a casino whereat one might at least play *rouge-et-noir*. Apart from this slight deficiency, modern Scarborough can give the man of means and leisure everything that he needs in the way of luxury, pleasure, amusement, and sport, though as regards the last item, it would certainly add to the attractions of the place if a new racecourse were made, and a better class of horses brought together than that which used to be seen there a few years ago. There is also ample provision made at Scarborough for folk of less means and leisure. The pleasure-seeker here is classed in grades, and descends from the millionaire, who sets up a vast establishment for the most exclusive and fashionable weeks of the season, to the mill-hand of the West Riding, who comes by the cheap-trip, and spends one day at the seaside. Whether the cheap-tripper is a desirable visitor, is a question which every two men one meets will deal with in a different way. There is a good old Yorkshire—or it may be Lancashire—story which is told of the cheap-tripper in illustration of his reason for this annual visit to the sea. Two excursionists from one of the great industrial centres or mining districts arrived at—it may have been—Scarborough, and went down to the beach to bathe. One of them narrowly eyed his fellow, when they were duly prepared for entering the water. "By gow, Bill," he said at last, "thou is mucky!" "Aye," replied Bill unconcernedly. "Thou sees, I missed t' cheap trip last year." This is no doubt a highly ingenious fable, but people who have had the ill-luck to



The Herring Fleet, Scarborough.



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THE NORTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH

spend much time at Scarborough during the season, and have known of cheap trips arriving in close succession for several hours of the early morning, to discharge thousands upon thousands of curious-looking specimens of the human race upon the pavements of Westborough, will know of some weighty reasons for believing it to be strictly true.

There were no cheap-trippers, and there was no modern Scarborough to attract them in the days when Scarborough's history first began. There is strong presumptive evidence that it was not only well known to the Romans but occupied and fortified by them, and Hinderwell's theory that their line of landward defence began at Oliver's Mount, and extended around the present town, seems full of reason and probability. The real history of the town, however, begins in Saxon times, and is mixed up with Harald Hardrada and Tostig. The place was then called *Scardeburgh*, which Camden explains as meaning *a fortress upon a rock*. Here, in the fateful and eventful year 1066, came Harald Hardrada and Tostig with their Northmen, following out the campaign which was soon to end for them at Stamford Brig. Harald and Tostig, coming over seas, landed first on the shores of Cleveland, harried Whitby and wasted the land thereabouts, and were then driven off, with considerable loss to themselves, by the Northumbrians. Coming southward along the coast, they fell upon Scarborough and wrought great damage on the town and its folk, the manner of their so doing being thus set forth in the *Heimskringla*.

“ ‘Sidan lagdi hann til Skardaborgar, oc bardiz þar vid borgarmenn ; hann geek uppa bergit þat, sem þar verdr, oc let þar göra bal mikit, oc leggja i elld. Eun er balit logadi, toko þeir forka stora, oc skuto balino ofar i bæinn, oc tok þa at brenna hvert hus af ödro gafz þa up alla stadrinn ; drapo Nordmenn þar mart manna, eun toko fe allt þat er þeir fengo.’ ”

Which might, says Phillips, “be more nearly expressed in the Yorkshire dialect than in the ordinary English which follows :—

“ ‘Sithence he lay to at Scarborough, and fought there with the burghermen ; he ascended the hill which is there, and caused a great pyre to be made there, and set on fire. When the fire spread, they took great forks, and threw the brands on the town ; and when one house took fire from another, they gave up all the town. The Northmen slew many people, and seized all that they found.’ ”

From the effects of this assault Scarborough appears to have been still suffering when William of Normandy established himself upon the throne. It was a place of so little importance at the time of the Domesday Survey, that it is not even mentioned in the Book, though there is a full account there of the manor of Falsgrave, now a suburb of Scarborough. Little appears to have happened at Scarborough until the middle of the twelfth century, when William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, either built or enlarged the castle. There is some doubt about the exact beginning of this fortress.

The earliest account known of it is that of William of Newburgh, a monkish chronicler of the time, who gives the following particulars of it :—

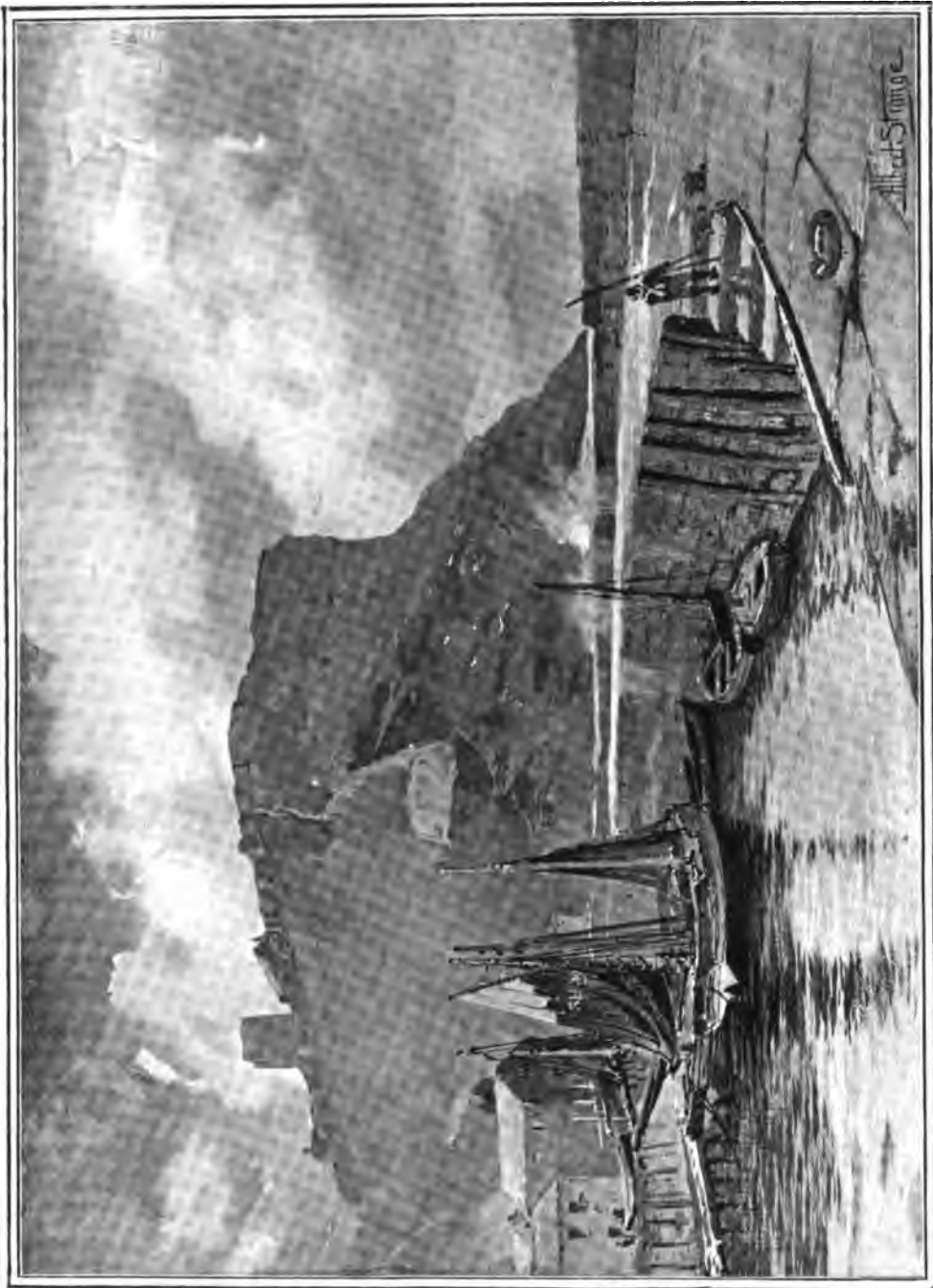
“A rock of wonderful height and bigness, and inaccessible by reason of steep crags almost on every side, stands into the sea, which quite surrounds it, but in one place, where a narrow slip of land gives access to it on the west. It has on the top a pleasant plain, grassy and spacious, of many acres, and a little well of fresh water springing from a rock in it. In the very entry, which puts one to some pains to get up, stands a stately tower, and beneath the entry the town begins, spreading its two sides north and south, and carrying its front westward, where it is fortified by a wall, but on the east is fenced by that rock where the castle stands ; and lastly, on both sides of the sea. William le Gros, observing this place to be fitly situated for building a castle on, increased the natural strength of it by a very strong work, having enclosed all the plain upon the rock with a wall, and built a tower in the entrance. But this being decayed, and fallen by the weight of too much age, King Henry II. commanded a great and brave castle to be built upon the same spot.”

It is very probable that William le Gros found some sort of stronghold here and considerably strengthened and added to it, and that upon Henry II. depriving him of it the latter still further enlarged and fortified the original building. According to Mr. Baker the original height of the tower was 120 feet, and it was surrounded by an embattled parapet ; its walls were 12 feet in thickness, and it was divided into vaulted storeys, each of considerable size. That the place was of great strength is abundantly evident to the most careless observer. It was practically impregnable from every side, and the area enclosed by its fortified wall on the town side and the edge of the precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea is nearly twenty acres.

While its castle was rising Scarborough appears to have been recovering whatever prosperity it possessed when Harald came and threw burning brands upon the houses of its “borgarmenn.” It increased considerably in population during the times of the Plantagenets, both Norman and Plantagenet monarchs having bestowed charters for the holding of fairs and markets upon it. To these fairs in due time came numerous Flemings from Ghent, trading in various commodities, and it appears highly probable that they settled down here and gave a further impetus to trade. The population and prosperity of the place had increased so much by the time of Edward I. that in 1282 it began to send two members to Parliament, and continued to do so until 1865, when the two were reduced to one. A further development of the life of the town was caused early in the thirteenth century by the coming of the Dominicans and Franciscans, who set up religious establishments in its midst. The Cistercians were already there, and had been in charge of the parish church, under the shadow of the castle, since the time of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Various events of more or less historical importance happened at Scarborough during succeeding centuries. At the castle in 1312 Piers Gaveston was arrested by the Barons, who, finding the place impregnable, sat down before it until they starved its garrison into capitulation. Six years later came Black Douglas, burning and pillaging, and laid half the town in ashes. In 1377 Scarborough and its folk had a notable adventure in connection with one Mercer, a pirate or freebooter, who had been made prisoner on the high seas, brought to Scarborough, and there safely lodged in the castle. In order to release him his son got together a small fleet, in which were numerous foreign craft and crews, sailed into Scarborough Bay, seized several ships and vessels lying in the harbour, and carried them off to sea. One Philpot, a merchant of London, hearing of this, fitted out a fleet of his own, and pursuing the marauder, recaptured the lost vessels and fifteen of the pirate ships. A still more important event in the history of the town was the siege of it and the castle by Sir Robert Aske and his co-religionists of the Pilgrimage of Grace, in 1536. The castle was at that time governed by Ralph Evers, a member of a well-known family of those parts; and although his garrison was but few in numbers and his stock of provisions very inadequate, he managed to keep the stronghold intact, and finally saw his assailants withdraw after he and his men had for some days been living on bread and water. In consequence of this siege a survey was made of the defences of the castle in 1538, the account of which is still preserved at Westminster. It contains a careful summary of the various repairs necessary to be done and of the then condition of the towers, walls, and other parts of the place, and points out that "ye stone to be hadd for reparaciones is at a place by ye se side called Haburn Wyke," that rough stone and lime abounded in plenty on the "Castle Clyffe," and that timber and slate might be obtained at "Rayn Cliff" and "Sawdon Moore" respectively.

It was about this time that Leland came to Scarborough, and his account of what he found there seems to show that the town in the middle of the sixteenth century was only of small extent, and lay along the sides of the hill between Newborough and the Harbour. "Scardeburg," says he, "where it is not defended by the Warth and the Se, is waullid a little with ston, but most with ditches and wauls of yerth. In the toune to entre by land be but two gates; Newburgh Gate meately good, and Aldeburgh Gate very base. The toune stondith hole on a slaty clife, and shoith very faire to the se side. There is but one paroch church in the toune of our ladie, joyning almost to the castelle; yt is very faire, and isled on the sides, and crosse isled, and hath three auncient towres for belles, with pyramides on them, whereof two toures be at the weste ende of the church, and one in the middle of the crosse isle. There is a greate chapelle by side, by the Newburgh Gate. There were in the toune three howsis of freres gray, blacke and white. At the south-est point of Scarburgh toune, by the



CASTLE HILL AND HARBOUR, SCARBOROUGH

shore, is a bulwark, nowe yn ruine by the se rage, made by Richard the Thirde, that lay awhile at Scardeburg Castelle ; and beside began to waul a pece of the toun quadrato Saxo—*i.e.* squared stone. Ther cummith, by south este of the bulwark, a rill of fresch water, and so goith into the se. I hard ther of an old mariner that Henry the First gave grete privilege to the Toun of Scardeburge. The peere whereby socour is made for shippes, is now sore decayed, and that almost in the middle of it."

There was more fighting at Scarborough in 1554, when Thomas, son of the Earl of Strafford, and one of Sir Thomas Wyatt's adherents in the rebellion which the latter instigated against Queen Mary because of the Spanish marriage, contrived to siege the castle by strategy. He brought his men into the town disguised as countrymen coming to market, and on a given signal surprised the sentinels, overpowered the garrison, and seized the place. This affair gave origin to the proverb "A word and a blow, like a Scarborough warning." Strafford was soon turned out of the castle by the loyalist troops under the Earl of Westmoreland, and being conveyed to London, shared the fate of his fellow ring-leaders. When the Civil War broke out in 1642 Scarborough Castle was held for the king by Sir Hugh Cholmley, who in the following year successfully repulsed an attack made upon the place by the Parliamentarians under Sir John Hotham. In 1644 began a siege which lasted until nearly the end of July in the following year. Four hundred loads of corn had been brought into the castle, but its garrison soon seems to have suffered great privation, and the loss of life was considerable. According to a work dealing with the siege, which is now in the British Museum, the officers and soldiers of the garrison were so weakened by privation and scurvy, when the castle was surrendered on honourable conditions to the Parliament, that many of them could not walk. The indignation of the townsfolk against Sir Hugh Cholmley for his uselessly continued resistance was so great that there was some talk of the women stoning him in the streets.

In 1665 Scarborough Castle received George Fox, the famous Quaker, as a prisoner. He was brought there from Lancaster Castle by a guard of soldiers and imprisoned in King Charles's Tower, and, according to his own account of his adventures there, his experiences were anything but satisfactory. In the first quarters in which he was placed he suffered from smoky fires ; in the second he had no fire at all, and was half-starved to death ; in the third there were such cracks in the roof that the rain came through and obliged him to bale out the pools which it formed as a mariner bales a leaking boat. Further, those who had him in charge gave him precious little to eat, a threepenny loaf having to last him as many weeks as there were pence in the price ; and he had a grievous cause of complaint against his custodians in the fact that they mixed objectionable drugs with the water which they gave him. However, a time came when the king became persuaded that George Fox "was a man principled



HERRING FLEET, SCARBOROUGH

against plotting and fighting and ready at all time to discover plots rather than to make them," wherefore he granted him a free pardon, and Sir Jordan Crossland, the governor of the castle, gave him a passport affording him safe conduct wherever he chose to go.

Some forty-five years before Master Fox came here to suffer for his religious notions, an event had happened in Scarborough which proved to be one of those "sma' beginnings" which often result in great endings. What that event was let Mr. Hinderwell describe in the grandiloquent and inimitable fashion of his time:—

"Mrs. Farrow, a sensible and intelligent lady, who lived at Scarbrough about the year 1620, sometimes walked along the shore, and observing the stones, over which the waters passed, to have received a russet colour, and finding it to have an acid taste, different from the common springs, and to receive a purple tincture from galls, thought it probably might have a medicinal property. Having, therefore, made an experiment herself, and persuaded others to do the same, it was found to be efficacious in some complaints, and became the usual physic of the inhabitants. It was afterwards in great reputation with the citizens of York, and the gentry of the county, and at length was so generally recommended, that several persons of quality came from a great distance to drink it; preferring it before all the others they had formerly frequented, even the Italian, French, and German spaws."

If Mrs. Farrow had never discovered the "spaw" water it is just possible that Scarborough might not have attained its present pre-eminence. Folk came here to drink the mixture which, according to the analyses of the experts, contains all manner of chemical matters, and it is much more than probable that they took a healthy dislike to it, and a hearty liking to the scenery which surrounded the stones of a russet colour. It is not generally observed, nowadays at any rate, that the people who frequent Scarborough are as devotedly attached to the "spaw" waters as to other liquids which may be obtained in the refreshment-room of the adjoining saloon. Nevertheless the worthy Mrs. Farrow's excursions along the shore in 1620 may confidently be asserted to have been an indirect cause of bringing thousands of folk into the town in 1900.

They made a house for this "compound of vitriol, iron, alum, nitre, and salt" about 1700, but ere forty years had elapsed a sad occurrence gave considerable trouble to the Scarborough folk who were interested in it.

"An unfortunate accident happened in December 1737," says Cook in his "Topographical Description of Yorkshire," "by which this remarkable spa had like to have been lost. It is situated, as we before observed, about a quarter of a mile from the town, on the sands, and fronting the sea to the east, under a high cliff; the back of it, west: the top of the cliff being above the high water level fifty-four yards. The staith or wharf projecting before

the spa-house, was a large body of stone-work bound by timbers, and was a fence against the sea for the security of the house. It was seventy-six feet long and fourteen feet high, and in weight, by computation, 2463 tons. The house and buildings were upon a level with the staith, at the north end of which and near adjoining to it, upon a small rise above the level sands, and at the foot of the stairs that lead up to the top of the said staith, and to the house, were the spa wells. On Wednesday, December 28, in the morning, a great crack was heard from the cellar of the spa-house, and, upon search, the cellar was found rent ; but, at that time no farther notice was taken of it. The night following another crack was heard ; and in the morning the inhabitants were surprised to see the strange posture it stood in, and got several gentlemen to view it, who, being of opinion the house could not stand long, advised them to get out their goods ; but they still continued in it. On Thursday following, between two and three in the afternoon, another crack was heard, and the top of the cliff behind it rent two hundred and twenty-four yards in length, and thirty-six in breadth, and was all in motion, slowly descending ; and so continued till dark. The ground thus rent contained about an acre of pasture land, and had cattle feeding upon it, and was on a level with the main land, but sunk near seventeen yards perpendicular. The sides of the cliff nearest the spa stood as before, but were rent and broken in many places, and forced forward to the sea. The ground, when sunk, lay upon a level, and the cattle next morning were still feeding on it, the main land being as a wall on the west, and some part of the side of the cliff as a wall to the east ; but the whole, to view, gave such a confused prospect, as could hardly be described. The rent of the top of the cliff aforesaid, from the main land, was two hundred and twenty-four yards. The rent continued from each end down the side of the cliff to the sands, was measured on the sands from one end to the other, one hundred and sixty-eight yards : to wit, sixty-eight south of the staith and spa wells, and one hundred to the north of the spa. As the ground sunk, the earth or sand, on which the people used to walk under the cliff, rose upwards out of its natural position, for above one hundred yards in length, on each side of the staith, north and south ; and was in some places six, and in others seven, yards above its former level. The spa wells rose with it ; but as soon as it began to rise, the water at the spa well ceased running, and was gone. The ground thus risen was twenty-six yards broad ; the staith, which was computed at 2463 tons, rose, entire and whole, twelve feet higher than its former position (but rent a little in the front), and was forced forwards towards the sea twenty yards."

There are people in existence to whom it would have been a matter of no moment or importance if the "spaw" water had disappeared for ever, but history records that it came to the surface of things once more and helped to advance Scarborough to a foremost position amongst English watering-places.

During the eighteenth century the fame of Scarborough as a seaside resort spread considerably, and by 1777 it had become famous enough to warrant Sheridan in writing his "Trip to Scarborough." In spite of the poor travelling facilities of those days people came from all parts of the country to test the virtues of the "spaw" water and the freshness of the sea breezes. Then began the building of inns and lodging-houses, and the spread of the town from its sheltered position beneath the Castle Hill along the North and South Bays. Meanwhile its trade was also increasing. Its pier and harbour were enlarged and strengthened in 1732, and it appears to have had a considerable trade from that time to the end of the century. Of its development during the nineteenth century an entire volume might be written. There is, perhaps, no seaside resort in the British Isles, possibly in the world, whereat there is such accommodation and provision for all classes of visitors as the Scarborough of to-day affords. Its boundaries have widened to an extent which would surprise Mistress Farrow or Mr. Hinderwell if those worthies could come to life once more, and its scenes of gaiety and pleasure during the height of the season are of a nature and quality which would occasion much amazement in the minds of its eighteenth-century devotees could they return from the grave and behold them. Everything, indeed, has altered in Scarborough save the magnificent sweep of its bays, its frowning promontory (and even that is being spoiled by the attempted construction of a marine drive which is quite unnecessary and will probably never be finished) and certain bits of the old town. To the great majority of people who visit it, it gives a new lease of life, and if it were more generally known how bracing and invigorating its winter winds are, there would certainly be a "season" there in January as well as in September. Its claim to call itself the Queen of Watering-Places is founded on sound reasons, but it has a better claim to the admiration of the lover of ancient things in its possession of the quaint cluster of old houses rising in terraces between the blue sea and the grey old church, and in the fact that near the time-worn walls of the latter rests all that was mortal of the immortal Ann Brontë.

CHAPTER LXVII

The Coast from Scarborough to Flamborough

ALTERNATIVE ROUTES: BY THE BEACH AND BY THE COAST ROAD —
OLIVER'S MOUNT: A FINE POINT OF VANTAGE — WHITE NAB —
CARNELIAN BAY — CAYTON BAY — GRISTHORPE CLIFF — FILEY — FILEY
BRIG — HUNMANBY — REIGHTON — SPEETON — BEMPTON — SPEETON AND
BEMPTON CLIFFS — CLIMBING FOR SEA FOWLS' EGGS — THE DANES'
DYKE — R. D. BLACKMORE AND "MARY ANERLEY" — FLAMBOROUGH —
WHITE'S ACCOUNT OF THE FLAMBOROUGH FISHER-FOLK FIFTY YEARS
AGO — THE LIGHTHOUSE — FLAMBOROUGH HEAD — THE CAVERNS —
A WINTER STORM AT FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.



HERE are two ways by which the coast-line lying between Scarborough and Bridlington may be followed with almost equal advantage. One lies along the beach and sands at the foot of headland and cliff; the other along the coast-road which connects the two ports, and is scarcely ever far away from sight or sound of the sea. The first route has the great advantage of affording magnificent prospects of the cliffs and rocks, and giving many opportunities to the geologist; but it should be remembered by all who undertake it that due regard must be paid to the incoming of the tide, and that while there are several stretches of the shore which are nearly impassable, there are others which are entirely so, and necessitate a deviation from the route. All things considered, the traveller will do well to follow the highroad. It is not an ideal road for the cyclist, for it follows the contour of the land, and is perpetually descending into valleys or climbing up the sides of hills, but the pedestrian could desire nothing more entrancing than the exhilaration which he will gain from the magnificent views stretching on either side — views, broad and sweeping, of the North Sea on one hand, and of the Hills and Wolds and the valleys lying beneath them on the other. From this road, too, such deviations may be made as strike the pedestrian's fancy, either towards the coast, or into the villages lying inland. He may turn through the low woods clustering above White Nab to explore Carnelian

Bay and Cayton Bay, or away from the road on his landward side to wander through the farming villages lying almost at the foot of the Wolds; he will naturally leave the direct route to make acquaintance with Filey, its Bay and its Brigg, and he will forsake it again ere it drops down to Bridlington and its fine old Abbey church, to terminate this stage of his journey in the neighbourhood of Speeton, Bempton, and Flamborough. It would certainly add to the traveller's knowledge of this stretch of the Yorkshire coast if he further made acquaintance with it from the deck of a yacht or a fishing-boat: in no other way, indeed, is it possible to obtain an adequate notion of the cliff scenery in the neighbourhood of Flamborough, or of the grandeur of the Head which forms the most prominent object between Tees and Humber.

It is well worth the pedestrian's while in setting out along the highway between Scarborough and Bridlington, to commence his labours with the somewhat formidable task of climbing to the top of that prominent feature of Scarborough, commonly known under the name of Oliver's Mount. This vast circular mound—as it appears to be when viewed from most parts of the town—is in reality the termination of a long spur of high ground which runs in a north-easterly direction from the neighbourhood of Seamer, and is bounded by two valleys of uncommon natural beauty—Ramsdale and Deepdale. Its original name was Weaponness; its present title appears to have been gained through a mistaken local notion that Oliver Cromwell planted his cannon upon it when he destroyed the castle. It is a stiff climb to its summit (500 feet above sea-level) from the Ramshell road, if anything like a direct route is taken, but the unsound of wind may ascend by the carriage road. Once arrived on the plateau at the top, a magnificent view expands before the eye. It stretches from the high ground on Fylingdales Moor on the north, to Flamborough Head on the south, and from far out at sea on the east to beyond the Vale of Pickering on the west. From it, too, the traveller may, if he pleases, see something of White Nab, of Carnelian Bay, and of Cayton Bay and of Red Nab, without fatiguing himself by descending to them. They lie far below him, the Nabs projecting into the sea, the bays making deep sweeping semicircles into the land. White Nab is well worthy, however, of a personal visit, because of the wild character of its rocks, and there is always some chance of finding something in the shape of agate, jasper, or carnelian in the little bay lying to the southward of it. Cayton Bay is chiefly noticeable for its long wide sweep and for the colouring of the headlands approaching Red Nab. At Cayton village, lying well inland from the head of the cliffs, there is a rather interesting church with a fine Norman doorway and some other Norman features, but folk who have followed the shore from White Nab will do well to continue their exploration along Gristhorpe Bay as far as the Dyke, instead of turning landward at Cayton Waterworks. At Gristhorpe the headlands rise to the height of nearly 300 feet, and their stratification is of



FILEY BAY

great interest to the geologist. Above them, many years ago, the burial-place of an early Briton was opened. "A receptacle in the middle of this mound," says Phillips, "contained a coffin made of a large split log of oak, full of water, in which lay the skeleton of the warrior, with a small portion of adipocere derived from his flesh, and several objects which were dear to him in life. The coffin was 7 feet 6 inches long, by 3 feet 3 inches extreme breadth; it was ornamented by a rudely-carved human face, and lay in a direction from north to south. The greatest internal measures were 5 feet 4 inches long, 2 feet 7½ inches broad, and 1 foot 3 inches deep." In this receptacle were found bronze, flint, bone, horn, and wooden ornaments and weapons, and a basket of wicker-work made of bark, all of which were transferred to the museum at Scarborough.

There is little of note in Gristhorpe village, and most travellers will hasten on to Filey, which lies a little off the direct highroad and possesses a peculiar importance in the fact that it is situate as regards one part of it in the North Riding, and as regards the other, in the East. The dividing line is a picturesque, thickly wooded ravine, leading to the sea, and having the fine old church on its northern bank and the modern town on its southern. Half a century ago Filey was a fishing village of little importance. It was in a transition state when White visited it and found its folk building new hotels and lodging-houses, and generally preparing it for the coming of the visitors who have since come in considerable numbers; nowadays it is a resort of an established and securely-founded reputation. There is little wonder that it should have attained to the front rank amongst the quieter seaside resorts. The fine bay which stretches before it is nine miles

across ; the sands are extensive, smooth, and firm ; it possesses, like Scarborough, a mineral water, which is reputed to be good for dyspeptics and nervous folk ; and its Brigg, a long, massive stretch of mighty rock, running out into the sea, is a never-failing attraction. It affords exceptional opportunities for boating and fishing, and for giving newly-married couples, old maids, and young children the quietude necessary to their respective conditions. As to its history, that chiefly lies in the far-away ages, and in the very recent ones. For a long time those learned in such matters have disputed much as to whether Ptolemy was talking about Filey Bay or Dunsley Bay when he drew attention to his famous *εὐλιμενος κόλπος* ; it is, however, quite certain, according to an account of some excavations, made here about forty years ago, which was published in the *Transactions of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society*, that the Romans had a station or camp here at some period of their occupation. What went on in the place during subsequent periods of our history there is little evidence to show, but it was visited by both Camden and Leland. It appears to have been little more than a fishing-village until recent times, and fishing is still the principal pursuit of its men-folk, the incoming of whose boats, with a good harvest, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. But it also fishes for visitors and gets them, and having stored them in its various hotels, lodging-houses, and apartments, sends them away refreshed, even if their pockets are somewhat lighter than when it laid hands on them.

The great attraction at Filey is without doubt the long ridge, causeway, or reef of rocks which Leland called "Philaw Bridge," and which Camden somewhat misleadingly describes as "a thin slip of land, such as the old English called *file*, from which the little village Filey takes its name." It stretches out into the sea for several hundreds of yards, from the termination of the Bay at its northern extremity, and forms a barrier against which the waters of the North Sea always fret, and over which they sometimes pour with magnificent fury. Here, in the nooks and crevices, the naturalist may find molluscs, radiata, corallines, and other flotsam and jetsam of sea-life in profusion. Here, too, are seen the most striking and curious results of the continual action of the water upon the rocks. A bell, fixed at the extremity of the ridge, gives forth a mournful sound as it is agitated by the rising and falling of the waves, and adds a sense of eeriness to the entire scene, which in winter is strikingly wild and weird. When a north wind is blowing and the waves come roaring over the reef to break into mighty clouds of spray on its giant rocks, a sight is presented to the eye which is certainly unique so far as the coast of Yorkshire is concerned.

The parish church of Filey, which stands on an eminence overlooking the bay, affords some evidence that the place must have been of, at any rate, some little importance during the centuries in which it was built. It consists of chancel, nave, with north and south aisles, transepts, and a south porch, and has an embattled and pinnacled tower, rather diminutive



FILEY BRIGG

in elevation, rising from the intersection. It is dedicated to St. Oswald, and was given by Walter de Gant, or Gaunt, to the Prior and monks of Bridlington. It was restored at considerable cost in 1886, but there are several traces of its Norman origin remaining in the nave and in other parts of the church, and there is an ancient Norman font at the west end. The circular arches and massive pillars of the nave are remarkable, and the strength of the two western pillars which are clustered, seems to argue that there must have been a western tower here, or that there was some idea of building one. The sedilia and piscina in the chancel are noteworthy, but there is little of note in the interior of the church save a fine east window of modern stained glass, and a curious antique figure of the patron saint, which is built into the wall of the south aisle.

Folk who love ancient churches, set in the midst of villages of pleasing and interesting character and aspect, will do well to turn aside to Hunmanby as they journey along towards Flamborough. Hunmanby is a picturesque village of some pretensions to size and with some historical and literary associations. Its name seems to be of pure Danish origin—the *house of the dog man*—and it was probably the place whereat hounds were kept for the purpose of hunting the wolves which overran the district. Within the parish there was in early times—existing, indeed, until the reign of Henry VI.—a hospital for the accommodation of travellers whose safety was threatened by wolves, and which, according to Dugdale, was tenanted by a governor and fourteen brothers and sisters whose duty was to aid such travellers as they best could. Gilbert de Gant, or Gaunt, had rights of life and death here, and no doubt hanged many a man where the old market-cross and the stocks still adorn the village green. There appears to have been something in the nature of a fortified house or castellated

mansion here at one time ; Hunmanby Hall, itself an ancient structure, occupies the site of this and was formerly the seat of the famous family of Osbaldiston, whose members are commemorated by a monument in the church. The latter, consisting of nave, north aisle, chancel, and tower, has several traces of its Norman origin, and some other features of interest, amongst the most notable of which are the shields commemorating the early lords of the manor. Fiddes, the author of a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, was a native of Hunmanby, and one of its vicars ; and the rebuilder of its vicarage in the early years of the nineteenth century was Francis Wrangham, a man of great learning and ripe scholarship, and the possessor of a particularly fine library, which, according to one of his visitors, occupied all the available room in the house from the cellars to the attics.

Old as the church of Hunmanby is, there is a much more ancient bit of ecclesiastical architecture at Reighton, a smaller village on the highroad leading to Bridlington. It is said by some authorities to be of Saxon origin ; by others, of Norman. The low, round-headed doorway, with plain mouldings, the circular classical arch and the heavy piers and arches which divide the nave from the aisles are not dissimilar to those of Lastingham, and the square font, richly ornamented, seems to be undoubtedly Saxon. The floor space of the church is paved with pebbles from the adjacent shore, and in its diminutive tower hangs a bell which is dated 1012. There is a Norman chancel arch in the old church of Speeton, a village occupying an elevated position above the headlands and the surrounding country, and undoubtedly serving at one time as a look-out port. Here was a beacon, the light of which must have been seen far out at sea and far away across the moors and wolds. At Bempton, nearer Flamborough, the chief object of interest is an ancient British village of some sixty pit-dwellings, ranged in irregular rows. Some of these dwellings are paved, and many of them have yielded a harvest to the archæologist in the shape of weapons and ornaments.

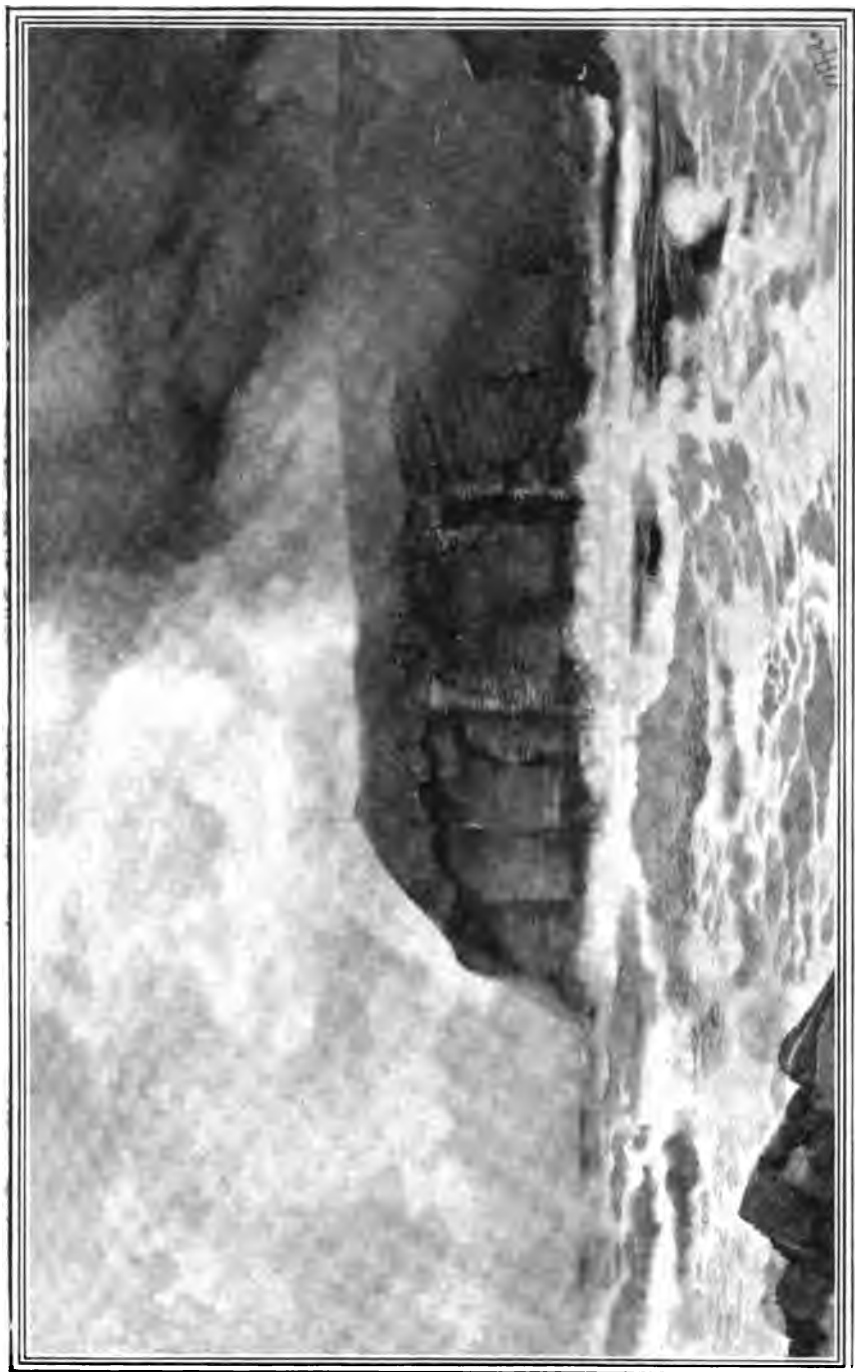
The great attraction of the villages of Bempton and Speeton is found in the magnificent stretch of headland which, under the names of Bempton, Buckton, and Speeton Cliffs, runs high above the sea for a considerable distance. These cliffs are rich in fossils, and they are still richer in bird life. All the way from Speeton to Flamborough thousands upon thousands of birds congregate in the crevices of the chalk and clay, and when undisturbed sit in apparently endless rows along the ledges. For a period which goes back more years than the local inhabitants can remember it has been the custom of the folk hereabouts to descend the cliffs in order to gather the eggs of these birds. This performance, which is known as "cliff climbing" rather than as "cliff descending," is in greatest force about the beginning of June. A friend of the writer, Mr. C. E. Rhodes, himself an ardent naturalist, who visited the cliffs a few years ago and made himself personally acquainted with the method of gathering the eggs, has

furnished him with the following account of the scenes which are annually witnessed at Bempton and Speeton by large numbers of people:—"I travelled to Bempton," says Mr. Rhodes, "in the early part of June 1893, intending to secure some specimens of sea-birds' eggs for my collection, and if possible to gather them from the cliffs myself. The morning was very fine and bright, and the view on reaching the edge of the cliffs was magnificent and even awe-inspiring. The sea was liberally dotted with ships whose sails shone white or red in the morning sun, and the colouring of the cliffs was extremely fine and impressive. But what attracted me most was the presence of thousands of birds swimming in the water hundreds of feet below, flying about in mid-air, perched in long rows in the ledges and crevices of the cliffs, and all keeping up a continual crying and chattering. I had gone there to meet two well-known gatherers of eggs, Messrs. Wilkinson and Marr, and after a time I found them pursuing their work. The *modus operandi* necessitates the presence of four men—one to descend the cliff and three to manage the ropes. On the edge of the cliff is fixed an iron wheel over which runs a stout rope, well-greased. This rope is held and controlled by three men; the fourth is attached to it by two strong leathern straps, fixed about the upper part of his thighs, in which he sits as in a cradle. He grasps a signal rope in one hand, and round his shoulders carries a bag—something like that carried by game-keepers—for the purpose of storing the eggs. On going over the edge of the cliff great care is taken to keep the back to the sea and the face to the wall of the cliff—the 'climber,' as it were, walks backward over the edge and appears to drop into the three or four hundred feet of space lying below. If this precaution were not taken there would be great probability of the rope twisting and of consequent danger. The 'climber' uses his feet a great deal in guiding himself, but touches the wall of the cliff very gently, as a vigorous touch would send him spinning away like a top. He collects the eggs from the various ledges within his reach. The guillemot and the razor-bill make no nest: each lays her eggs on the bare rock. The puffin lays her eggs in the holes running into the cliff; the kittiwake makes a nest. These four birds are the commonest species found here, and of these the kittiwake lays two to three eggs, the puffin two as a rule, and the guillemot and razor-bill one each. There are other kinds of gulls found here, and also jackdaws and rock-doves, but the guillemot is the commonest. After being with the climbers for some time," continues Mr. Rhodes, "I asked them to allow me to make a descent, much preferring to personally collect the eggs which I desired than to have them collected by others. There was some demur on the part of the professional 'climbers' as to this, but upon my explaining that I had already had a good deal of experience in climbing rocks they consented to lower me over the edge of the cliff. In adjusting the straps they warned me not to look down after I had been lowered, but after having gone over

the edge I disregarded the warning and had a look at the scene beneath me. There I was dangling hundreds of feet above the blue sea washing the rugged reefs at the foot of the cliffs ; all around me were the birds, chattering, screaming, or sitting quietly on the ledges of rock ; the effect of the June sun shining on the white and grey of the cliffs was beautiful in the extreme ; and the sensation of hanging, poised, as it were, between sea and sky, was exhilarating and delightful. But perhaps the strongest impression which I received as I gathered my eggs and placed them in the bag was of the remarkably fishy smell which came from the ledges—it was as if all the fish in the sea had been precipitated there and had left their bones to dry in the sun for ages."

In approaching Flamborough from Bempton village the traveller soon comes to the Danes' Dyke, a long ravine or deep entrenchment which extends across the entire landward front of the promontory, and completely cuts it off from the mainland. It runs from Cat Nab on the north to a point about a mile west of South Landing on the south side of the Head, and a careful examination of it seems to leave no doubt that it is of artificial construction. It is said to have been constructed by the Danes, and that part of the Head which it cuts off from the mainland has been known by the name of Little Denmark for ages, but several authorities concur in affirming it to have been an early British work. It forms a double line of defence, with breastworks and a deep ditch, which runs on the southward into a natural ravine. In primitive days, ere guns and modern methods of warfare were known, the Danes' Dyke must have constituted an almost impregnable defence to the headland. A striking description of it is given by the late R. D. Blackmore in his romance of the Yorkshire Coast, "Mary Anerley" :—"A thousand years ago the Danes' Dyke must have been a very grand entrenchment, and a thousand years ere that, perhaps, it was still grander ; for learned men say that it is a British work, wrought out before the Danes had even learned to build a ship. However, whatever may be urged about that, the wise and the witless do agree about one thing—the stronghold inside it has been held by Danes while severed by the Dyke from inland parts ; and these Danes made a good colony of their own, and left to their descendants distinct speech and manners, some traces of which are existing even now. The Dyke, extending from the rough North Sea to the calmer waters of Bridlington Bay, is nothing more than a deep, dry trench, skilfully following the hollows of the ground, and cutting off Flamborough Head and a solid cantle of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner so intercepted used to be, and is still called 'Little Denmark,' and the indwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbours."

The little kingdom which is thus cut off from the rest of the land is as full of interest as any corresponding corner of the county. It is not of vast extent, but its capital, Flamborough, has a considerable population,



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

mostly of fisher-folk who keep themselves to themselves almost as jealously as in the old days. There is a good deal of intermarrying amongst the people of the headland, but it seems to have no ill effect on the race, for men and women alike are hardy, robust, and of exceptional physique. To those whose constitutions are strong enough to withstand north and east winds and the bleak climate of so exposed a position, Flamborough Head must needs be a healthy dwelling-place ; to feebler folk a visit paid to it in winter results in red noses, chills, and general discomfort of body. The winds sweep over it as they list, and on a grey day, when everything in sky and on sea and land is dismal of colour, the entire Head is an eerie and somewhat dispiriting place. But in summer, under the cheering influence of bright sunlight, it becomes quite a paradise, and it is something of a surprise that it has not outrivalled Bridlington as a resort for those who are fond of the sea.

According to the old writers—Camden amongst them—Flamborough derives its name from the fact that in one shape or another there has always been a flame burning in the most conspicuous part of the promontory. In their view it was the *flame-burg*—the town near the lighthouse. But all this appears to be so much guess work. In a series of extremely able and interesting articles on the place-names of the East Riding, contributed by Mr. Thomas Holderness to the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* in 1898, the “flame” theory is discussed and exploded :—

“The foolish idea that the name is derived from the flame which warned the mariner of its dangerous headland,” says Mr. Holderness, “is a mere guess, formed from the modern corrupt spelling, which, however, is not Flame, but Flam. The Domesday and all the other old spellings of the name—Flaneburg, Flainburg, Flaynburg, and Flaynborgt, most effectually extinguish the ‘flame’ of the would-be etymologists. Granting that there was a pharos on Flamborough Head when the place got its name, nothing can possibly be more certain than that it did not give its name to the village. Mr. Sheahan, in his ‘History of York and the East Riding,’ gives Camden’s ridiculous derivation of the name. One author thinks that the place got its name from Flamburgh, in Denmark, but, unfortunately for his suggestion, there is no place of that name in Denmark. Another suggestion is that it got its name from Ida the flame-bearer, but nothing can possibly be more certain than that Ida never was called ‘the flame-bearer’ except in modern times. The word flame is not found in either Anglo-Saxon or Old Norse, and there is every reason to believe that it was never used in Yorkshire till several centuries after Flamborough got its name. The earliest use of the word flame, which Professor Skeat gives in his valuable Etymological Dictionary, is from Chaucer, and the word was, no doubt, brought to England by the Norman Conquerors. It is a French word, derived from the Latin. Flamborough is undoubtedly a compound of the Old Norse personal name Fleinn, and burg—a castle. In a paper on ‘Some Place-



THE KING AND QUEEN ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH

names of the East Riding of Yorkshire,' which I read before the Hull Literary Club in 1881, I gave the derivation of this name, though rather incorrectly, as I did not then know that Fleinn was a personal name. I sent a copy to the Rev. W. W. Skeat, the Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, and in a note I had from him, he says, 'The Anglo-Saxon word is properly *flan*, which could only give Floneborough, with long 'o,' but the Icelandic *fleinn* would have given Flaynborough, which is just what you find. . . . Vigfusson notes that Icelandic *fleinn* occurs as a personal name.' Mr. Bradley, an accomplished Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse scholar, also says, 'Of course, you are right in rejecting the 'flame' theory, which, as you say, is absurd. Your interpretation is free from objections on linguistic grounds. There is a Continental Flensburg, which seems to be from the owner's name, *Fleinn*.' The Schleswig Flensburg is, I presume, the name which the author named above, to suit his purpose, has tortured into Flamburg. There is no reason to suppose that the name of the Continental Flensburg was transferred to the Yorkshire one. In this eminently Danish portion of England it is quite as likely that a Dane named *Fleinn* would have a burg at Flamborough, as in Schleswig itself."

Of the place of Flamborough in history there are few records. It is believed, with some reason, to have been the *Ocellum Promontorium* of Ptolemy, and it is evident that there was a Brigantian settlement established

here on practically the same site as the present village. Here in the sixth century landed Ida, the Angle, with the army which he destined to conquer Northumbria. There appears to have been fisher-folk here from time immemorial, for we hear of them paying tithe of fish as early as the twelfth century. There are some traces of its Norman origin in the church, which is dedicated to St. Oswald, the patron saint of fishermen, and which in all probability replaced a Saxon edifice. It consists of nave with aisles, chancel and aisles, and a small tower, and the interior possesses several interesting objects—a fine old screen of carved oak, an altar-piece painted by Robert Brown, a native of Flamborough, and a monumental brass which commemorates Sir Marmaduke Constable, who fought at Flodden Field, whose body is here interred. Near the church—which was restored in 1868—there is another object of antiquity in the Danes' Tower. It was long believed that this tower was built—as its name implies—by the Danes, but it is plainly of Norman origin, and probably dates from the twelfth century. It has some historic and romantic value in the fact that within its grim walls James I. of Scotland was kept prisoner for some time after being captured by a privateer off the Head as he was voyaging from Scotland to France.

Mr. White in his account of his visit to Flamborough half a century ago, gives some interesting details about the folk he found there. He found the fisher-folk steady, independent, hard workers, but taking care when they went a-fishing to take “good store of bread and meat, pies even, in their boats, seeing no reason why they should not live as well as their neighbours.” They were very temperate and very healthy, so healthy indeed that the last two doctors they had had in the place previous to his visit, had found nothing to do, and had incontinently drank themselves to death. All this, with the exception of the last sad fact, might be written of Flamborough folk to-day. But like most other places Flamborough has changed a good deal within the past half-century. It now boasts the possession of hotels, and visitors go to it as visitors never went before. There is no wonder that they should, for the place has many attractions. Lovers of natural history and geologists probably find more to engage their attention at Flamborough than at any other point of the Yorkshire coast; men who love sea-fishing may indulge their liking to the full; folk who enjoy the exploration of caves will find some natural caverns hereabouts which are unrivalled between Tees and Humber. Here is Robin Lythe's Hole, named, say some folk, after an honest sea-trader; after a pirate, say others: here are similar cavities called, in relation to their supposed resemblances to other things, the Church Hole, the China Hole, the Pigeon Cote, the Dancing School, and so on. There is also a continual attraction at Flamborough in the presence of its lighthouse, the light from which is seen far out at sea and for many miles northward and southward along the coast. The lantern is over 200 feet above high-water mark, and shows a revolving light of two colours. To climb to it in rough weather and to listen to the howling of

the winds which rage around it as if they would bear the whole massive structure to the ground, is to gain an experience of Flamborough which cannot be had by the traveller who only knows the headland in the calm days of summer. In winter when the North Sea is lashed into fury and icy winds charged with biting sleet come tearing across the ocean with irresistible force, the foot of the Flamborough cliffs is a veritable haunt of death, and it has more than once been the fate of the lighthouse keepers and of the fishermen to have to hear cries for help from shipwrecked mariners whom nothing could save, and whose bodies the sea has afterwards thrown up for interment in the village churchyard.

CHAPTER LXVIII

The Coast from Bridlington to Spurn Head

BRIDLINGTON AND ITS PRIORY—THE PRIORY CHURCH—THE BAYLE GATE—BRIDLINGTON QUAY—PAUL JONES IN BRIDLINGTON BAY—VILLAGES OF THE HOLDERNESS COAST—BARMSTON—ULROME—SKIPSEA—ATWICK—HORNSEA AND ITS MERE—WITHERNSEA—INLAND VILLAGES OF NOTE AND INTEREST—BEEFORD—NORTH FRODINGHAM—BRANDS-BURTON—RISE HALL—BURTON CONSTABLE—SPROATLEY—LAST STRETCHES OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST—THE ENCROACHING SEA.



SEEN from a high point of the main road between Scarborough and itself, Bridlington presents to the traveller a collection of red-roofed houses dominated by a grey old church which, even at two miles' distance, is eloquent of dignity and of antiquity. Seen at nearer distance the place has much in common with most market-towns of the East Riding—like Market Weighton, Great Driffield, and Pocklington, it chiefly consists of one principal street and a market-place, and is full of sleepiness save on market days, when people flock in from the surrounding villages. Supposed by some writers to have been a Roman station, Bridlington is certainly of ancient origin, and appears to have had a flourishing existence in Saxon days. According to Domesday Book it was valued in the time of Edward the Confessor at twenty-two pounds; at the time of the Survey this had fallen to eight shillings, the whole manor being then two leagues long and half a league broad. The name of the place is here given as *Bretlington*; as to the derivation of the modern *Bridlington* much controversy has arisen at various times. Accord-

ing to some authorities the name is derived from the Norse *berlinger*, smooth water, in reference to the pacific character of the bay outside. In common speech the place is usually called Burlington, or Burli'ton: the theory that the name is really derived from "bridling town," the place where horses were newly bridled or harnessed on their journey along the coast, appears to be far-fetched and groundless. Of the history of the place, apart from that of its priory, there are few records. It was given by William the Conqueror to Earl Morkere, from whom it was soon afterwards taken to be handed over to Gilbert de Gaunt, whose son Walter founded the Priory. During the Middle Ages it appears to have acted as market-rendezvous for the folk of the surrounding district, and at one time it had a great trade in corn, which was here brought together, taken down to the quay, and shipped off to London. Soon after the Dissolution the townsfolk bought up certain rights in the town and manor, and in the reign of Charles I. they obtained a royal charter which gave them the rights of self-government under a corporate body styled Lord Feoffees of the Manor, twenty-five in number, one of whom bears the title of Chief Lord. During the present century Bridlington has been completely outgrown by its own offshoot, Bridlington Quay, and it is now only remarkable for what still remains to it of its once glorious Priory, and for such remains of antiquity as have been preserved to it.

The Priory of St. Mary at Bridlington was founded by Walter de Gaunt, or Gant, for Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and is believed to have been completed about the beginning of the twelfth century. It was endowed by its founder with the neighbouring church of Filey, and with that of Grinton in Swaledale, and his example was quickly followed by numerous piously-minded folk who had lands to bestow on religious communities. According to Lawton ("Religious Houses of Yorkshire") the possessions of the prior and monks of Bridlington became considerable. Adelard, the Venator, gave it the churches of Galmpton, and Willerby; Galfrid, the Dispensator, the church of Boynton; William Fitz-Nigel, the church of Flamborough; Everard de Kos, the church of Atwick; Walter de Ver, the church of Sproatley; Eustace Fitz-John the churches of Scalby and East Cowton; Robert de Percy, the church of Carnaby; William and Richard de Otteringham, the church of that name; and Henry IV., the church of Scarborough with all its chapels. It also possessed the church of Fraisthorpe, and had medieties of the churches of Beeford and Thwing, and of several churches in Lincolnshire. During the reign of Stephen several concessions were made to it. The goods and chattels of all fugitives and felons coming within the town and precincts were given to it, together with all wreckage of the sea, cast up between Flamborough Dyke and Earl's Dyke.

In 1200, John granted to the prior and monks the right to hold an annual two days' fair on the Eve of the Assumption, and a market every Saturday. About forty years earlier the Priory had been fortified, in order to give its

inhabitants a better chance of resisting the attacks of Norwegian and Danish pirates, and it was further strengthened towards the end of the fourteenth century. During its flourishing days the Priory had several



inmates of some note. Here during the twelfth century Robert the Scribe, author of many chronicles, was Prior, and Leland relates that when he visited the place in 1534 he saw his manuscripts, and also his grave in the

cloister. William de Newburgh, the monkish historian, was a native of the town, and doubtless learned much of his wisdom at the Priory ere he went further afield. Another native of still greater note was St. John de Bridlington, who was born here in 1319, and educated at Oxford, where he showed great talent. After leaving the university he became a Canon Regular of Bridlington, and in time sub-prior and prior, attaining the chief dignity of the house in 1366. He died in 1397, and was immediately acclaimed by the people as a saint and miracle-worker. Another Canon Regular of Bridlington was Sir George Ripley, who spent the greater part of his life in chemical experiments, and a good deal of it in trying to discover the philosopher's stone. The last Prior of Bridlington, William Wood, was concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and was hanged at Tyburn in 1537. In the following year the house was surrendered to the king's commissioners. Its gross annual value was then £682, 13s. 9d., and the net value £547, 6s. 11½d.

The Priory was destroyed in 1539, and there is now little of it left, with the exception of the gateway, commonly known as the Bayle Gate, and the present parish church of St. Mary, which formed the nave of the original Priory Church. The church, which had been somewhat neglected, was taken in hand by the late Sir Gilbert Scott in 1846, and for thirty years was in process of elaborate restoration, with the happy result that it is now one of the most notable ecclesiastical edifices in the county. It consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, north porch, and towers at the west end, the front of which is not unworthy of a certain amount of comparison with those of the Minsters of York and Beverley. The interior is very fine and striking, the nave being separated from the aisles by nine arches springing from clustered pillars of twelve shafts resting on a quadrangular base. At the west end there is a fine Perpendicular window of eight lights, divided by a transom, and filled with modern stained glass of much beauty; the east window is in the Decorated Gothic style, and has seven lights. One of the finest architectural features of the church is the north porch, which is remarkable for the beauty of its mouldings and ornamentation, and appears to be of the fourteenth century. There are several objects of interest within the church—a collar, attached to a pillar, which seems to have been used for disciplinary purposes; a stone offertory-box, also attached to a pillar, some fine carving in oak, and several chained books, dating from the seventeenth century. Beneath the communion-table is the ancient stone slab of the high altar, the five crosses of which are very clearly defined. There are no monuments of any particular note in the church, and those commemorating its former priors and canons seem to have disappeared at the time of the Dissolution.

The gateway of the Priory, commonly called the Bayle Gate, is the last of the four gates built under the license granted by Richard II., when the Prior and canons requested leave to fortify their house. It forms an excel-

lent specimen of Pointed architecture, and is noteworthy for its mouldings and ornaments, which exhibit several quaint devices. There is considerable room within it, and some of its apartments have served for curious purposes. "On the south syde gatehouse," says Pollard, describing it, "ys a porter's lodge w^t a chymney, a rounde stayre leding to a hye chambre, wherein the thre weeks courte ys always kept in, w^t a chymney in the same, and betweene the stayre foote and the same hye chambre, where the courte ys kepte, be two proper chambres, one above the other w^t chymneys. In the northe syde of the same gatehouse, ys there a prisonne for offenders w^tin the towne, called Kydcott." This "Kydcott" or Kitcote, was used as a place of detention for wrongdoers until recent times: the "hye chambre" served as a town hall for the Lords Feoffees.

Between the old town of Bridlington and its modernised offshoot, Brid-



lington Quay, there is a constant succession of links in the shape of new houses, grouped in formal streets and terraces. Bridlington Quay, once reached, presents most of the features of the modern watering-place. It is neither a Scarborough, a Whitby, or a Saltburn, but it possesses hotels of all classes, and lodging-houses to suit every purse, and it is much beloved

of many people. It has something of a new appearance, save in the old bits round about the harbour, and yet it dates back a long way. There was a harbour here in Stephen's time, and had probably been one before the Conqueror came. Here, in February 1643, came Henrietta Maria, with arms and money for the cause of her ill-fated husband, and experienced a sore buffeting at the hands of fortune. She was brought over from the Hague by certain Dutch ships, and landed at the Quay just in time to escape capture by some Parliamentary ships which had been hastily despatched from the Tyne to circumvent her. Finding their quarry landed, the Parliamentary ships began a lively bombardment of the town, with the result that the house in which Henrietta Maria was sleeping was pierced by two cannon-balls, the noise of which so much affrighted her that she rose hastily and fled, taking refuge, say the chroniclers, in a ditch without the town, "having little else but her smock on," which must have been cold work on a February night. Forty years after Henrietta Maria had had this adventure, Bridlington began to increase in prosperity through the good offices of one Hustler, a draper, who paved the streets at his own charges, and otherwise improved the town, and soon after this the Quay became known as a pleasant resort for sea-bathing. During the latter half of the nineteenth century Bridlington Quay attained a fame only second to that of Scarborough amongst the Yorkshire coast resorts, and it now presents all the usual features attaching to such places. A great many of its old features were cleared away and replaced by handsome houses, fine gardens, and spacious promenades, and if something of the ancient and the picturesque has disappeared, the place has gained in sanitation and in the appearance of cleanliness.

One of the great charms of Bridlington Quay is the magnificent sweep of bay which stretches in front of its equally fine sweep of sand. Few bays of the English coast have such an expanse as this, which extends from the great promontory of Flamborough to the low cliffs far down the Holderness coast, and if it does not possess the historical associations, which attach to the better known bays of the south, it is still reminiscent of more than one thrilling passage in naval history. It was off Bridlington Bay, in September 1779, that Paul Jones, the famous pirate, fought the action with Captain Pearson, which Fenimore Cooper afterwards described in his novel, "The Pilot." Paul Jones seems to have been fond of this part of the coast. Lower down the Holderness shore lived one William Brough, who in his time had been a high official of the Admiralty, and had retired, to end his days in a house at Mappleton, overlooking the sea. Him Jones invariably saluted with a shot whenever he came this way, and the shots not seldom took effect. On this particular occasion, Jones was in command of the *Bonhomme Richard*, a French East Indiaman, and had with him the *Alliance*, an American frigate, and two French ships, the *Pallas* and the *Vengeance*. Off Flamborough, he came across a convoy of English merchant vessels, which were being escorted by the *Serapis* (Captain Pearson), and



THE HARBOUR, BRIDLINGTON QUAY



BRIDLINGTON SANDS AND FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

the *Countess of Scarborough* (Captain Percy), and he immediately gave battle. The fight was long and well contested, and was witnessed by thousands of people, who lined the headlands and the shores of the bay. In the end the *Bonhomme Richard* sank, but the two English ships were obliged to haul down their colours to the redoubtable pirate. The merchant vessels, however, escaped, and Captain Pearson was rewarded for his gallant defence of them, first by the king, who made him a knight, and then by the merchants of London, who gave him a presentation sword.

As the coast sweeps away from Bridlington towards Spurn Point, it becomes tamer and less striking in character, and there is little of the picturesque or romantic about it. At a distance of some three miles from Bridlington is all that is left of Auburn, once a village of importance; a mile further south is the site of Hartburn, of which nothing remains, so considerably has the sea encroached upon the land at this point. Lying a little inland is Barmston, a place which boasts a respectable antiquity, and possesses an interesting old church, with some fine monuments and remains of pre-Reformation days. There is another interesting church, fashioned apparently of stones from the beach, at Lisset, a hamlet lying to the west of Barmston. Ulrome, still nearer the coast, possesses some interest to the archæologist, because of its connection with Ulphus, the donor of large estates to York Minster, where his horn is still preserved. Here, too, the church is built of cobble-stones, and though recently restored, is rich in traces of its Saxon origin. There are more ancient matters at Skipsea, a



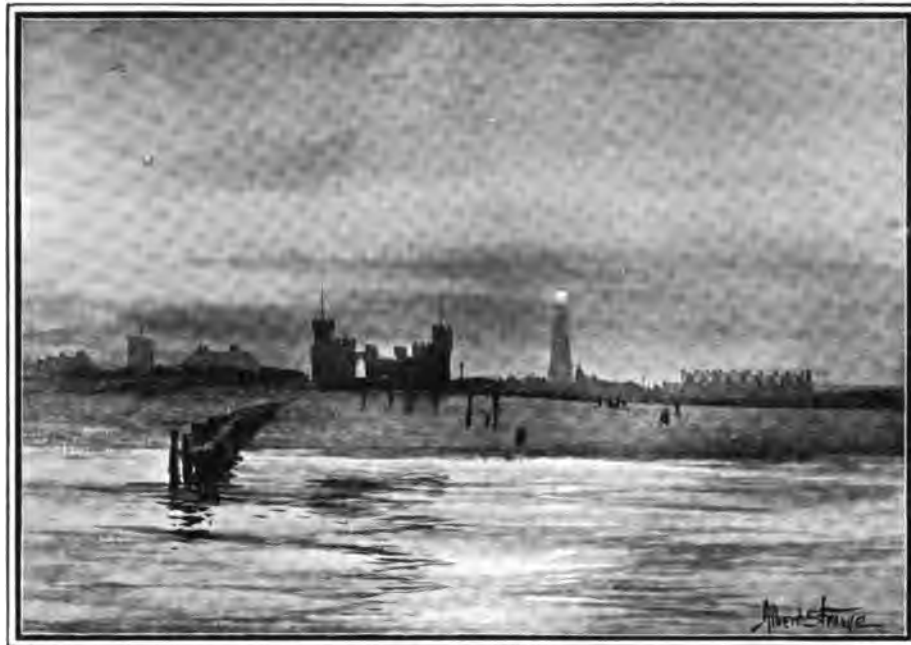
Burton Constable

mile southward—the site of a castle, which stood on a huge artificial mound, and which is supposed to have been built by a De Bruce, or Brus, who married a niece of William the Conqueror, and had the whole, or the greater part of Holderness, as a marriage gift ; the marks of the footprints of two mighty men of war, who here contended for the hand of a lady ; and a thirteenth century church, built of cobbles, and recently restored. Between Skipsea and Atwick, the next coast village, rises Skirlington Hill, an eminence which towers to a height of 60 feet above high-water mark, and forms quite a feature of the surrounding country. At Atwick there is supposed to have been a religious house on the site of the present church, but there are no traces of it left, save some signs of gardens and fish-ponds. Here there is an ancient cross in the centre of the village, and near the church is one of the few holy wells of Yorkshire, the history and dedication of which appears to have been long since forgotten by the village folk.

A little southward of Atwick the traveller comes to another of the minor resorts of the Yorkshire coast. Hornsea is not a large place, nor a particularly inviting one, and it is possible that it would have little more than a mere existence if it were not so conveniently situated in respect to Hull. The town itself, an affair of a market-place and a few streets, dates back to the time of the Conquest, and its site was probably occupied a thousand years before that. Soon after the Conquest it was given to the Abbot of St. Mary's in York, who had rights of market, of tolls, and of life and death here, and exercised all of them so severely that the place was in danger of being swept out of existence. It is in similar danger now by the action of the sea, which has encroached upon the land at this point to an extent which can hardly be credited. The old legend respecting Hornsea church—

“ Hornsea church steeple when I built thee
Thou wert ten miles from Beverley,
Ten miles from Burlington,
And ten miles from sea,”

may have arisen from a misconception as to the relative portions of ocean and church, but it is of absolute truth that within the memory of folk who are not yet middle-aged, houses and hotels once stood on the Hornsea headlands where the sea has now free play. It is not improbable—according to the specialists—that ere long the sea will make its way to the Mere which lies behind the village, and will despoil that attractive sheet of water of its title of largest fresh-water lake of the county. The Mere is two miles long by nearly a mile in width, and from time immemorial has been well stocked with fish. It formed a bone of contention between the Abbot of Meaux and the Abbot of St. Mary at York, and somewhere on its banks was fought out a battle between their respective champions, which after much bloodshed resulted in favour of the prelate of York. Apart from the Mere there is little to attract the traveller in Hornsea. The parish church



WITHERNSEA

is an edifice of the Perpendicular period, and is of some dimensions. It contains a few monuments, and the alabaster tomb of its last rector, Anthony St. Quintin, who died in 1430, and was restored about forty years ago by the late Sir Gilbert Scott.

If there is little that is either interesting or picturesque at Hornsea, there is still less at its sister sea-side resort, Withernsea, which is also by way of being one of the lungs of Hull. Under certain climatic conditions nothing can be more absolutely dreary or dismal than this collection of lodging-houses and shops, planted on a flat land which has scarcely a feature of relief in its entire prospect. But this place is healthy enough, and its sands form a rare playground for the folk who crowd here from Hull, and from places much further afield, in summer and early autumn. There is little evidence of antiquity about the village, but its history goes back a long way. The record of Withernsea is pretty much like that of Hornsea as regards the encroachment of the sea. In the fifteenth century the waves had wrought such havoc that the parish church had to be pulled down and rebuilt further inland, but the sea still advanced, and the second structure experienced the fate of the first. Hornsea and Withernsea have another trouble in common in respect to their piers. The folk responsible for the improvement of the two villages constructed piers at Hornsea in 1867, and at Withernsea ten years later, only to see both of them sore bruised and battered by the sea

which drove unfortunate ships against them, undermined and weakened them, and reduced both to a condition of comparative ruin.

Between Bridlington and the southern stretches of Holderness there are several inland villages and houses of interest, and the traveller who prefers to turn away from the sea in order to pass through them will probably gain more than he will lose. If the sea-coast is left at Skipsea, and the road to the west followed, the traveller will soon come to a village of some interest in Beeford, the church of which is noticeable for its fine tower, in a niche of which is a figure of St. Leonard, the patron saint, and for the brasses and monuments in the interior. Here at one time lived an anchorite, who was so much disturbed by the numerous rooks of the neighbourhood that he petitioned the Abbot of Meaux for permission to take steps to abate the nuisance, which permission being granted, he put to practical effect by cutting down all the trees in the parish. There is another interesting church at North Frodingham, a place which was once a market-town of some little importance. It is dedicated to St. Elgin, a saint whose name is not often encountered in these parts, and has a fine Norman doorway and an ancient fort. At Nunkeeling, close by, was once a priory of Benedictine nuns; at Brandsburton, further south, is another of the many fine old churches of Holderness. Still further southward are two seats closely associated with some of the great families of Holderness. Rise Hall, standing amongst some of the finest pleasure-grounds in the East Riding, is full of memories of the Fauconbergs and the Nevilles; Burton Constable, the home of the Constable family since the days of the first Crusades, is one of the largest and most imposing country-seats in Yorkshire, and is still a place of great interest, though largely shorn of some of its former glories. Parts of the house date back to the twelfth century. Its dimensions are of uncommon magnitude—one front is 191 feet in length; another 138 feet. There is a picture-gallery 113 feet long and 20 feet high, and the entrance hall is 60 feet in length and 31 feet in height and breadth. There was here at one time a very fine collection of MSS., but it was dispersed in 1890. It was at Burton Constable that the remarkable person who laid claim to the Tichborne estates gave Sir Frederick Augustus Talbot Clifford Constable some remarkable evidence in favour of his own claim that he was really Sir Roger Tichborne. The real Sir Roger had stayed there in his youth; when the Claimant was taken there years afterwards he remembered so many scenes and recalled so many occurrences, that his host felt no difficulty in acknowledging him to be the real Simon Pure.

One most interesting feature of Holderness is the excellent way in which its church registers have been kept. Of these none are more interesting than that of Hollym, the mother-church of Withernsea and Owthorne. Mr. G. T. J. Miles, of Withernsea, who has made a close study of the registers of Hollym, has kindly afforded the writer the opportunity of giving the following particulars of their beginning:—



ON THE HOLDERNESS COAST

"The oldest register book at Hollym contains the entries of baptisms, marriages, and burials from May 1st, 1564, to December 1749. From their commencement to 1599 they are a well and uniformly written transcript on vellum, evidently made in obedience to the order of Convocation, which, in 1597, ordered all paper registers to be copied into parchment books. Registers of various kinds had been kept, more particularly by the Jews (Nehemiah vii. 64), and, though in a different manner, the monastic registers supplied a certain want, as far as the genealogy of certain great families were concerned; but in pre-Reformation times registration was a duty only very imperfectly carried out. After the suppression of the monasteries, however, this defect was removed by that great politician, Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, by whose edict of 1538, which order was continued in the several injunctions of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., every minister at institution was, among other things, to subscribe to this protestation—'I shall keep the register booke according to the Queene's Majesties injunction.' This edict of Cromwell's laid the foundation of registration in England, and was obeyed much more promptly, and the older registers have been much better taken care of in Holderness than in many other parts of England.

"It would appear that Gabriell Rychardson was the copyist from the old paper register at Hollym, and upon the first vellum leaf are some notes:—'Register bookes were first comaunded to be kept in churches Anno 1538, R. Regis Henrici 30, and Register bookes were comaunded to be written in parchmente Anno 1598, R. Regina Elizabeth 40. Vivat, valeat vincat Serenissima potentissimaque Regina nostra Elizabetha.' Then follows the title, 'The Register Booke of Hollym in Holdernes, within the countie of Yorke, containynge the names of all such as have been baptized,

married, and buried there sence the first daye of Maie, Anno Dni. 1564. Written out of the olde paper bookes, and here newlye engrossed in parchmente accordyng to comaundment and soe continued.'"

The last stretches of the Yorkshire coast, lying between Withernsea and the long bank terminated by the lighthouse at Spurn are calculated to induce a feeling of melancholy in the traveller. The action of the sea is everywhere apparent ; where villages with their churches and farmsteads with their orchards once stood, the grey sea laps the low cliffs, and is always stealing further and further into the land. In some places the shore is of such low elevation that the tide rushes over beach and headland, and is only kept from flooding the country beyond by the artificial banks which the country folk raise. During the closing years of the nineteenth century the encroachment has assumed serious dimensions. Near Easington some 60 feet of mainland has been swallowed up by the sea ; at Dimlington huge gaps have been found in the cliffs ; and from Kilnsea to Hornsea the encroachment is going on steadily. Between Kilnsea and Spurn the authorities have erected defence works, but it is doubtful if they will long resist the action of the turbulent waters which during the last few centuries have swept towns and villages out of existence and changed the contour of the coast. As one stands on Dimlington Height and takes a last look at the wide prospect of level land and grey sea it is borne in upon one with a singular force that ere many more centuries have gone the villages and farmsteads of south-east Holderness may have disappeared before the waters which are waiting, wolf-like, at their doors.



SHARLSTON OLD HALL

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